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THE
WORKS
OF THE
ENGLISH POETS.
WITH
P R E F A C E S,
BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,
BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE FORTY-FOURTH.

L O N D O N :

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E

THE
FORTY-FOURTH VOLUME
OF THE
ENGLISH POETS;
CONTAINING
SWIFT AND BROOME.

VOL. XLIV.

a



THE
P O E M S
OF
DR. JONATHAN SWIFT.

VOL. XLIV.

B



ON THE DEATH OF DR. SWIFT.*

Occasioned by reading the following MAXIM in
 ROCHEFOUCAULT, " Dans l'adversité de nos
 " meilleurs amis, nous trouvons toujours quelque
 " chose qui ne nous déplaît pas.

" In the adversity of our best friends, we always find something
 " that doth not displease us."

AS Rochefoucault his maxims drew
 From nature, I believe them true:
 'They argue no corrupted mind
 In him; the fault is in mankind.

This maxim more than all the rest 5
 Is thought too base for human breast:
 " In all distresses of our friends,
 " We first consult our private ends;
 " While nature, kindly bent to ease us,
 " Points out some circumstance to please us." 10

If this perhaps your patience move,
 Let reason and experience prove.

We all behold with envious eyes
 Our equals rais'd above our size.

* Written in November, 1731.—There are two distinct poems on this subject, one of them containing many spurious lines. In what is here printed, the genuine parts of both are preserved. N.

SWIFT'S POEMS.

Who would not at a crowded show 15
 Stand high himself, keep others low?
 I love my friend as well as you:
 But why should he obstruct my view?
 Then let me have the higher post;
 Suppose it but an inch at most. 20
 If in a battle you should find
 One, whom you love of all mankind,
 Had some heroic action done,
 A champion kill'd, or trophy won;
 Rather than thus be over-topt, 25
 Would you not wish his laurels cropt?
 Dear honest Ned is in the gout,
 Lies rack'd with pain, and you without:
 How patiently you hear him groan!
 How glad the case is not your own! 30
 What poet would not grieve to see
 His brother write as well as he?
 But, rather than they should excel,
 Would wish his rivals all in hell?
 Her end when emulation misses, 35
 She turns to envy, stings, and hisses:
 The strongest friendship yields to pride,
 Unless the odds be on our side.
 Vain human-kind! fantastic race!
 Thy various follies who can trace? 40
 Self-love, ambition, envy, pride,
 Their empire in our hearts divide.
 Give others riches, power, and station,
 'Tis all to me an usurpation.

I have

ON THE DEATH OF DR. SWIFT.

5.

I have no title to aspire; 45
 Yet, when you sink, I seem the higher.
 In Pope I cannot read a line,
 But with a sigh I wish it mine:
 When he can in one couplet fix
 More sense than I can do in six; 50
 It gives me such a jealous fit,
 I cry, "Pox take him and his wit!"
 I grieve to be outdone by Gay
 In my own humorous biting way.
 Arbuthnot is no more my friend, 55
 Who dares to irony pretend,
 Which I was born to introduce,
 Refin'd at first, and shew'd its use.
 St. John, as well as Pulteney, knows
 That I had some repute for prose; 60
 And, till they drove me out of date,
 Could maul a minister of state.
 If they have mortified my pride,
 And made me throw my pen aside;
 If with such talents Heaven hath blest 'em, 65
 Have I not reason to detest 'em?
 To all my foes, dear Fortune, send
 Thy gifts; but never to my friend:
 I tamely can endure the first;
 But this with envy makes me burst. 70
 Thus much may serve by way of proem;
 Proceed we therefore to our poem.
 The time is not remote when I
 Must by the course of nature die;

When, I foresee, my special friends
 Will try to find their private ends :
 And, though 'tis hardly understood
 Which way my death can do them good,
 Yet thus, methinks, I hear them speak :
 " See how the Dean begins to break !
 " Poor gentleman, he droops apace !
 " You plainly find it in his face.
 " That old vertigo in his head
 " Will never leave him, till he 's dead.
 " Besides, his memory decays :
 " He recollects not what he says ;
 " He cannot call his friends to mind ;
 " Forgets the place where last he din'd ;
 " Plies you with stories o'er and o'er ;
 " He told them fifty times before.
 " How does he fancy, we can fit
 " To hear his out-of-fashion wit ?
 " But he takes up with younger folks,
 " Who for his wine will bear his jokes.
 " Faith ! he must make his stories shorter,
 " Or change his comrades once a quarter :
 " In half the time he talks them round,
 " There must another set be found.
 " For poetry, he 's past his prime :
 " He takes an hour to find a rhyme ;
 " His fire is out, his wit decay'd,
 " His fancy sunk, his Muse a jade.
 " I 'd have him throw away his pen ;—
 " But there 's no talking to some men ! "

75

80

85

90

95

100

And

ON THE DEATH OF DR. SWIFT.

7

And then their tenderneſs appears

105

By adding largely to my years :

“ He ’s older than he would be reckon’d,

“ And well remembers Charles the Second.

“ He hardly drinks a pint of wine ;

“ And that, I doubt, is no good ſign.

110

“ His ſtomach too begins to fail :

“ Laſt year we thought him ſtrong and hale ;

“ But now he ’s quite another thing :

“ I wiſh he may hold out till ſpring !”

They hug themſelves, and reaſon thus :

115

“ It is not yet ſo bad with us !”

In ſuch a caſe, they talk in tropes,

And by their fears expreſs their hopes.

Some great miſfortune to portend,

No enemy can match a friend.

120

With all the kindneſs they profeſs,

The merit of a lucky gueſs

(When daily how-d’ye’s come of courſe,

And ſervants answer, “ Worſe and worſe !”)

Would pleaſe them better, than to tell,

125

That, “ God be praiſ’d, the Dean is well.”

Then he who prophecy’d the beſt,

Approves his foreſight to the reſt :

“ You know I always fear’d the worſt,

“ And often told you ſo at firſt.”

130

He ’d rather chooſe that I ſhould die,

Than his predictions prove a lye.

Not one foretells I ſhall recover ;

But all agree to give me over.

B 4

Yet,

Yet, should some neighbour feel a pain 135
 Just in the parts where I complain;
 How many a message would he send!
 What hearty prayers that I should mend!
 Inquire what regimen I kept;
 What gave me ease, and how I slept? 140
 And more lament when I was dead,
 Than all the snivelers round my bed.
 My good companions, never fear;
 For, though you may mistake a year,
 Though your prognostics run too fast, 145
 They must be verify'd at last.
 Behold the fatal day arrive!
 "How is the Dean?"—"He's just alive."
 Now the departing prayer is read;
 He hardly breathes—The Dean is dead. 150
 Before the passing-bell begun,
 The news through half the town is run.
 "Oh! may we all for death prepare!
 "What has he left? and who's his heir?
 "I know no more than what the news is; 155
 "'Tis all bequeath'd to public uses.
 "To public uses! there's a whim!
 "What had the public done for him?
 "Mere envy, avarice, and pride:
 "He gave it all—but first he dy'd. 160
 "And had the Dean, in all the nation,
 "No worthy friend, no poor relation?
 "So ready to do strangers good,
 "Forgetting his own flesh and blood!"

Now

ON THE DEATH OF DR. SWIFT.

9

Now Grub-street wits are all employ'd; 165

With elegies the town is cloy'd:

Some paragraph in every paper,

To *curse* the Dean, or *bless* the Drapier.

The doctors, tender of their fame,

Wifely on me lay all the blame. 170

"We must confess, his case was nice;

"But he would never take advice.

"Had he been rul'd, for aught appears,

"He might have liv'd these twenty years:

"For, when we open'd him, we found 175

"That all his vital parts were found."

From Dublin soon to London spread,

'Tis told at court, "The Dean is dead."

And Lady Suffolk*, in the spleen,

Runs laughing up to tell the Queen. 180

The Queen, so gracious, mild, and good,

Cries, "Is he gone! 'tis time he should.

"He's dead, you say; then let him rot.

"I'm glad the *medals*† were forgot.

"I promis'd him, I own; but when? 185

"I only was the Princess then:

"But now, as consort of the King,

"You know, 'tis quite another thing."

* Mrs. Howard, at one time a favourite with the Dean. N.

† Which the Dean in vain expected, in return for a small present he had sent to the Princess. N.

Now

Now Chartres, at Sir Robert's levee,
 Tells with a sneer the tidings heavy : 190
 " Why, if he dy'd without his shoes,"
 Cries Bob, " I 'm sorry for the news :
 " Oh, were the wretch but living still,
 " And in his place my good friend Will!
 " Or had a mitre on his head, 195
 " Provided Bolingbroke were dead!"

Now Curll his shop from rubbish drains :
 Three genuine tomes of Swift's remains!
 And then, to make them pass the glibber,
 Revis'd by Tibbalds, Moore, and Cibber. 200
 He 'll treat me as he does my betters,
 Publish my will, my life, my letters;
 Revive the libels born to die :
 Which Pope must bear, as well as I.

Here shift the scene, to represent 205
 How those I love my death lament.
 Poor Pope will grieve a month, and Gay
 A week, and Arbuthnot a day.

St. John himself will scarce forbear
 To bite his pen, and drop a tear. 210
 The rest will give a shrug, and cry,
 " I 'm sorry—but we all must die!"

Indifference, clad in Wisdom's guise,
 All fortitude of mind supplies :
 For how can stony bowels melt 215
 In those who never pity felt!
 When we are lash'd, they kiss the rod,
 Resigning to the will of God.

The

The fools, my juniors by a year,
 Are tortur'd with suspense and fear; 220
 Who wisely thought my age a screen,
 When death approach'd, to stand between:
 The screen remov'd, their hearts are trembling;
 They mourn for me without dissembling.

My female friends, whose tender hearts 225
 Have better learn'd to act their parts,
 Receive the news in doleful dumps:

" The Dean is dead: (Pray what is trumps?)

" Then, Lord have mercy on his soul!

" (Ladies, I'll venture for the vole.) 230

" Six Deans, they say, must bear the pall:

" (I wish I knew what king to call.)

" Madam, your husband will attend

" The funeral of so good a friend.

" No, madam, 'tis a shocking sight; 235

" And he 's engag'd to-morrow night:

" My Lady Club will take it ill,

" If he should fail her at quadrille.

" He lov'd the Dean—(I lead a heart.)

" But dearest friends, they say, must part. 240

" His time was come; he ran his race;

" We hope he 's in a better place."

Why do we grieve that friends should die?
 No loss more easy to supply.

One year is past; a different scene! 245

No farther mention of the Dean,

Who now, alas! no more is miss'd,

Than if he never did exist.

Where 's

Where 's now the favourite of Apollo?
 Departed:—*and his works must follow*; 250
 Must undergo the common fate;
 His kind of wit is out of date.

Some country squire to Lintot goes,
 Inquires for Swift in verse and prose.
 Says Lintot, "I have heard the name;
 "He dy'd a year ago."—"The same."
 He searches all the shop in vain.

"Sir, you may find them in Duck-lane:
 "I sent them, with a load of books,
 "Last Monday, to the pastry-cook's. 260

"To fancy they could live a year!
 "I find you 're but a stranger here.
 "The Dean was famous in his time,
 "And had a kind of knack at rhyme.
 "His way of writing now is past: 265

"The town has got a better taste.
 "I keep no antiquated stuff;
 "But spick and span I have enough.
 "Pray, do but give me leave to shew 'em:
 "Here 's Colley Cibber's birth-day poem. 270

"This ode you never yet have seen,
 "By Stephen Duck, upon the Queen.
 "Then here 's a letter finely penn'd
 "Against the Craftsman and his friend:
 "It clearly shews that all reflection 275

"On ministers is disaffection.
 "Next, here 's Sir Robert's vindication,
 "And Mr. Henley's last oration.

"The

- " The hawkers have not got them yet :
 " Your Honour please to buy a set? 280
 " Here 's Wolfson's tracts, the twelfth edition ;
 " 'Tis read by every politician :
 " The country-members, when in town,
 " To all their boroughs fend them down :
 " You never met a thing so smart ; 285
 " The courtiers have them all by heart :
 " Those maids of honour who can read,
 " Are taught to use them for their creed.
 " The reverend author's good intention
 " Hath been rewarded with a pension* : 290
 " He doth an honour to his gown,
 " By bravely running *priest-craft* down :
 " He shews, as sure as God 's in Gloucester,
 " That Moses was a grand impostor ;
 " That all his miracles were cheats, 295
 " Perform'd as jugglers do their feats :
 " The church had never such a writer ;
 " A shame he hath not got a mitre !"
 Suppose me dead ; and then suppose
 A club assembled at the Rose ; 300
 Where, from discourse of this and that,
 I grow the subject of their chat.
 And while they tofs my name about,
 With favour some, and some without ;
 One, quite indifferent in the cause, 305
 My character impartial draws.

* Wolfson is here confounded with Woolaston. N.

" The Dean, if we believe report,
 " Was never ill receiv'd at court,
 " Although, ironically grave,
 " He sham'd the fool, and lash'd the knave; 310
 " To steal a hint was never known,
 " But what he writ was all his own."
 " Sir, I have heard another story;
 " He was a most *confounded* Tory,
 " And grew, or he is much bely'd, 315
 " Extremely *dull*, before he dy'd."
 " Can we the Drapier then forget?
 " Is not our nation in his debt?
 " 'Twas he that writ the Drapier's letters!"—
 " He should have left them for his *bettters*; 320
 " We had a hundred *abler men*,
 " Nor need *depend* upon his *pen*.—
 " Say what you will about his *reading*,
 " You never can *defend* his *breeding*;
 " Who, in his *satires* running riot, 325
 " Could never leave the *world* in *quiet*;
 " Attacking, when he took the *whim*,
 " Court, city, camp—all one to him.—
 " By why would he, except he *slobber'd*,
 " Offend our *patriot* great Sir Robert, 330
 " Whose *counsels* aid the sovereign power
 " To save the nation every hour!
 " What *scenes* of evil he unravels
 " In *satires*, *libels*, *lying travels*;
 " Not sparing his own *clergy cloth*, 335
 " But *eats* into it, like a *moth*!"

" Perhaps

- “ Perhaps I may allow the Dean
“ Had too much satire in his vein,
“ And seem’d determin’d not to starve it,
310 “ Because no age could more deserve it, 340
“ Yet malice never was his aim;
“ He lash’d the vice, but spar’d the name.
“ No individual could resent,
“ Where thousands equally were meant:
315 “ His satire points at no defect, 345
“ But what all mortals may correct;
“ For he abhor’d the senseless tribe
“ Who call it humour when they gibe:
“ He spar’d a hump, or crooked nose,
320 “ Whose owners set not up for beaux. 350
“ True genuine dullness mov’d his pity,
“ Unless it offer’d to be witty.
“ Those who their ignorance confess,
“ He ne’er offended with a jest;
325 “ But laugh’d to hear an idiot quote 255
“ A verse from Horace learn’d by rote.
“ Vice, if it e’er can be abash’d,
“ Must be or *ridicul’d*, or *lash’d*.
“ If you *resent* it, who’s to blame?
330 “ He neither knows *you*, nor your *name*. 360
“ Should *vice* expect to ’scape rebuke,
“ Because its *owner* is a *duke*?
“ His friendships, still to few confin’d,
“ Were always of the middling kind;
335 “ No fools of rank, or mungrel breed, 365
“ Who fain would pass for lords indeed :
“ Where

" Where titles give no right or power,
 " And peerage is a wither'd flower ;
 " He would have deem'd it a disgrace,
 " If such a wretch had known his face. 370
 " On rural squires, that kingdom's bane,
 " He vented oft' his wrath in vain :
 " ***** squires to market brought,
 " Who sell their souls and ***** for nought :
 " The ***** ***** go joyful back, 375
 " To rob the church, their tenants rack ;
 " Go snacks with ***** justices,
 " And keep the peace to pick up fees ;
 " In every jobb to have a share,
 " A gaol or turnpike to repair ; 380
 " And turn ***** to public roads
 " Commodious to their own abodes.
 " He never thought an honour done him,
 " Because a peer was proud to own him ;
 " Would rather slip aside, and choose 385
 " To talk with wits in dirty shoes ;
 " And scorn the tools with stars and garters,
 " So often seen caressing Chartres.
 " He never courted men in station,
 " *Nor persons held in admiration ;* 390
 " Of no man's greatness was afraid,
 " Because he sought for no man's aid.
 " Though trusted long in great affairs,
 " He gave himself no haughty airs :
 " Without regarding private ends, 395
 " Spent all his credit for his friends ;
 " And

- “ And only chose the wise and good;
 “ No flatterers; no allies in blood:
 “ But succour’d virtue in distress,
 “ And seldom fail’d of good success; 400
 “ As numbers in their hearts must own,
 “ Who, but for him, had been unknown.
 “ He kept with princes due decorum;
 “ Yet never stood in awe before ’em.
 “ He follow’d David’s lesson just; 405
 “ In princes never put his trust:
 “ And, would you make him truly sour,
 “ Provoke him with a slave in power.
 “ The Irish senate if you nam’d,
 “ With what impatience he declaim’d! 410
 “ Fair LIBERTY was all his cry;
 “ For her he stood prepar’d to die;
 “ For her he boldly stood alone;
 “ For her he oft’ expos’d his own.
 “ Two kingdoms, just as faction led, 415
 “ Had set a price upon his head;
 “ But not a traitor could be found,
 “ To sell him for six hundred pound.
 “ Had he but spar’d his tongue and pen,
 “ He might have rose like other men: 420
 “ But power was never in his thought,
 “ And wealth he valued not a groat:
 “ Ingratitude he often found,
 “ And pity’d those who meant the wound;
 “ But kept the tenor of his mind, 425
 “ To merit well of human-kind;
 Vol. XLIV. C “ Nor

" Nor made a sacrifice of those
 " Who still were true, to please his foes.
 " He labour'd many a fruitless hour,
 " To reconcile his friends in power ; 435
 " Saw mischief by a faction brewing,
 " While they pursued each other's ruin.
 " But, finding vain was all his care,
 " He left the court in mere despair.
 " And, oh ! how short are human schemes ! 435
 " Here ended all our golden dreams.
 " What St. John's skill in state affairs,
 " What Ormond's valour, Oxford's cares,
 " To save their sinking country lent,
 " Was all destroy'd by one event. 440
 " Too soon that precious life was ended,
 " On which alone our weal depended.
 " When up a dangerous faction starts,
 " With wrath and vengeance in their hearts ;
 " By *solemn league and covenant bound*, 445
 " To ruin, slaughter, and confound ;
 " To turn religion to a fable,
 " And make the government a Babel ;
 " Pervert the laws, disgrace the gown,
 " Corrupt the senate, rob the crown ; 450
 " To sacrifice Old England's glory,
 " And make her infamous in story :
 " When such a tempest shook the land,
 " How could unguarded Virtue stand !
 " With horror, grief, despair, the Dean 455
 " Beheld the dire destructive scene :
 " His

- " His friends in exile, or the Tower,
 " Himself within the frown of power;
 " Pursued by base invenom'd pens,
 430 " Far to the land of f—— and fens; 460
 " A servile race in folly nurs'd,
 " Who truckle most, when treated worst.
 " By innocence and resolution,
 " He bore continual persecution;
 435 " While numbers to preferment rose, 465
 " Whose merit was to be his foes;
 " When *ev'n his own familiar friends*,
 " Intent upon their private ends,
 " Like renegadoes now he feels,
 440 " *Against him lifting up their beels.* 470
 " The Dean did, by his pen, defeat
 " An infamous destructive cheat;
 " Taught fools their interest how to know,
 " And gave them arms to ward the blow.
 445 " Envy hath own'd it was his doing, 475
 " To save that hapless land from ruin;
 " While they who at the steerage stood,
 " And reap'd the profit, fought his blood.
 " To save them from their evil fate,
 450 " In him was held a crime of state. 480
 " A wicked monster on the bench,
 " Whose fury blood could never quench;
 " As vile and profligate a villain,
 " As modern Scroggs, or old Tressilian;
 455 " Who long all justice had discarded, 485
 " *Nor fear'd be God, nor man regarded;*
 " Vow'd

" Vow'd on the Dean his rage to vent,
 " And make him of his zeal repent:
 " But Heaven his innocence defends,
 " The grateful people stand his friends; 490
 " Not strains of law, nor judges' frown,
 " Nor topics brought to please the crown,
 " Nor witness hir'd, nor jury pick'd,
 " Prevail to bring him in convict.
 " In exile, with a steady heart, 495
 " He spent his life's declining part;
 " Where folly, pride, and faction sway,
 " Remote from St. John, Pope, and Gay."
 " Alas, poor Dean! his only scope
 " Was to be held a *misanthrope*. 500
 " This into general *odium* drew him,
 " Which if he lik'd, *much good may 't do him*.
 " His *zeal* was not to lash our *crimes*,
 " But *discontent* against the times:
 " For, had we made him *timely* offers 505
 " To *raise* his *post*, or *fill* his *coffers*,
 " Perhaps he might have truckled down,
 " Like other *brethren* of his *gown*;
 " For *party* he would scarce have bled:—
 " I say no more—because he 's *dead*.— 510
 " What *writings* has he left behind?"
 " I hear they 're of a different kind:
 " A few in *verse*; but most in *prose*—"
 " Some *high-flown pamphlets*, I suppose:—
 " All scribbled in the *worst* of *times*, 515
 " To *palliate* his friend Oxford's crimes;

" To

“ To praise queen Anne, nay more, defend her,

“ As never favouring the Pretender :

“ Or *libels* yet conceal'd from fight,

“ Against the *court* to shew his *spite* :

520

“ Perhaps his *travels*, *part the third* ;

“ A *lye* at every *second word*—

“ Offensive to a *loyal ear* :—

“ But—not *one sermon*, you may *swear*.”

“ He knew an hundred pleasing stories,

525

“ With all the turns of Whigs and Tories :

“ Was cheerful to his dying-day ;

“ And friends would let him have his way.

“ As for his works in verse or prose,

“ I own myself no judge of those.

530

“ Nor can I tell what criticks thought them ;

“ But this I know, all people bought them,

“ As with a moral view design'd,

“ To *please* and to *reform* mankind :

“ And, if he often miss'd his aim,

535

“ The *world* must own it to their *shame*,

“ The *praise* is *his*, and theirs the *blame*.

“ He gave the little wealth he had

“ To build a house for fools and mad ;

“ To shew, by one satiric touch,

540

“ No nation wanted it so much.

“ That kingdom he hath left his debtor,

“ I wish it soon may have a better.

“ And, since you dread no further *lashes*,

“ Methinks you may *forgive his ashes*.”

545

AN EPISTLE TO TWO FRIENDS*,

TO DR. HELSHAM.

SIR,

Nov. 23, at night, 1731.

WHEN I left you, I found myself of the grape's
 juice sick;
 I'm so full of pity, I never abuse sick;
 And the patientest patient that ever you knew sick,
 Both when I am purge-sick, and when I am spew-sick.
 I pitied my cat, whom I knew by her mew sick;
 She mended at first, but now she's a-new sick.
 Captain Butler made some in the church black and blue
 sick;
 Dean Crows, had he preach'd, would have made us all
 pew-sick.
 Are not you, in a crowd when you sweat and stew, sick?
 Lady Santry got out of the church when she grew sick,
 And, as fast as she could, to the deanry flew sick.
 Miss Morice was (I can assure you 'tis true) sick:
 For, who would not be in that numerous crew sick?
 Such musick would make a fanatick or Jew sick,
 Yet, ladies are seldom at *ombre* or *lue* sick:
 Nor is old Nanny Shales, whene'er she does brew, sick.
 My footman came home from the church of a bruise sick,
 And look'd like a rake, who was made in the stews sick;

* This medley (for it cannot be called a poem) is given as a specimen of those *bagatelles* for which the Dean hath perhaps been too severely censured. Some, which were still more exceptionable, are suppressed. N.

But

AN EPISTLE TO TWO FRIENDS. 23

But you learned doctors can make whom you choofe fick :
And poor I myself was, when I withdrew, fick ;
For the smell of them made me like garlick and rue fick,
And I got through the crowd, though not let by a clue,
fick.

You hop'd to find many (for that was your cue) fick ;
But there was not a dozen (to give them their due) fick,
And those, to be sure, stuck together like glew, fick.
So are ladies in crowds, when they squeeze and they
screw, fick.

You may find they are all, by their yellow pale hue, fick ;
So am I, when tobacco, like Robin, I chew, fick.

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

IF I write any more, it will make my poor Muse fick.
This night I came home with a very cold dew fick,
And I wish I may soon be not of an ague fick ;
But I hope I shall ne'er be, like you, of a shrew fick,
Who often has made me, by looking askew, fick.

DR. HELSHAM'S ANSWER.

THE Doctor's first rhyme would make any Jew fick :
I know it has made a fine lady in blue fick,
For which she is gone in a coach to Killbrew fick,
Like a hen I once had, from a fox when she flew fick.
Last Monday a lady at St. Patrick's did spew fick,
And made all the rest of the folks in the pew fick ;
The surgeon who bled her, his lancet out drew fick,
And stopt the distemper, as being but new fick.

The yacht, the last storm, had all her whole crew sick;
Had we two been there, it would have made me and
you sick :

A lady that long'd, is by eating of glew sick ;
Did you ever know one in a very good Q sick ?
I 'm told that my wife is by winding a clue sick ;
The doctors have made her by rhyme and by rue sick.
There 's a gamester in town, for a throw that he
threw sick,

And yet the old trade of his dice he 'll pursue sick ;
I 've known an old miser for paying his due sick ;
At present I 'm grown by a pinch of my shoe sick,
And what would you have me with verses to do sick ?
Send rhymes, and I 'll send you some others in lieu sick.

Of rhymes I 've a plenty,
And therefore send twenty.

Answered the same day when sent, Nov. 23.

I desire you will carry both these to the Doctor, together with his own ; and let him know we are not persons to be insulted.

“ Can you match with me,
“ Who send thirty-three ?
“ You must get fourteen more,
“ To make up thirty-four :
“ But, if me you can conquer,
“ I 'll own you a strong cur*.”

* The lines “ thus marked ” were written by Dr. Swift, at the bottom of Dr. Hefham's twenty lines ; and the following fourteen were afterwards added on the same paper. N.

This

This morning I'm growing by smelling of yew sick;
 My brother's come over with gold from Peru sick;
 Last night I came home in a storm that then blew sick;
 This moment my dog at a cat I halloo sick;
 I hear, from good hands, that my poor cousin Hugh's sick,
 By quaffing a bottle, and pulling a screw sick:
 And now there's no more I can write (you'll excuse)
 sick;

You see that I scorn to mention word musick.

I'll do my best,
 To send the rest;
 Without a jest,
 I'll stand the test.

These lines that I send you, I hope you'll peruse sick;
 I'll make you with writing a little more news sick:
 Last night I came home with drinking of booze sick;
 My carpenter swears that he'll hack and he'll hew sick;
 An officer's lady, I'm told, is tattoo sick:
 I'm afraid that the line thirty-four you will view sick.
 Lord! I could write a dozen more;
 You see, I've mounted thirty-four.

E P I G R A M,

ON THE BUSTS* IN RICHMOND HERMITAGE. 1732.

"Sic sibi lætantur Docti."

WITH honour thus by Carolina plac'd,
 How are these venerable bustoes grac'd!
 O Queen, with more than regal title crown'd,
 For love of arts and piety renown'd!

* Newton, Locke, Clarke, and Woolaston.

How

How do the friends of virtue joy to see
 Her darling sons exalted thus by thee!
 Nought to their fame can now be added more,
 Rever'd by her whom all mankind adore.

A N O T H E R.

LEWIS the living learned fed,
 And rais'd the scientific head:
 Our frugal Queen, to save her meat,
 Exalts the head that cannot eat.

A CONCLUSION drawn from the above EPIGRAMS,
 and sent to the DRAPIER.

SINCE Anna, whose bounty thy merits had fed,
 Ere her own was laid low, had exalted thy head;
 And since our good Queen to the wise is so just,
 To raise heads for such as are humbled in dust;
 I wonder, good man, that you are not envaulted;
 Pr'ythee, go and be dead, and be doubly exalted.

DR. SWIFT'S ANSWER.

HER majesty never shall be my exalter;
 And yet she would raise me, I know, by a halter!

TO THE REVEREND DR. SWIFT.

WITH A PRESENT OF A PAPER-BOOK FINELY BOUND
ON HIS BIRTH-DAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1732.

BY JOHN EARL OF ORRERY.

TO thee, dear Swift, these spotless leaves I send;
Small is the present, but sincere the friend.

Think not so poor a book below thy care;
Who knows the price that thou canst make it bear?
Though tawdry now, and, like Tyrilla's face,
The specious front shines out with borrow'd grace;
Though paste-boards, glittering like a tinsel'd coat,
A *rasa tabula* within denote:

Yet, if a venal and corrupted age,
And modern vices, should provoke thy rage;
If, warn'd once more by their impending fate,
A sinking country and an injur'd state
Thy great assistance should again demand,
And call forth reason to defend the land;
Then shall we view these sheets with glad surprise
Inspir'd with thought, and speaking to our eyes:
Each vacant space shall then, enrich'd, dispense
True force of eloquence, and nervous sense;
Inform the judgement, animate the heart,
And sacred rules of policy impart.
The spangled covering, bright with splendid ore,
Shall cheat the sight with empty show no more;

But

But lead us inward to those golden mines,
 Where all thy soul in native lustre shines.
 So when the eye surveys some lovely fair,
 With bloom of beauty grac'd, with shape and air;
 How is the rapture heighten'd, when we find
 Her form excell'd by her celestial mind!

VERSES LEFT WITH A SILVER STANDISH
 ON THE DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S DESK
 ON HIS BIRTH-DAY.

BY DR. DELANY.

HITHER from Mexico I came,
 To serve a proud Iernian dame:
 Was long submitted to her will;
 At length she lost me at *quadrille*.
 Through various shapes I often pass'd,
 Still hoping to have rest at last;
 And still ambitious to obtain
 Admittance to the patriot dean;
 And sometimes got within his door,
 But soon turn'd out to serve the poor*;
 Not strolling Idleness to aid,
 But honest Industry decay'd.

* Alluding to 500 l. a year lent by the Dean, without interest,
 to poor tradesmen. F.

At length an artist purchas'd me,
And wrought me to the shape you see.

This done, to Hermes I apply'd:

" O Hermes! gratify my pride;

" Be it my fate to serve a sage,

" The greatest genius of his age;

" That matchless pen let me supply,

" Whose living lines will never die!"

I grant your suit, the God reply'd;
And here he left me to reside.

V E R S E S

OCCASIONED BY

THE FOREGOING PRESENTS.

A PAPER-BOOK is sent by Boyle,
Too neatly gilt for me to foil.
Delany sends a silver standish,
When I no more a pen can brandish.
Let both around my tomb be plac'd,
As trophies of a Muse deceas'd:
And let the friendly lines they writ
In praise of long-departed wit
Be grav'd on either side in columns,
More to my praise than all my volumes,
To burst with envy, spite, and rage,
The Vandals of the present age.

THE

THE BEASTS CONFESSION
TO THE PRIEST.

ON OBSERVING HOW MOST MEN MISTAKE THEIR
OWN TALENTS. 1732.

WHEN beasts could speak (the learned say,
They still can do so every day),
It seems, they had religion then,
As much as now we find in men.
It happen'd, when a plague broke out
(Which therefore made them more devout),
The king of brutes (to make it plain,
Of quadrupeds I only mean)
By proclamation gave command,
That every subject in the land
Should to the priest confess their sins;
And thus the pious wolf begins:
Good father, I must own with shame,
That often I have been to blame:
I must confess, on Friday last,
Wretch that I was! I broke my fast:
But I defy the basest tongue
To prove I did my neighbour wrong;
Or ever went to seek my food
By rapine, theft, or thirst of blood.

The ass, approaching next, confess'd,
That in his heart he lov'd a jest:

A wag

A wag he was, he needs must own,
And could not let a dunce alone:
Sometimes his friend he would not spare,
And might perhaps be too severe:
But yet, the worst that could be said,
He was a *wit* both born and bred;
And, if it be a sin or shame,
Nature alone must bear the blame:
One fault he hath, is sorry for 't,
His ears are half a foot too short;
Which could he to the standard bring,
He 'd shew his face before the king:
Then for his voice, there 's none disputes
That he 's the nightingale of brutes.

The swine with contrite heart allow'd,
His shape and beauty made him proud:
In diet was perhaps too nice,
But gluttony was ne'er his vice:
In every turn of life content,
And meekly took what fortune sent:
Inquire through all the parish round,
A better neighbour ne'er was found:
His vigilance might some displease;
'Tis true, he hated sloth like pease.

The mimic ape began his chatter,
How evil tongues his life bespatter:
Much of the censuring world complain'd,
Who said, his gravity was feign'd:
Indeed the strictness of his morals
Engag'd him in a hundred quarrels:

He

He saw, and he was griev'd to see 't,
 His zeal was sometimes indiscreet:
 He found his virtues too severe
 For our corrupted times to bear:
 Yet such a lewd licentious age
 Might well excuse a Stoic's rage.

The goat advanc'd with decent pace;
 And first excus'd his youthful face;
 Forgiveness begg'd, that he appear'd
 ('Twas nature's fault) without a beard.
 'Tis true, he was not much inclin'd
 To fondness for the female kind;
 Not, as his enemies object,
 From chance, or natural defect;
 Not by his frigid constitution;
 But through a pious resolution:
 For he had made a holy vow
 Of chastity, as Monks do now;
 Which he resolv'd to keep for ever hence,
 And strictly too, as doth his *Reverence.

Apply the tale, and you shall find,
 How just it suits with human-kind.
 Some faults we own: but, can you guess?
 —Why, virtues carried to excess,
 Wherewith our vanity endows us,
 Though neither foe nor friend allows us.

The lawyer swears (you may rely on 't)
 He never squeez'd a needy client;

* The priest his confessor.

And this he makes his constant rule;
For which his brethren call him fool:
His conscience always was so nice,
He freely gave the poor advice;
By which he lost, he may affirm,
A hundred fees last Easter-term.
While others of the learned robe
Would break the patience of a Job,
No pleader at the bar could match
His diligence and quick dispatch;
Ne'er kept a cause, he well may boast,
Above a term, or two at most.

The cringing knave who seeks a place
Without success, thus tells his case:
Why should he longer mince the matter?
He fail'd, because he could not flatter;
He had not learn'd to turn his coat,
Nor for a party give his vote:
His crime he quickly understood;
Too zealous for the nation's good:
He found the ministers resent it,
Yet could not for his heart repent it.

The chaplain vows he cannot fawn,
Though it would raise him to the lawn:
He pass'd his hours among his books;
You find it in his meagre looks:
He might, if he were worldly wise,
Preferment get, and spare his eyes;
But own'd he had a stubborn spirit,
That made him trust alone to merit:

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D

Would

And

Would rise by merit to promotion;
Alas! a mere chimeric notion.

The doctor, if you will believe him,
Confess'd a sin; and, (God forgive him!)
Call'd up at midnight, ran to save
A blind old beggar from the grave:
But see how Satan spreads his snares;
He quite forgot to say his prayers.
He cannot help it for his heart
Sometimes to act the parson's part:
Quotes from the Bible many a sentence,
That moves his patients to repentance:
And, when his medicines do no good,
Supports their minds with heavenly food,
At which, however well intended,
He hears the clergy are offended,
And grown so bold behind his back,
To call him hypocrite and quack.
In his own church he keeps a seat;
Says grace before and after meat;
And calls, without affecting airs,
His household twice a day to prayers.
He shuns apothecaries' shops,
And hates to cram the sick with slops:
He scorns to make his art a trade,
Nor bribes my lady's favourite maid:
Old nurse-keepers would never hire,
To recommend him to the squire;
Which others, whom he will not name,
Have often practis'd to their shame.

'The statesman tells you, with a *sneer*,
His fault is to be too *sincere*;
And, having no sinister ends,
Is apt to disoblige his friends.
The nation's good, his master's glory,
Without regard to Whig or Tory,
Were all the schemes he had in view;
Yet he was seconded by few:
Though some had spread a thousand lyes,
'Twas *he* defeated the Excise.
'Twas known, though he had borne aspersion,
That *standing troops* were his aversion:
His practice was, in every station,
To serve the king, and please the nation;
Though hard to find in every case
The fittest man to fill a place:
His promises he ne'er forgot,
But took memorials on the spot:
His enemies, for want of charity,
Said, he affected popularity:
'Tis true, the people understood,
That all he did was for their good;
Their kind affections he has try'd;
No love is lost on either side.
He came to court with fortune clear,
Which now he runs out every year:
Must, at the rate that he goes on,
Inevitably be undone:
Oh! if his Majesty would please
To give him but a writ of ease,

Would grant him licence to retire,
As it hath long been his desire,
By fair accounts it would be found,
He's poorer by ten thousand pound.
He owns, and hopes it is no sin,
He ne'er was partial to his kin;
He thought it base for men in stations
To crowd the court with their relations:
His country was his dearest mother,
And every virtuous man his brother;
Through modesty or awkward shame
(For which he owns himself to blame),
He found the wisest man he could,
Without respect to friends or blood;
Nor never acts on private views,
When he hath liberty to choose.

The sharper swore he hated play,
Except to pass an hour away:
And well he might; for, to his cost,
By want of skill he always lost:
He heard there was a club of cheats,
Who had contriv'd a thousand feats;
Could change the stock, or cog a dye,
And thus deceive the sharpest eye.
Nor wonder how his fortune sunk;
His brothers fleece him when he's drunk.

I own the moral not exact:
Besides, the tale is false in fact;
And so absurd, that, could I raise up
From fields Elysian, fabling Æsop,

I would

THE BEASTS CONFESSION. 37

I would accuse him to his face
 For libeling the four-foot race.
 Creatures of every kind but ours
 Well comprehend their natural powers;
 While we, whom *reason* ought to sway,
 Mistake our talents every day.
 The ass was never known so stupid
 To act the part of Tray or Cupid;
 Nor leaps upon his master's lap,
 There to be stroak'd, and fed with pap,
 As *Æsop* would the world persuade;
 He better understands his trade:
 Nor comes, whene'er his lady whistles;
 But carries loads, and feeds on thistles.
 Our author's meaning, I presume, is,
 A creature *bipes et implumis*;
 Wherein the moralist design'd
 A compliment on human-kind:
 For here he owns, that now and then
 Beasts may *degenerate* into men.

ADVICE TO A PARSON. 1732.

WOULD you rise in the *church*? be stupid and dull;
 Be empty of learning, of insolence full;
 Though lewd and immoral, be formal and grave,
 In flattery an *artist*, in fawning a *slave*:
 No merit, no science, no virtue, is wanting
 In him that 's accomplish'd in *cringing* and *canting*.

Be studious to practise true *meanness of spirit*;
 For who but lord Bolton* was mitred for *merit*?
 Would you wish to be wrapt in a *rochet*? in short,
 Be pox'd and profane as F—n or Horte†.

THE PARSON'S CASE.

THAT you, friend Marcus, like a Stoick,
 Can wish to die in strains heroic,
 No real fortitude implies:
 Yet, all must own, thy wish is wise.
 Thy curate's place, thy fruitful wife,
 Thy busy, drudging scene of life,
 Thy insolent, illiterate vicar,
 Thy want of all-consoling liquor,
 Thy thread-bare gown, thy cassock rent,
 Thy credit funk, thy money spent,
 Thy week made up of fasting-days,
 Thy grate unconscious of a blaze,
 And, to complete thy other curses,
 The quarterly demands of nurses,
 Are ills you wisely wish to leave,
 And fly for refuge to the grave:
 And, oh, what virtue you express,
 In wishing such afflictions less!

But, now, should Fortune shift the scene,
 And make thy Curateship a Dean;

* Then archbishop of Cashel.

† At that time bishop of Kilmore.

Or some rich benefice provide,
 To pamper luxury and pride;
 With labour small, and income great;
 With chariot less for use than state;
 With swelling scarf and glossy gown,
 And licence to reside in town;
 To shine, where all the gay resort,
 At concerts, coffee-house, or court,
 And weekly persecute his Grace
 With visits, or to beg a place;
 With underlings thy flock to teach,
 With no desire to pray or preach;
 With haughty spouse in vesture fine,
 With plenteous meals and generous wine;
 Wouldst thou not wish, in so much ease,
 Thy years as numerous as thy days?

THE HARDSHIP UPON THE LADIES.

1733.

POOOR ladies! though their business be to play,
 'Tis hard they must be busy night and day:
 Why should they want the privilege of men,
 Nor take some small diversions now and then?
 Had women been the makers of our laws
 (And why they were not, I can see no cause),
 The men should slave at cards from morn to night,
 And female pleasures be to read and write.

A LOVE SONG,
IN THE MODERN TASTE. 1733.

I.

FLUTTERING spread thy purple pinions,
Gentle Cupid, o'er my heart;
I a slave in thy dominions;
Nature must give way to art.

II.

Mild Arcadians, ever blooming,
Nightly nodding o'er your flocks,
See my weary days consuming
All beneath yon flowery rocks.

III.

'Thus the Cyprian goddess weeping
Mourn'd Adonis, darling youth:
Him the boar, in silence creeping,
Gor'd with unrelenting tooth.

IV.

Cynthia, tune harmonious numbers;
Fair Discretion, string the lyre;
Sooth my ever-waking slumbers;
Bright Apollo, lend thy choir.

V.

Gloomy Pluto, king of terrors,
Arm'd in adamantine chains,
Lead me to the crystal mirrors,
Watering soft Elysian plains.

VI. Mournful

VI.

Mournful cypress, verdant willow,
 Gilding my Aurelia's brows,
 Morpheus, hovering o'er my pillow,
 Hear me pay my dying vows.

VII.

Melancholy smooth Mæander,
 Swiftly purling in a round,
 On thy margin lovers wander,
 With thy flowery chaplets crown'd.

VIII.

Thus when Philomela drooping
 Softly seeks her silent mate,
 See the bird of Juno stooping;
 Melody resigns to fate.

On the Words BROTHER PROTESTANTS,
 and FELLOW CHRISTIANS,

So familiarly used by the Advocates for the Repeal of
 the TEST-ACT in IRELAND. 1733.

A N inundation, says the fable,
 O'erflow'd a farmer's barn and stable;
 Whole ricks of hay, and stacks of corn,
 Were down the sudden current borne;
 While things of heterogeneous kind
 Together float with tide and wind.
 The generous wheat forgot its pride,
 And sail'd with litter side by side;

Uniting

Uniting all, to shew their amity,
As in a general calamity.
A ball of new-dropt horse's dung,
Mingling with apples in the throng,
Said to the pippin plump and prim,
" See, brother, how we apples swim."
Thus Lamb, renown'd for cutting corns,
An offer'd fee of Radcliff scorns:
" Not for the world—we doctors, brother,
" Must take no fees of one another."
Thus to a Dean some Curate sloven
Subscribes, " Dear Sir, your brother loving."
Thus all the footmen, shoe-boys, porters,
About St. James's, cry, " We courtiers."
Thus H—e in the house will prate,
" Sir, we the ministers of state."
Thus at the bar the blockhead Bettesworth,
Though half a crown o'er pays his sweat's worth,
Who knows in law nor text nor margent,
Calls Singleton his brother serjeant.
And thus fanatic fairs, though neither in
Doctrine nor discipline our brethren,
Are Brother Protestants and Christians,
As much as Hebrews and Philistines:
But in no other sense, than nature
Has made a rat our fellow-creature.
Lice from your body suck their food;
But is a louse your flesh and blood?
Though born of human filth and sweat, it
May as well be said man did beget it:

But maggots in your nose and chin
As well may claim you for their kin.

Yet criticks may object, Why not?
Since lice are brethren to a Scot:
Which made our swarm of sects determine
Employments for their brother vermin.
But be they English, Irish, Scottish,
What Protestant can be so sottish,
While o'er the church these clouds are gathering,
To call a swarm of lice his brethren?

As Moses, by divine advice,
In Egypt turn'd the dust to lice;
And as our sects, by all descriptions,
Have hearts more harden'd than Egyptians;
As from the trodden dust they spring,
And, turn'd to lice, infest the king:
For pity's sake, it would be just,
A *rod* should turn them back to *dust*.

Let folks in high or holy stations
Be proud of owning such relations;
Let courtiers hug them in their bosom,
As if they were afraid to lose 'em:
While I, with humble Job, had rather
Say to corruption—"Thou 'rt my father."
For he that has so little wit
To nourish vermin, may be *bit*.

THE YAHOO'S OVERTHROW;

OR,

THE KEVAN BAYL'S NEW BALLAD,

UPON SERJEANT KITE'S INSULTING THE DEAN.

To the Tune of "Derry down."

JOLLY boys of St. Kevan's, St. Patrick's, Donore,
And Smithfield, I'll tell you, if not told before,
How Bettsworth, that booby, and scoundrel in grain,
Hath insulted us all by insulting the Dean.

Knock him down, down, down, knock him down.

The Dean and his merits we every one know;
But this skip of a Lawyer, where the De'el did he grow?
How greater his merit at Four Courts or House,
Than the barking of Towzer, or leap of a louse?

Knock him down, &c.

That he came from the Temple, his morals do show;
But where his deep law is, few mortals yet know:
His rhetoric, bombast, silly jests, are by far
More like to lampooning, than pleading at bar.

Knock him down, &c.

This pedlar, at speaking and making of laws,
Hath met with returns of all sorts but applause;
Has, with noise and odd gestures, been prating some years,
What honefter folks never durst for their ears.

Knock him down, &c.

Of

Of all fizes and forts, the fanatical crew
Are his Brother Protestants, good men and true;
Red hat, and blue bonnet, and turbant 's the same:
What the De'el is 't to him whence the Devil they came?

Knock him down, &c.

Hobbes, Tindal, and Woolston, and Collins, and
Nayler,

And Muggleton, Toland, and Bradley the Taylor,
Are Christians alike; and it may be averr'd,
He 's a Christian as good as the rest of the herd.

Knock him down, &c.

He only the rights of the clergy debates,
Their rights! their importance! We 'll set on new
rates

On their tithes at half-nothing, their priesthood at less:
What 's next to be voted, with ease you may guess.

Knock him down, &c.

At length his Old Master (I need not him name)
To this damnable Speaker had long ow'd a shame;
When his speech came abroad, he paid him off clean,
By leaving him under the pen of the Dean.

Knock him down, &c.

He kindled, as if the whole Satire had been
The oppression of Virtue, not wages of Sin:
He began, as he bragg'd, with a rant and a roar;
He bragg'd how he bounc'd, and he swore how he
swore.

Knock him down, &c.

Though

Though he cring'd to his Deanship in very low
 strains,
 To others he boasted of knocking out brains,
 And flitting of noses, and cropping of ears,
 While his own ass's zaggs were more fit for the shears.
Knock him down, &c.

On this Worrier of Deans whene'er we can hit,
 We'll shew him the way how to crop and to slit;
 We'll teach him some better address to afford
 To the Dean of all Deans, though he wears not a sword.
Knock him down, &c.

We'll colt him through Kevan, St. Patrick's, Donore,
 And Smithfield, as Rap was ne'er colted before;
 We'll oil him with kennel, and powder him with
 grains,
 A modus right fit for insulters of Deans.
Knock him down, &c.

And, when this is over, we'll make him amends;
 To the Dean he shall go; they shall kiss and be friends:
 But how? Why, the Dean shall to him disclose
 A face for to kiss, without eyes, ears, or nose.
Knock him down, &c.

If you say this is hard on a man that is reckon'd
 That serjeant at law whom we call Kite the Second,
 You mistake; for a slave, who will coax his superiors,
 May be proud to be licking a great man's posteriors.
Knock him down, &c.

What

What care we how high runs his passion or pride?
 Though his soul he despises, he values his hide;
 Then fear not his tongue, or his sword, or his knife;
 He'll take his revenge on his innocent wife.

Knock him down, down, down, keep him down.

ON THE
 ARCHBISHOP OF CASHEL,
 AND BETTESWORTH.

DEAR Dick, pr'ythee tell by what passion you move?
 The world is in doubt, whether hatred or love;
 And, while at good Cashel you rail with such spite,
 They shrewdly suspect it is all but a bite.
 You certainly know, though so loudly you vapour,
 His spite cannot wound, who attempted the Drapier.
 Then, pr'ythee, reflect, take a word of advice;
 And, as your old wont is, change sides in a trice:
 On his virtues hold forth; 'tis the very best way;
 And say of the man what all honest men say.
 But if, still obdurate, your anger remains;
 If still your soul bosom more rancour contains;
 Say then more than they; nay, lavishly flatter,
 'Tis your gross panegyrics alone can bespatter:
 For thine, my dear Dick, give me leave to speak plain,
 Like a very foul mop, dirty more than they clean.

ON

O N P O E T R Y :

A R H A P S O D Y. 1733.

ALL human race would fain be *wits*,
 And millions miss for one that hits.
 Young's universal passion, *pride*,
 Was never known to spread so wide.
 Say, Britain, could you ever boast
 Three poets in an age at most?
 Our chilling climate hardly bears
 A *sprig* of bays in fifty years;
 While every fool his claim alledges,
 As if it grew in common hedges,
 What reason can there be assign'd
 For this perverseness in the mind?
 Brutes find out where their talents lie:
 A *bear* will not attempt to fly;
 A founder'd *horse* will oft' debate,
 Before he tries a five-barr'd gate;
 A *dog* by instinct turns aside,
 Who sees the ditch too deep and wide.
 But *man* we find the only creature
 Who, led by *folly*, combats Nature;
 Who, when *she* loudly cries, *Forbear*,
 With obstinacy fixes there;
 And, where his genius least inclines,
 Absurdly bends his whole designs.

Not

Not *empire* to the rising sun 25
 By valour, conduct, fortune won;
 Not highest *wisdom* in debates
 For framing laws to govern states;
 Not skill in sciences profound,
 So large to grasp the circle round; 30
 Such heavenly influence require,
 As how to strike the *Muse's lyre*.

Not beggar's brat on bulk begot;
 Not bastard of a pedlar Scot;
 Not boy brought up to cleaning shoes, 35
 The spawn of Bridewell or the stews;
 Not infants dropt, the spurious pledges
 Of *gipsies* littering under hedges;
 Are so disqualify'd by fate
 To rise in *church*, or *law*, or *state*, 40
 As he whom Phœbus in his ire
 Hath blasted with poetic fire.

What hope of custom in the *fair*,
 While not a soul demands your ware? 15
 Where you have nothing to produce
 For private life, or public use? 45
Court, *city*, *country*, want you not;
 You cannot bribe, betray, or plot.
 For poets, law makes no provision;
 The wealthy have you in derision: 50
 Of state affairs you cannot smatter;
 Are awkward when you try to flatter:
 Your portion, taking Britain round,
 Was just one annual hundred pound;

Now not so much as in remainder,
 Since Cibber brought-in an attainer;
 For ever fix'd by right divine
 (A monarch's right) on Grub-street line.
 Poor starveling bard, how small thy gains!
 How unproportion'd to thy pains!
 And here a *simile* comes pat in:
 Though *chickens* take a month to fatten,
 The guests in less than half an hour
 Will more than half a score devour.
 So, after toiling twenty days
 To earn a stock of pence and praise,
 Thy labours, grown the critick's prey,
 Are swallow'd o'er a dish of tea;
 Gone to be never heard of more,
 Gone where the *chickens* went before.
 How shall a new attempter learn
 Of different spirits to discern,
 And how distinguish which is which,
 The poet's vein, or scribbling itch?
 Then hear an old experienc'd sinner,
 Instructing thus a young beginner.
 Consult yourself; and if you find
 A powerful impulse urge your mind,
 Impartial judge within your breast
 What subject you can manage best;
 Whether your genius most inclines
 To satire, praise, or humorous lines,
 To elegies in mournful tone,
 Or prologue sent from hand unknown.

ON POETRY.

51

Then, rising with Aurora's light,
The Muse invok'd, sit down to write;
Blot out, correct, insert, refine,

85

Enlarge, diminish, interline;
Be mindful, when invention fails,
To scratch your head, and bite your nails.

90

Your poem finish'd, next your care
Is needful to transcribe it fair.

In modern wit all printed trash is
Set off with numerous *breaks* and *dashs*.

To statesmen would you give a wipe,
You print it in *Italic type*.

95

When letters are in vulgar shapes,
'Tis ten to one the wit escapes:

But, when in *capitals* express'd,
The dullest reader smokes the jest:

100

Or else perhaps he may invent
A better than the poet meant;
As learned commentators view
In Homer more than Homer knew.

Your poem in its modish dress,
Correctly fitted for the press,

105

Convey by penny-post to Lintot,
But let no friend alive look into 't.

If Lintot thinks 'twill quit the cost,
You need not fear your labour lost:

110

And how agreeably surpris'd
Are you to see it advertis'd!

The hawker shews you one in print,
As fresh as farthings from the mint:

The product of your toil and sweating;
A bastard of your own begetting.

Be sure at Will's, the following day,
Lie snug, and hear what criticks say;
And, if you find the general vogue
Pronounces you a stupid rogue,
Damns all your thoughts as low and little,
Sit still, and swallow down your spittle.

Be silent as a politician,
For talking may beget suspicion:
Or praise the judgement of the town,
And help yourself to run it down.
Give up your fond paternal pride,
Nor argue on the weaker side:
For poems read without a name
We justly praise, or justly blame;
And criticks have no partial views,
Except they know whom they abuse:
And, since you ne'er provoke their spite,
Depend upon 't their judgement 's right.

But if you blab, you are undone:
Consider what a risk you run:
You lose your credit all at once;
The town will mark you for a dunce;
The vilest doggrel, Grub-street sends,
Will pass for yours with foes and friends;
And you must bear the whole disgrace,
Till some fresh blockhead takes your place.

Your secret kept, your poem sunk,
And sent in quires to line a trunk,

If still you be dispos'd to rhyme, 145
 Go try your hand a second time.
 Again you fail: yet *Safe* 's the word;
 Take courage, and attempt a third.
 But first with care employ your thoughts
 Where criticks mark'd your former faults; 150
 The trivial turns, the borrow'd wit,
 The *similes* that nothing fit;
 The *cant* which every fool repeats,
 Town jests and coffee-house conceits;
 Descriptions tedious, flat and dry, 155
 And introduc'd the Lord knows why:
 Or where we find your fury set
 Against the harmless alphabet;
 On A's and B's your malice vent,
 While readers wonder whom you meant; 160
 A public or a private *robber*,
 A *statesman*, or a South-sea *jobber*;
 A *prelate* who no God believes;
 A parliament, or den of thieves;
 A pick-purse at the bar or bench; 165
 A dutchess, or a suburb-wench:
 Or oft', when epithets you link
 In gaping lines to fill a chink;
 Like stepping-stones to save a stride,
 In streets where kennels are too wide; 170
 Or like a heel-piece, to support
 A cripple with one foot too short;
 Or like a bridge, that joins a marish
 To moorlands of a different parish.

So have I seen ill-coupled hounds
 Drag different ways in miry grounds.
 So geographers in Afric maps
 With savage pictures fill their gaps,
 And o'er unhabitable downs
 Place elephants for want of towns.

175

180

But, though you miss your third essay,
 You need not throw your pen away.
 Lay now aside all thoughts of fame,
 To spring more profitable game.
 From party-merit seek support;
 The vilest verse thrives best at court.
 A pamphlet in Sir Bob's defence
 Will never fail to bring-in pence:
 Nor be concern'd about the sale,
 He pays his workmen on the nail.

185

190

A prince, the moment he is crown'd,
 Inherits every virtue round,
 As emblems of the sovereign power,
 Like other baubles in the Tower;
 Is generous, valiant, just, and wise,
 And so continues till he dies:
 His humble *senate* this professes,
 In all their *speeches, votes, addresses*.
 But once you fix him in a tomb,
 His virtues fade, his vices bloom;
 And each perfection, wrong imputed,
 Is fully at his death confuted.
 The loads of poems in his praise,
 Ascending, make one funeral blaze:

195

200

As

As soon as you can hear his knell,
This god on earth turns devil in hell:
And lo! his ministers of state,
Transform'd to imps, his levee wait;
Where, in the scenes of endless woe,
They ply their former arts below;
And, as they sail in Charon's boat,
Contrive to bribe the judge's vote;
To Cerberus they give a sop,
His triple-barking mouth to stop;
Or in the ivory gate of dreams
Project Excise and South-sea schemes;
Or hire their party-pamphleteers
To set Elysium by the ears.

205

210

215

Then, *poet*, if you mean to thrive,
Employ your Muse on kings alive;
With prudence gathering up a cluster
Of all the virtues you can muster,
Which, form'd into a garland sweet,
Lay humbly at your monarch's feet;
Who, as the odours reach his throne,
Will smile, and think them all his own;
For *law* and *gospel* both determine
All virtues lodge in royal ermine:
(I mean the oracles of both,
Who shall depose it upon oath.)
Your garland in the following reign,
Change but the names, will do again.

220

225

230

But, if you think this trade too base,
(Which seldom is the dunce's case)

Put on the critick's brow, and sit
 At Will's the puny judge of wit.
 A nod, a shrug, a scornful smile,
 With caution us'd, may serve a while.
 Proceed no further in your part,
 Before you learn the terms of art;
 For you can never be too far gone
 In all our modern criticks' jargon:
 Then talk with more authentic face
 Of *unities, in time and place*;
 Get scraps of Horace from your friends,
 And have them at your fingers' ends;
 Learn Aristotle's rules by rote,
 And at all hazards boldly quote;
 Judicious Rymer oft' review,
 Wise Dennis, and profound Bossu;
 Read all the *prefaces* of Dryden,
 For these our criticks much confide in
 (Though merely writ at first for filling,
 To raise the volume's price a shilling).
 A forward critick often dupes us
 With sham quotations *peri hupsous*;
 And if we have not read Longinus,
 Will magisterially outshine us.
 Then, lest with Greek he over-run ye,
 Procure the book for love or money,
 Translated from Boileau's translation,
 And quote *quotation on quotation*.
 At Will's you hear a poem read,
 Where Battus from the table-head,

Reclining

235 Reclining on his elbow-chair,
Gives judgement with decisive air;
To whom the tribe of circling wits
As to an oracle submits.

265

He gives directions to the town,
240 To cry it up, or run it down;
Like *courtiers*, when they send a note,
Instructing members how to vote.
He sets the stamp of bad and good,
Though not a word be understood.

270

245 Your lesson learn'd, you 'll be secure
To get the name of *connoisseur* :
And, when your merits once are known,
Procure disciples of your own.

275

For poets (you can never want 'em)
250 Spread through Augusta Trinobantum,
Computing by their pecks of coals,
Amount to just nine thousand souls :
These o'er their proper districts govern,
Of wit and humour judges sovereign.

280

255 In every street a city-bard
Rules, like an alderman, his ward ;
His undisputed rights extend
Through all the lane, from end to end ;

285

The neighbours round admire his *sbrewdness*
60 For songs of *loyalty* and *lewdness* ;
Out-done by none in rhyming well,
Although he never learn'd to spell.

290

Two bordering wits contend for glory ;
And one is Whig, and one is Tory :

And

And this for epics claims the bays,
 And that for elegiac lays:
 Some fam'd for numbers soft and smooth,
 By lovers spoke in Punch's booth;
 And some as justly fame extols
 For lofty lines in Smithfield drolls.
 Bavius in Wapping gains renown,
 And Mævius reigns o'er Kentish-town:
 Tigellius, plac'd in Phœbus' car,
 From Ludgate shines to Temple-bar:
 Harmonious Cibber entertains
 The court with annual birth-day strains;
 Whence Gay was banish'd in disgrace;
 Where Pope will never show his face;
 Where Young must torture his invention
 To flatter *knaves*, or lose his *pension*.

But these are not a thousandth part
 Of jobbers in the poet's art,
 Attending each his proper station,
 And all in due subordination,
 Through every alley to be found,
 In garrets high, or under ground;
 And when they join their *pericranies*,
 Out skips a *book of miscellanies*.
 Hobbes clearly proves, that every creature
 Lives in a state of war by nature.
 The greater for the smallest watch,
 But meddle seldom with their match.
 A whale of moderate fize will draw
 A shoal of herrings down his maw;

A fox with geese his belly crams; 325

A wolf destroys a thousand lambs:

But search among the rhyming race,

The brave are worry'd by the base.

If on Parnassus' top you sit,

You rarely bite, are always bit. 330

Each poet of inferior size

On you shall rail and criticise,

And strive to tear you limb from limb;

While others do as much for him.

The vermin only tease and pinch 335

Their foes superior by an inch.

So, naturalists observe, a flea

Hath smaller fleas that on him prey;

And these have smaller still to bite 'em,

And so proceed *ad infinitum*. 340

Thus every poet in his kind

Is bit by him that comes behind:

Who, though too little to be seen,

Can tease, and gall, and give the spleen;

Call dunces fools and sons of whores, 345

Lay Grub-street at each other's doors;

Extol the Greek and Roman masters,

And curse our modern poetasters;

Complain, as many an ancient bard did,

How genius is no more rewarded; 350

How wrong a taste prevails among us;

How much our ancestors outsung us;

Can personate an awkward scorn

For those who are not poets born;

And

And all their brother-dunces lash,
 Who crowd the press with hourly trash.
 O Grub-street! how do I bemoan thee,
 Whose graceless children scorn to own thee!
 Their filial piety forgot,

Deny their country, like a Scot;
 Though, by their idiom and grimace,
 They soon betray their native place:
 Yet *thou* hast greater cause to be
 Asham'd of them, than they of thee,
 Degenerate from their ancient brood,
 Since first the court allow'd them food.

Remains a difficulty still,
 To purchase fame by writing ill.
 From Flecknoe down to Howard's time,
 How few have reach'd the *low sublime*!
 For when our high-born Howard dy'd,
 Blackmore alone his place supply'd:
 And, lest a chasm should intervene,
 When death had finish'd Blackmore's reign,
 The *leaden crown* devolv'd to thee,
 Great poet of the *hollow tree*.

But ah! how unsecure thy throne!
 A thousand bards thy right disown:
 They plot to turn, in factious zeal,
 Duncenia to a common weal;
 And with rebellious arms pretend
 An equal privilege to *descend*.

In bulk there are not more degrees
 From *elephants* to *mites* in cheese,

Than

35 Than what a curious eye may trace 385
In creatures of the rhyming race.

From bad to worse, and worse, they fall;
But who can reach the worst of all?

36 For though, in nature, depth and height
Are equally held infinite; 390

In poetry, the height we know;
'Tis only infinite below.

For instance: when you rashly think,
No rhymers can like Welsted sink,

36 His merits balanc'd, you shall find 395
The Laureat leaves him far behind.

Concannen, more aspiring bard,
Soars downwards deeper by a yard.

Smart Jemmy Moor with vigour drops:

37 The rest pursue as thick as hops. 400

With heads to points the gulph they enter,
Link'd perpendicular to the centre;

And, as their heels elated rise,
Their heads attempt the nether skies.

37 Oh, what indignity and shame, 405
To prostitute the Muse's name!

By flattering kings, whom Heaven design'd
The plagues and scourges of mankind;

38 Bred up in ignorance and sloth, 410
And every vice that nurses both.

Fair Britain, in thy monarch blest,

Whose virtues bear the strictest test;

Whom never faction could bespatter,

Nor minister nor poet flatter;

What

What justice in rewarding merit !
 What magnanimity of spirit !
 What lineaments divine we trace
 Through all his figure, mien, and face !
 Though peace with olive bind his hands,
 Confess'd the conquering hero stands.
 Hydaspes, Indus, and the Ganges,
 Dread from his hand impending changes.
 From him the Tartar and Chinese,
 Short by the knees, intreat for peace.
 The *consort* of his throne and bed,
 A perfect goddess born and bred,
 Appointed sovereign judge to sit
 On learning, eloquence, and wit.
 Our eldest hope, divine Iulus,
 (Late, very late, oh may he rule us !)
 What early manhood has he shown,
 Before his downy beard was grown !
 Then think, what wonders will be done,
 By going on as he begun,
 An heir for Britain to secure
 As long as sun and moon endure.
 The remnant of the royal blood
 Comes pouring on me like a flood :
 Bright goddesses, in number five ;
 Duke William, sweetest prince alive.
 Now sing the *minister of state*,
 Who shines alone without a mate.
 Observe with what majestic port
 This Atlas stands to prop the court :

Intent the public debts to pay, 445
 Like prudent Fabius, by delay.
 Thou great vicegerent of the king,
 Thy praises every Muse shall sing!
 In all affairs thou sole director,
 Of wit and learning chief protector; 450
 Though small the time thou hast to spare,
 The church is thy peculiar care.
 Of pious prelates what a flock
 You choose, to rule the sable flock!
 You raise the honour of the peerage, 455
 Proud to attend you at the steerage.
 You dignify the noble race,
 Content yourself with humbler place.
 Now learning, valour, virtue, sense,
 To titles give the sole pretence. 460
 St. George beheld thee with delight
 Vouchsafe to be an azure knight,
 When on thy breasts and sides Herculean
 He fix'd the *star* and *string cerulean*.
 Say, poet, in what other nation 465
 Shone ever such a constellation!
 Attend, ye Popes, and Youngs, and Gays,
 And tune your harps, and strow your bays:
 Your panegyricks here provide;
 You cannot err on flattery's side. 470
 Above the stars exalt your style,
 You still are low ten thousand mile.
 On Lewis all his bards bestow'd
 Of incense many a thousand load;

But

But Europe mortify'd his pride,
 And swore the fawning rascals ly'd.
 Yet what the world refus'd to Lewis,
 Apply'd to George, exactly true is.
 Exactly true! invidious poet!

'Tis fifty thousand times below it.

Translate me now some lines, if you can,
 From Virgil, Martial, Ovid, Lucan.
 They could all power in Heaven divide,
 And do no wrong on either side;
 They teach you how to split a hair,
 Give George and Jove an equal share.
 Yet why should we be lac'd so strait?
 I'll give my monarch butter-weight.
 And reason good; for many a year
 Jove never intermeddled here:
 Nor, though his priests be duly paid,
 Did ever we desire his aid:
 We now can better do without him,
 Since Woolston gave us arms to rout him.

Cætera desiderantur.

HORACE, BOOK IV. ODE XIX. IMITATED.

TO HUMPHRY FRENCH, ESQ.* 1733.

PATRON of the tuneful throng,
 Oh! too nice, and too severe!

Think not that my *country* song
 Shall displease thy honest ear.

* Lord-mayer of Dublin. N:

Chosen

Chosen strains I proudly bring;
Which the Muses' sacred choir,
When they gods and heroes sing,
Dictate to th' harmonious lyre.

Ancient Homer, princely bard!
Just precedence still maintains;
With sacred rapture still are heard
Theban Pindar's lofty strains.

Still the old triumphant song,
Which, when hated tyrants fell,
Great Alcæus boldly sung,
Warns, instructs, and pleases well.

Nor has Time's all-darkening shade
In obscure oblivion press'd
What Anacreon laugh'd and play'd;
Gay Anacreon, drunken priest!

Gemle Sappho, love-sick Muse,
Warms the heart with amorous fire;
Still her tenderest notes infuse
Melting rapture, soft desire.

Beauteous Helen, young and gay,
By a painted sopleling won,
Went not first, fair nymph, astray,
Fondly pleas'd to be undone.

Nor young Teucer's slaughtering bow,
Nor bold Hector's dreadful sword,
Alone the terrors of the foe,
Sow'd the field with hostile blood.

Many valiant chiefs of old
Greatly liv'd and died, before
Agamemnon, Grecian bold,
Wag'd the ten years' famous war.

But their names, unsung, unwept,
Unrecorded, lost and gone,
Long in endless night have slept,
And shall now no more be known.

Virtue, which the poet's care
Has not well consign'd to fame,
Lies, as in the sepulchre
Some old king without a name.

But, O Humphry, great and free,
While my tuneful songs are read,
Old forgetful 'Time on thee
Dark oblivion ne'er shall spread.

When the deep-cut notes shall fade
On the mouldering Parian stone,
On the brass no more be read
The perishing inscription;

Forgotten all the enemies,
Envious G——n's cursed spite,
And P——l's derogating lies,
Lost and sunk in Stygian night;

Still thy labour and thy care,
What for Dublin thou hast done,
In full lustre shall appear,
And outshine th' unclouded sun.

Large thy mind, and not untried,
For Hibernia now doth stand;
Through the calm, or raging tide,
Safe conducts the ship to land.

Falsely we call the rich man great;
He is only so that knows
His plentiful or small estate
Wisely to enjoy and use.

He, in wealth or poverty,
Fortune's power alike defies;
And falsehood and dishonesty
More than death abhors and flies:

Flies from death!—No, meets it brave,
When the suffering so severe
May from dreadful bondage save
Clients, friends, or country dear.

This the sovereign man, compleat;
Hero; patriot; glorious; free;
Rich and wise; and good and great;
Generous Humphry, thou art He.

A NEW SIMILE FOR THE LADIES.

BY DR. SHERIDAN. 1733.

“ To make a writer miss his end,
“ You 've nothing else to do but mend.”

I OFTEN try'd in vain to find
A simile for woman-kind,

F 2

A simile

A *smile* I mean to fit 'em,
In every circumstance to hit 'em.
Through every beast and bird I went,
I ranfack'd every element;
And, after peeping through all nature,
To find so whimsical a creature,
A *cloud* presented to my view,
And strait this parallel I drew:

Clouds turn with every wind about;
They keep us in suspense and doubt;
Yet oft perverse, like woman-kind,
Are seen to scud against the wind:
And are not women just the same?
For, who can tell at what they aim?

Clouds keep the stoutest mortals under,
When bellowing they discharge their thunder:
So when th' alarm-bell is rung
Of Xanti's everlasting tongue,
The husband dreads its loudness more
Than lightning's flash, or thunder's roar.

Clouds weep, as they do, without pain;
And what are tears but women's rain?

The *clouds* about the welkin roam;
And ladies never stay at home.

The *clouds* build castles in the air,
A thing peculiar to the fair;
For all the schemes of their forecasting
Are not more solid, nor more lasting.

A *cloud* is light by turns, and dark;
Such is a lady with her spark:

NEW SIMILE FOR THE LADIES.

69

Now with a sudden pouting gloom
She seems to darken all the room ;
Again she 's pleas'd, his fears beguil'd,
And all is clear when she has smil'd.
In this they 're wondrously alike
(I hope the *simile* will strike) ;
Though in the darkest dumps you view them,
Stay but a moment, you 'll see through them.

The *clouds* are apt to make reflection,
And frequently produce infection ;
So Cælia, with small provocation,
Blasts every neighbour's reputation.

The *clouds* delight in gaudy show
(For they, like ladies, have their bow) ;
The gravest matron will confess,
That she herself is fond of dress.

Observe the *clouds* in pomp array'd,
What various colours are display'd ;
The pink, the rose, the violet's dye,
In that great drawing-room the sky ;
How do these differ from our Graces,
In garden-filks, brocades, and laces ?
Are they not such another sight,
When met upon a birth-day night ?

The *clouds* delight to change their fashion :
(Dear ladies, be not in a passion !)
Nor let this whim to you seem strange,
Who every hour delight in change.

In them and you alike are seen
The fullen symptoms of the spleen ;

The moment that your vapours rise,
We see them dropping from your eyes.

In evening fair you may behold
The *clouds* are fring'd with borrow'd gold;
And this is many a lady's case,
Who flaunts about in borrow'd lace.

Grave matrons are like *clouds* of snow,
Their words fall thick, and soft, and slow;
While brisk coquettes, like rattling hail,
Our ears on every side assail.

Clouds, when they intercept our sight,
Deprive us of celestial light:
So when my Chloe I pursue,
No heaven besides I have in view.

Thus, on comparison, you see,
In every instance they agree,
So like, so very much the same,
That one may go by t' other's name.
Let me proclaim it then aloud,
That every woman is a *cloud*.

ANSWER. BY DR. SWIFT.

PRESUMPTUOUS Bard! how could you dare
A woman with a *cloud* compare?
Strange pride and insolence you show
Inferior mortals *there* below.
And is our thunder in your ears
So frequent or so loud as theirs?

Alas!

Alas! our thunder soon goes out;
And only makes you more devout.
Then is not female clatter worse,
That drives you not to *pray*, but *curse*?

We hardly thunder thrice a year;
The bolt discharg'd, the sky grows clear:
But every sublunary dowdy,
The more she scolds, the more she 's cloudy.

Some critick, may object, perhaps,
That *clouds* are blam'd for giving *claps*;
But what, alas! are *claps* æthereal,
Compar'd for mischief to venereal?
Can *clouds* give buboes, ulcers, blotches,
Or from your noses dig out notches?
We leave the body sweet and sound;
We kill, 'tis true, but never wound.

You know a *cloudy* sky bespeaks
Fair weather when the morning breaks;
But women in a *cloudy* plight
Foretell a storm to last till night.

A *cloud* in proper seasons pours
His blessings down in fruitful showers;
But woman was by fate design'd
To pour down curses on mankind.

When Sirius o'er the welkin rages,
Our kindly help his fire assuages;
But woman is a curst inflamer,
No parish ducking-stool can tame her:
To kindle strife, dame Nature taught her;
Like fire-works, she can burn in water.

The moment that your vapours rise,
We see them dropping from your eyes.

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The *clouds* are fring'd with borrow'd gold;
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Who flaunts about in borrow'd lace.

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The bolt discharg'd, the sky grows clear:
But every sublunary dowdy,
The more she scolds, the more she 's cloudy.

Some critick, may object, perhaps,
That *clouds* are blam'd for giving *claps*;
But what, alas! are *claps* æthereal,
Compar'd for mischief to venereal?
Can *clouds* give buboes, ulcers, blotches,
Or from your noses dig out notches?
We leave the body sweet and sound;
We kill, 'tis true, but never wound.

You know a *cloudy* sky bespeaks
Fair weather when the morning breaks;
But women in a *cloudy* plight
Foretell a storm to last till night.

A *cloud* in proper seasons pours
His blessings down in fruitful showers;
But woman was by fate design'd
To pour down curses on mankind.

When Sirius o'er the welkin rages,
Our kindly help his fire assuages;
But woman is a curst inflamer,
No parish ducking-stool can tame her:
To kindle strife, dame Nature taught her;
Like fire-works, she can burn in water.

For ficklenefs how durst you blame us,
 Who for our constancy are famous?
 You 'll see a *cloud* in gentle weather
 Keep the same face an hour together;
 While women, if it could be reckon'd,
 Change every feature every second.

Observe our figure in a morning,
 Of foul or fair we give you warning;
 But can you guess from woman's air
 One minute, whether foul or fair?

Go read in ancient books enroll'd
 What honours we possess'd of old.

To disappoint Ixion's rape,
 Jove drest a *cloud* in Juno's shape;
 Which when he had enjoy'd, he swore,
 No goddess could have pleas'd him more;
 No difference could he find between
 His *cloud* and Jove's imperial queen:
 His *cloud* produc'd a race of Centaurs,
 Fam'd for a thousand bold adventures;
 From us descended *ab origine*,
 By learned authors call'd *nubigenæ*.
 But say, what earthly nymph do you know,
 So beautiful to pass for Juno?

Before Æneas durst aspire
 To court her majesty of Tyre,
 His mother begg'd of us to dress him,
 That Dido might the more carefs him:
 A coat we gave him, dy'd in grain,
 A *flaxen* wig and *clouded* cane

(The wig was powder'd round with fleet,
Which fell in *clouds* beneath his feet),
With which he made a tearing show;
And Dido quickly *smoak'd the beau*.

Among your females make enquiries,
What nymph on earth so fair as Iris?
With heavenly beauty so endow'd?
And yet her father is a *cloud*.
We dress her in a gold brocade,
Befitting Juno's favourite maid.

'Tis known, that Socrates the wise
Ador'd us *clouds* as deities:
To us he made his daily prayers,
As Aristophanes declares;
From Jupiter took all dominion,
And dy'd defending his opinion.
By his authority 'tis plain
You worship other gods in vain,
And from your own experience know
We govern all things there below.
You follow where we please to guide;
O'er all your passions we preside,
Can raise them up, or sink them down,
As we think fit to smile or frown:
And, just as we dispose your brain,
Are witty, dull, rejoice, complain.

Compare us then to female race!
We, to whom all the gods give place!
Who better challenge your allegiance,
Because we dwell in higher regions!

You

You find the gods in Homer dwell
In seas and streams, or low as hell :
Ev'n Jove, and Mercury his pimp,
No higher climb than mount Olymp
(Who makes you think the *clouds* he pierces?
He pierce the *clouds*! he kifs their a—es) ;
While we, o'er Teneriffa plac'd,
Are loftier by a mile at least :
And, when Apollo struts on Pindus,
We see him from our kitchen-windows ;
Or, to Parnassus looking down,
Can piss upon his laurel crown.

Fate never form'd the gods to fly ;
In vehicles they mount the sky :
When Jove would some fair nymph inveigle,
He comes full gallop on his eagle.
Though Venus be as light as air,
She must have doves to draw her chair.
Apollo stirs not out of door
Without his lacker'd coach and four.
And jealous Juno, ever snarling,
Is drawn by peacocks in her *berlin*.
But we can fly where'er we please,
O'er cities, rivers, hills, and seas :
From east to west the world we roam,
And in all climates are at home ;
With care provide you, as we go,
With sun-shine, rain, and hail, or snow.
You, when it rains, like fools, believe
Jove pisses on you through a sieve:

An idle tale, 'tis no such matter;
We only dip a sponge in water;
Then squeeze it close between our thumbs,
And shake it well, and down it comes.
As you shall to your sorrow know,
We 'll watch your steps where'er you go;
And, since we find you walk a-foot,
We 'll soundly souce your frize-furtout.

'Tis but by our peculiar grace,
That Phœbus ever shows his face:
For, when we please, we open wide
Our curtains blue from side to side:
And then how saucily he shows
His brazen face and fiery nose;
And gives himself a haughty air,
As if he made the weather fair!

'Tis sung, wherever Cælia treads,
The violets ope their purple heads;
The roses blow, the cowslip springs:
'Tis sung; but we know better things.
'Tis true, a woman on her mettle
Will often piss upon a nettle;
But, though we own she makes it wetter,
The nettle never thrives the better;
While we, by soft prolific showers,
Can every spring produce you flowers.

Your poets, Chloe's beauty heightening,
Compare her radiant eyes to lightning;
And yet I hope 'twill be allow'd,
That lightning comes but from a *cloud*.

But

But gods like us have too much sense
 At poets' flights to take offence:
 Nor can hyperboles demean us;
 Each drab has been compar'd to Venus.
 We own your verses are melodious;
 But such comparisons are odious.

A VINDICATION OF THE LIBEL:

OR,

A NEW BALLAD, written by a SHOE-BOY, on an
 ATTORNEY who was formerly a SHOE-BOY.

“ Qui color ater erat, nunc est contrarius atro.”

WITH singing of ballads, and crying of news,
 With whitening of buckles, and blacking of
 shoes,

Did Hartley* set out, both shoeless and shirtless,
 And moneyless too, but not very dirtless;
 Two pence he had gotten by begging, that 's all;
 One bought him a *brush*, and one a *black ball*;
 For clouts at a loss he could not be much,
 The cloaths on his back as being but such;
 Thus vamp'd and accoutred, with *clouts*, *ball*, and *brush*,
 He gallantly ventur'd his fortune to push:
Vespasian thus, being bespatter'd with dirt,
Was omen'd to be Rome's emperor for 't.

* See the next poem.

at as a wise fidler is noted, you know,
 to have a good couple of strings to one bow;
 Hartley judiciously thought it too little,
 to live by the sweat of his hands and his spittle:
 he finds out another profession as fit,
 and straight he becomes a retailer of wit.
 One day he cried--"Murders, and songs, and great news!"
 another as loudly--"Here blacken your shoes!"
 L: At Domville's* full often he fed upon bits,
 for winding of jacks up, and turning of spits;
 on a Jack'd all the plates round, had many a grubbing,
 Y. and now and then got from the cook-maid a drubbing:
 Each buffings effect upon *him* could have none;
 the dog will be patient, that 's struck with a bone.
 For Thomas, observing this Hartley withal
 so expert and so active at *brusbes* and *ball*,
 as mov'd with compassion, and thought it a pity
 such youth should be lost, that had been so witty:
 without more ado, he vamps up my spark,
 and now we 'll suppose him an eminent clerk;
 ; suppose him an adept in all the degrees
 of scribbling *cum dasbo*, and hooking of fees;
 suppose him a miser, attorney *per bill*;
 suppose him a courtier--suppose what you will--
 But would you believe, though I swore by the Bible,
 that he took up two *news-boys* for crying the *libel*?

* Sir T. Domville, patentee of the Hanaper-office. N.

A FRIENDLY APOLOGY
FOR A CERTAIN JUSTICE OF PEACE,
By Way of Defence of HARTLEY HUTCHINSON, Esq.

"But he by bawling news about,
"And aptly using brush and clout,
"A justice of the peace became,
"To punish rogues who do the same."

HUB.

By JAMES BLACK-WELL, Operator for the Feet,

I SING the man of courage try'd,
O'er-run with ignorance and pride,
Who boldly hunted out disgrace
With canker'd mind and hideous face;
The first who made (let none deny it)
The libel-vending rogues be quiet.

The fact was glorious, we must own,
For Hartley was before unknown,
Contemn'd I mean;—for who would chuse
So vile a subject for the Muse?

'Twas once the noblest of his wishes
To fill his paunch with scraps from dishes,
For which he 'd parch before the grate,
Or wind the *jack's* slow-rising weight
(Such toils as best his talents fit),
Or polish *shoes*, or turn the *spit*:
But, unexpectedly grown rich in
'Squire Domvile's family and kitchen,
He pants to eternize his name,
And takes the dirty road to fame;

Believe

Believes that persecuting wit
Will prove the surest way to it;
So, with a Colonel* at his back,
The Libel feels his first attack;
He calls it a seditious paper,
Writ by another Patriot Drapier;
Then raves and blunders nonsense thicker
Than aldermen o'ercharg'd with liquor;
And all this with design, no doubt,
To hear his praises hawk'd about;
To send his name through every street,
Which erst he roam'd with dirty feet;
Well pleas'd to live to future times,
Though but in keen satiric rhymes.

So Ajax, who, for aught we know,
Was justice many years ago,
And minding then no earthly things,
But killing libelers of kings;
Or, if he wanted work to do,
To run a bawling news-boy through;
Yet he, when wrapp'd up in a cloud,
Entreated Father Jove aloud,
Only in light to show his face,
Though it might tend to his disgrace.

And so th' Ephesian villain fir'd
The temple which the world admir'd,
Contemning death, despising shame,
To gain an ever-odious name.

* Colonel Ker, a mere Scotchman, Lieutenant-Colonel to Lord Harrington's regiment of dragoons, who made a news-boy's evidence against the printer. IRISH ED.

DR. SHERIDAN'S BALLAD
ON BALLYSPELLIN*.

ALL you that would refine your blood,
As pure as fam'd Llewellyn,
By waters clear, come every year,
To drink at Ballyspellin.

Though pox or itch your skins enrich
With rubies past the telling,
'Twill clear your skin before you 've been
A month at Ballyspellin.

If lady's cheek be green as leek
When she comes from her dwelling,
The kindling rose within it glows
When she 's at Ballyspellin.

The footy brown, who comes from town,
Grows here as fair as Helen;
Then back she goes, to kill the beaux
By dint of Ballyspellin.

Our ladies are as fresh and fair
As Rose, or bright Dunkelling;
And Mars might make a fair mistake,
Were he at Ballyspellin.

* A famous spa in the county of Kilkenny, where the
Doctor had been to drink the waters with a favourite Lady. N.

We men submit as they think fit,
And here is no rebelling:
The reason 's plain; the ladies reign,
They 're queens at Ballyspellin.

By matchless charms, unconquer'd arms,
They have the way of quelling
Such desperate foes as dare oppose
Their power at Ballyspellin.

Cold water turns to fire, and burns,
I know, because I fell in
A stream which came from one bright dame
Who drank at Ballyspellin.

Fine beaux advance, equipt for dance,
To bring their Anne or Nell in
With so much grace, I 'm sure no place
Can vie with Ballyspellin.

No politicks, no subtle tricks,
No man his country selling:
We eat, we drink; we never think
Of these at Ballyspellin.

The troubled mind, the puff'd with wind,
Do all come here pell-mell in;
And they are sure to work their cure
By drinking Ballyspellin.

Though dropfy fills you to the gills,
From chin to toe though swelling;
Pour in, pour out, you cannot doubt
A cure at Ballyspellin.

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G

Death

Death throws no darts through all these parts,
No sextons here are knelling:
Come, judge and try, you 'll never *die*,
But *live* at Ballyspellin;

Except you feel darts tipt with steel,
Which here are every belle in:
When from their eyes sweet ruin flies,
We die at Ballyspellin.

Good cheer, sweet air, much joy, no care,
Your sight, your taste, your smelling,
Your ears, your touch, transported much
Each day at Ballyspellin.

Within this ground we all sleep sound,
No noisy dogs a-yelling;
Except you wake, for Cælia's sake,
All night at Ballyspellin.

There all you see, both he and she,
No lady keeps her cell in;
But all partake the mirth we make,
Who drink at Ballyspellin.

My rhymes are gone; I think I 've none,
Unless I should bring hell in;
But, since I 'm here to heaven so near,
I can't at Ballyspellin!

A N S W E R.

B Y D R. S W I F T. *

DARE you dispute, you faucy brute,
And think there 's no refelling
Your scurvy lays, and senseless praise
You give to Ballyspellin?

Howe'er you bounce, I here pronounce,
Your medicine is repelling;
Your water 's mud, and sours the blood,
When drunk at Ballyspellin.

Those pocky drabs, to cure their scabs,
You thither are compelling,
Will back be sent, worse than they went,
From nasty Ballyspellin.

Llewellyn why? As well may I
Name honest doctor Pellin;
So hard sometimes you tug for rhymes,
To bring in Ballyspellin.

No subject fit to try your wit,
When you went colonelling,
But dull intrigues 'twixt jades and teagues
That met at Ballyspellin.

* This answer was resented by Dr. Sheridan, as an affront on himself and the lady he attended to the spa. N.

Our lasses fair, say what you dare,
Who sowing make with shelling,
At Market-hill more beaux can kill,
Than yours at Ballyspellin.

Would I was whipt, when Sheelah stript
To wash herself our well in;
A bum so white ne'er came in fight,
At paltry Ballyspellin.

Your mawkins there smocks hempen wear,
Of Holland not an ell in;
No, not a rag, whate'er you brag,
Is found at Ballyspellin.

But Tom will prate at any rate,
All other nymphs expelling;
Because he gets a few grisettes
At lousy Ballyspellin.

There 's bonny Jane, in yonder lane,
Just o'er against The Bell-inn;
Where can you meet a lass so sweet,
Round all your Ballyspellin?

We have a girl deserves an earl;
She came from Enniskillin:
So fair, so young, no such among
The belles at Ballyspellin.

How would you stare to see her there,
The foggy mist dispelling,
That clouds the brows of every blowse
Who lives at Ballyspellin!

ANSWER TO SHERIDAN'S BALLAD. 25

Now as I live, I would not give
A stiver for a skellin,
To towse and kifs the fairest miss
That leaks at Ballyspellin.

Whoe'er will raise such lies as these
Deserves a good cudgelling;
Who falsely boasts of belles and toasts,
At dirty Ballyspellin.

My rhymes are gone, to all but one,
Which is, our trees are felling;
As proper quite as those you write,
To force in Ballyspellin.

HORACE, PART OF BOOK I. SAT. VI.

P A R A P H R A S E D.

IF noisy Tom* should in the senate prate,
“That he would answer both for church and state;
“And, further to demonstrate his affection,
“Would take the kingdom into his protection;”
All mortals must be curious to inquire,
Who could this coxcomb be, and who his fire?
“What! thou, the spawn of him† who sham’d our isle,
“That traitor, assassin, informer vile!

* Sir Thomas Prendergast. IRISH ED.

† The father of Sir Thomas P——, who engaged in a plot to murder king William III; but, to avoid being hanged, turned informer against his associates, for which he was rewarded with a good estate, and made a baronet. Ibid.

" Though by the female side* you proudly bring,
 " To mend your breed, the murderer of a king;
 " What was thy grandfire† but a mountaineer,
 " Who held a cabin for ten groats a year;
 " Whose master Moore‡ preserv'd him from the halter
 " For stealing cows; nor could he read the Psalter!
 " Durst thou, ungrateful, from the senate chace
 " Thy founder's grandson§, and usurp his place?
 " Just heaven! to see the dunghill bastard brood
 " Survive in thee, and make the proverb good||!
 " Then vote a worthy citizen** to jail,
 " In spite of justice, and refuse his bail!"

* Cadogan's family. IRISH ED.

† A poor thieving cottager, under Mr. Moore, condemned at Clonmell assizes to be hanged for stealing cows. Ibid.

‡ The grandfather of Guy Moore, esq. who procured him a pardon. Ibid.

§ Guy Moore was fairly elected member of parliament for Clonmell; but Sir Thomas, depending upon his interest with a certain party then prevailing, and since known by the title of Parson-hunters, petitioned the house against him; out of which he was turned, upon pretence of bribery, which the paying of his lawful debts was then voted to be. Ibid.

|| " Save a thief from the gallows, and he will cut your throat." Ibid.

** Mr. George Faulkner. See the verses in the following page. N.

ON a PRINTER's being sent to NEWGATE.

BETTER we all were in our graves
 Than live in slavery to slaves,
 Worse than the anarchy at sea,
 Where fishes on each other prey;
 Where every trout can make as high rants
 O'er his inferiors as our tyrants,
 And swagger while the coast is clear:
 But, should a lordly pike appear,
 Away you see the varlet scud,
 Or hide his coward snout in mud.
 Thus, if a gudgeon meet a roach,
 He dare not venture to approach;
 Yet still has impudence to rise,
 And, like Domitian, leap at flies.

THE DAY OF JUDGEMENT.*

WITH a whirl of thought oppress'd,
 I sunk from reverie to rest.
 An horrid vision seiz'd my head,
 I saw the graves give up their dead!
 Jove, arm'd mith terrors, burst the skies,
 And thunder roars, and lightning flies!
 Amaz'd, confus'd, its fate unknown,
 The world stands trembling at his throne!

* That this poem is the genuine production of the Dean,
 Lord Chesterfield bears ample testimony in his Letter to M.
 Voltaire, Aug. 27, 1752. N.

While each pale sinner hung his head,
 Jove, nodding, shook the heavens, and said:
 " Offending race of human-kind,
 " By nature, reason, *learning*, blind;
 " You who, through frailty, stepp'd aside;
 " And you who never fell, *through pride*;
 " You who in different sects were sham'd,
 " And come to see each other damn'd
 " (So some folk told you, but they knew
 " No more of Jove's designs than you);
 " —The world's mad business now is o'er,
 " And I resent these pranks no more.
 " —I to such blockheads set my wit!
 " I damn such fools!—Go, go, you 're *bit*."

VERSES SENT TO THE DEAN
 ON HIS BIRTH-DAY,
 WITH PINE'S HORACE, FINELY BOUND,
 BY DR. J. SICAN.*

—[Horace speaking]

YOU 'VE read, Sir, in poetic strain,
 How Varus and the Mantuan swain
 Have on my birth-day been invited
 (But I was forc'd in verse to write it)

* This ingenious young gentleman was unfortunately murdered in Italy. N.

ON SWIFT'S BIRTH-DAY. 39

Upon a plain repast to dine,
 And taste my old Campanian wine;
 But I, who all punctilios hate,
 Though long familiar with the great,
 Nor glory in my reputation,
 Am come without an invitation;
 And, though I 'm us'd to right Falernian,
 I'll deign for once to taste Iernian;
 But fearing that you might dispute
 (Had I put on my common suit)
 My breeding and my *politesse*,
 I visit in a birth-day dress;
 My coat of purest Turkey red,
 With gold embroidery richly spread;
 To which I've sure as good pretensions
 As Irish lords who starve on pensions.
 What though proud ministers of state
 Did at your anti-chamber wait;
 What though your Oxfords and your St. Johns
 Have at your levee paid attendance;
 And Peterborough and great Ormond,
 With many chiefs who now are dormant,
 Have laid aside the general's staff
 And public cares, with you to laugh;
 Yet I some friends as good can name,
 Nor less the darling sons of Fame;
 For sure my Pollio and Mæcenæ
 Were as good statesmen, Mr. Dean, as
 Either your Bolingbroke or Harley,
 Though they made Lewis beg a parley;

And

And as for Mordaunt, your lov'd hero,
I 'll match him with my Drusus Nero.
You 'll boast, perhaps, your favourite Pope;
But Virgil is as good, I hope.
I own indeed I can't get any
To equal Hellsham and Delany;
Since Athens brought forth Socrates,
A Grecian isle Hippocrates;
Since Tully liv'd before my time,
And Galen blest'd another clime.

You 'll plead perhaps, at my request,
To be admitted as a guest,
"Your hearing 's bad!"—But why such fears?
I speak to eyes, and not to ears;
And for that reason wisely took
The form you see me in, a book.
Attack'd by flow-devouring moths,
By rage of barbarous Huns and Goths;
By Bentley's notes, my deadliest foes,
By Creech's rhymes and Dunster's prose;
I found my boasted wit and fire
In their rude hands almost expire:
Yet still they but in vain assail'd;
For, had their violence prevail'd,
And in a blast destroy'd my fame,
They would have partly miss'd their aim;
Since all my spirit in thy page
Defies the Vandals of this age.
'Tis yours to save these small remains
From future pedants' muddy brains,

ON SWIFT'S BIRTH-DAY. 91

And fix my long-uncertain fate,
You best know how—which way?—TRANSLATE.

O N P S Y C H E. *

AT two afternoon for our Psyche inquire,
Her tea-kettle's on, and her smock at the fire:
So loitering, so active; so busy, so idle;
Which hath she most need of, a spur or a bridle?
Thus a greyhound out-runs the whole pack in a race,
Yet would rather be hang'd than he'd leave a warm place.
She gives you such plenty, it puts you in pain;
But ever with prudence takes care of the main.
To please you, she knows how to choose a nice bit;
For her taste is almost as refin'd as her wit.
To oblige a good friend, she will trace every market.
It would do your heart good, to see how she will cark it.
Yet beware of her arts; for, it plainly appears,
She saves half her victuals by feeding your ears.

THE DEAN AND DUKE. 1734.

JAMES BRYDGES and the Dean had long been
friends;

James is beduk'd; of course their friendship ends:
But sure the Dean deserves a sharp rebuke,
From knowing James, to boast he knows the Duke.
Yet, since just Heaven the Duke's ambition mocks,
Since all he got by fraud is lost by stocks,

* Mrs. Sican, a very ingenious well-bred lady, mother to the
author of the preceding poem. N.

His

His wings are clipp'd: he tries no more in vain
 With bands of fiddlers to extend his train.
 Since he no more can build, and plant, and revel,
 The Duke and Dean seem near upon a level.
 Oh! wert thou not a Duke, my good Duke Humphry,
 From bailiff's claws thou scarce couldst keep thy bun
 free.

A Duke to know a Dean! go, smooth thy crown:
 Thy brother (far thy betters) wore a gown.
 Well, but a Duke thou art; so pleas'd the King:
 Oh! would his Majesty but add a string!

O N

DR. RUNDLE, BISHOP OF DERRY.*

MAKE Rundle bishop! he for shame!
 An Arian to usurp the name!
 A bishop in the isle of Saints!
 How will his brethren make complaints!
 Dare any of the mitred host
 Confer on him the Holy Ghost;
 In mother-church to breed a variance,
 By coupling Orthodox with Arians?

Yet, were he Heathen, Turk, or Jew,
 What is there in it strange or new?
 For, let us hear the weak pretence
 His brethren find to take offence;
 Of whom there are but four at most,
 Who know there is an Holy Ghost:

* Promoted to that see in February, 1734-5. N.

The rest, who boast they have conferr'd it,
Like Paul's Ephesians, never heard it;
And, when they gave it, well 'tis known,
They gave what never was their own.

Rundle a bishop! well he may;
He's still a Christian more than they.

We know the subject of their quarrels;
The man has learning, sense, and morals.

There is a reason still more weighty;
'Tis granted he believes a Deity;
Has every circumstance to please us,
Though fools may doubt his faith in Jesus.
But why should he with that be loaded,
Now twenty years from court exploded?
And is not this objection odd

From rogues who ne'er believ'd a God?
For liberty a champion stout,
Though not so gospel-ward devout;
While others, hither sent to save us,
Came but to plunder and enslave us;
Nor ever own'd a power divine,
But Mammon and the German line.

Say, how did Rundle undermine 'em?
Who shew'd a better *jus divinum*?
From ancient canons would not vary,
But thrice refus'd *episcopari*.

Our bishop's predecessor, Magus,
Would offer all the sands of Tagus,
Or sell his children, house, and lands,
For that one gift, to lay-on hands:

But

But all his gold could not avail
 To have the Spirit set to sale.
 Said furly Peter, " Magus, pr'ythee,
 " Be gone: thy money perish with thee."
 Were Peter now alive, perhaps
 He might have found a score of chaps,
 Could he but make his gift appear
 In rents three thousand pounds a year.

Some fancy this promotion odd,
 As not the handy-work of God;
 Though e'en the bishops disappointed
 Must own it made by God's anointed,
 And, well we know, the *congé* regal
 Is more secure as well as legal;
 Because our lawyers all agree,
 That bishopricks are held in fee.

Dear Baldwin chaste, and witty Crosse,
 How forely I lament your loss!
 That such a pair of wealthy ninnies
 Should slip your time of dropping guineas;
 For, had you made the king your debtor,
 Your title had been so much better.

E P I G R A M.

FRRIEND Rundle fell, with grievous bump,
 Upon his reverential rump.
 Poor rump! thou hadst been better sped,
 Hadst thou been join'd to Boulter's head:
 A head, so weighty and profound,
 Would needs have kept thee from the ground.

A CHA-

CHARACTER, PANEGYRICK, and DESCRIPTION of the LEGION-CLUB. 1736.

AS I stroll the city, oft' I
 See a building large and lofty,
 Not a bow-shot from the college;
 Half the globe from sense and knowledge:
 By the prudent architect,
 Plac'd against the church direct,
 Making good my grand-dame's jest,
 "Near the church"—you know the rest.

5

Tell us, what the pile contains?
 Many a head that holds no brains.
 These demoniacks let me dub
 With the name of Legion-club.
 Such assemblies, you might swear,
 Meet when butchers bait a bear;
 Such a noise, and such haranguing,
 When a brother thief is hanging:
 Such a rout and such a rabble
 Run to hear Jack-pudden gabble;
 Such a crowd their ordure throws
 On a far less villain's nose.

10

15

20

Could I from the building's top
 Hear the rattling thunder drop,
 While the devil upon the roof
 (If the devil be thunder-proof)
 Should with poker fiery red
 Crack the stones, and melt the lead;

25

Drive

Drive them down on every scull,
While the den of thieves is full ;
Quite destroy the harpies' nest ;
How might then our isle be blest !
For Divines allow, that God
Sometimes makes the devil his rod ;
And the Gospel will inform us,
He can punish sins enormous.

Yet should Swift endow the schools,
For his lunaticks and fools,
With a rood or two of land ;
I allow the pile may stand.
You perhaps will ask me, Why so ?
But it is with this proviso :
Since the house is like to last,
Let the royal grant be pass'd,
That the club have right to dwell
Each within his proper cell,
With a passage left to creep in,
And a hole above for peeping.

Let them, when they once get in,
Sell the nation for a pin ;
While they sit a-picking straws,
Let them rave at making laws ;
While they never hold their tongue,
Let them dabble in their dung :
Let them form a grand committee,
How to plague and starve the city ;
Let them stare, and storm, and frown,
When they see a clergy-gown ;

Let them, ere they crack a louse,
 Call for th' orders of the house;
 Let them, with their gossling quills,
 Scribble senseless heads of bills.
 We may, while they strain their throats,
 Wipe our a—s with their votes.

60

Let Sir Tom*, that rampant afs,
 Stuff his guts with flax and grafs;
 But, before the priest he fleeces,
 Tear the Bible all to pieces:
 At the parsons, Tom, halloo, boy,
 Worthy offspring of a shoe-boy,
 Footman, traitor, vile seducer,
 Perjur'd rebel, brib'd accuser,
 Lay thy paltry privilege aside,
 Sprung from papists, and a regicide;
 Fall a-working like a mole,
 Raise the dirt about your hole.

65

70

Come, assist me, Muse obedient!
 Let us try some new expedient;
 Shift the scene for half an hour,
 Time and place are in thy power.
 Thither, gentle Muse, conduct me;
 I shall ask, and you instruct me.

75

80

See, the Muse unbars the gate!
 Hark, the monkeys, how they prate!
 All ye gods who rule the soul!
 Styx, through hell whose waters roll!

* A privy-counsellor, mentioned in p. 85. N.

Let me be allow'd to tell
What I heard in yonder hell.

Near the door an entrance gapes,
Crowded round with antic shapes,
Poverty, and Grief, and Care,
Causeless Joy, and true Despair;
Discord periwigg'd with snakes,
See the dreadful strides she takes!

By this odious crew beset,
I began to rage and fret,
And resolv'd to break their pates,
Ere we enter'd at the gates;
Had not Clio in the nick
Whisper'd me, "Lay down your stick."
What, said I, is this the *mad-house*?
These, she answer'd, are but shadows,
Phantoms bodiless and vain,
Empty visions of the brain.

In the porch Briareus stands,
Shows a bribe in all his hands;
Briareus the secretary,
But we mortals call him Carey.
When the rogues their country fleece,
They may hope for pence a-piece.

Clio, who had been so wise
To put-on a fool's disguise,
To bespeak some approbation,
And be thought a near relation,
When she saw three hundred brutes
All involv'd in wild disputes,

Roaring till their lungs were spent,

115

PRIVILEGE OF PARLIAMENT,

Now a new misfortune feels,

Dreading to be laid by th' heels.

Never durst a Muse before

Enter that infernal door;

120

Clio, stifled with the smell,

Into spleen and vapours fell,

By the Stygian steams that flew

From the dire infectious crew.

Not the stench of Lake Avernus

125

Could have more offended her nose;

Had she flown but o'er the top,

She had felt her pinions drop,

And by exhalations dire,

Though a goddess, must expire.

130

In a fright she crept away;

Bravely I resolv'd to stay.

When I saw the keeper frown,

Tipping him with half a crown,

Now, said I, we are alone,

135

Name your heroes one by one.

Who is that hell-featur'd brawler?

Is it Satan? No, 'tis Waller.

In what figure can a bard dress

Jack the grandson of Sir Hardress?

140

Honest keeper, drive him further,

In his looks are hell and murder;

See the scowling visage drop,

Just as when he murder'd T—p.

H 2

Keeper,

Keeper, show me where to fix
 On the puppy pair of Dicks;
 By their lantern jaws and leathern,
 You might swear they both are brethren:
 Dick Fitz-Baker, Dick the player,
 Old acquaintance, are you there?
 Dear companions, hug and kifs,
 Toast Old Glorious in your pifs:
 Tie them, keeper, in a tether,
 Let them starve and stink together;
 Both are apt to be unruly,
 Lash them daily, lash them duly;
 Though 'tis hopeless to reclaim them,
 Scorpion rods perhaps may tame them.

Keeper, yon old dotard smoak,
 Sweetly snoring in his cloak:
 Who is he? 'Tis humdrum Wynne,
 Half encompass'd by his kin:
 There observe the tribe of Bingham,
 For he never fails to bring 'em;
 While he sleeps the whole debate,
 They submissive round him wait;
 Yet would gladly see the hunks
 In his grave, and search his trunks.
 See, they gently twitch his coat,
 Just to yawn and give his vote,
 Always firm in his vocation,
 For the court, against the nation.

Those are A—s Jack and Bob,
 First in every wicked job,

145

150

155

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165

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Sen

THE LEGION-CLUB.

101

Son and brother to a queer 175

Brain-sick brute, they call a peer.

We must give them better quarter,

For their ancestor trod mortar,

And H—th, to boast his fame,

On a chimney cut his name. 180

There sit Clements, D—ks, and Harrison:

How they swagger from their garrison!

Such a triplet could you tell

Where to find on this side hell?

Harrison, and D—ks, and Clements, 185

Keeper, see they have their payments;

Every mischief's in their hearts;

If they fail, 'tis want of parts.

Bless us, Morgan! art thou there, man!

Bless mine eyes! art thou the chairman! 190

Chairman to your damn'd committee!

Yet I look on thee with pity.

Dreadful sight! what! learned Morgan

Metamorphos'd to a Gorgon?

For thy horrid looks, I own, 195

Half convert me to a stone.

Hast thou been so long at school,

Now to turn a factious tool?

Alma Mater was thy mother,

Every young divine thy brother. 200

Thou, a disobedient varlet,

Treat thy mother like a harlot!

Thou ungrateful to thy teachers,

Who are all grown reverend preachers!

H 3

Morgan,

Morgan, would it not surprife one!
Turn thy nourifhment to poifon!
When you walk among your books,
They reproach you with their looks:
Bind them faft, or from their fhelves
They will come and right themfelves;
Homer, Plutarch, Virgil, Flaccus,
All in arms prepare to back us:
Soon repent, or put to flaughter
Every Greek and Roman author.
Will you, in your faction's phrafe,
Send the clergy all to graze,
And, to make your project pafs,
Leave them not a blade of grafs?

How I want thee, humorous Hogarth!
Thou, I hear, a pleafant rogue art.
Were but you and I acquainted,
Every monfter fhould be painted:
You fhould try your graving-tools
On this odious groupe of fools;
Draw the beafts as I describe them
From their features, while I gibe them;
Draw them like; for I affure you,
You will need no *car'atura*;
Draw them fo, that we may trace
All the foul in every face.

Keeper, I muft not retire,
You have done what I defire:
But I feel my fpirits fpent
With the noife, the fight, the fcent.

205 " Pray be patient; you shall find

235

" Half the best are still behind :

" You have hardly seen a score ;

" I can show two hundred more."

Keeper, I have seen enough.—

210 Taking then a pinch of snuff,

240

I concluded, looking round them,

" May their god, the devil, confound them!"

AN APOLOGY, &c.

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LADY, wise as well as fair,
Whose conscience always was her care,
Thoughtful upon a point of moment,
Would have the text as well as comment:
So hearing of a grave Divine,
She sent to bid him come and dine.
But, you must know, he was not quite
So grave as to be unpolite;
Thought human learning would not lessen
The dignity of his profession:
And, if you 'd heard the man discourse,
Or preach, you 'd like him scarce the worse.
He long had bid the court farewell,
Retreating silent to his cell;
Suspected for the love he bore
To one who sway'd some time before;
Which made it more surprising how
He should be sent for thither now.

The message told, he gapes, and stares,
And scarce believes his eyes or ears :
Could not conceive what it should mean,
And fain would hear it told again.
But then the 'squire so trim and nice,
"Twere rude to make him tell it twice :
So bow'd, was thankful for the honour;
And would not fail to wait upon her.
His beaver brush'd, his shoes, and gown,
Away he trudges into town;
Passes the lower castle-yard;
And now advancing to the guard,
He trembles at the thoughts of state;
For, conscious of his sheepish gait,
His spirits of a sudden fail'd him;
He stopt, and could not tell what ail'd him.

What was the message I receiv'd?
Why certainly the Captain rav'd!
'To dine with her! and come at three!
Impossible! it can't be me.
Or may be I mistook the word;
My Lady—it must be my Lord.

My Lord's abroad; my Lady too:
What must th' unhappy Doctor do?
"Is Captain Cracherode here, pray?"—"No."
"Nay, then 'tis time for me to go."
Am I awake, or do I dream?
I'm sure he call'd me by my name;
Nam'd me as plain as he could speak;
And yet there must be some mistake.

Why,

Why, what a jest should I have been,
Had now my Lady been within!
What could I 've said? I'm mighty glad
She went abroad—she 'd thought me mad.
The hour of dining now is past:
Well then, I 'll e'en go home and fast;
And, since I 'scap'd being made a scoff,
I think I 'm very fairly off.

My Lady now returning home,
Calls, "Cracherode, is the Doctor come?"
He had not heard of him—"Pray see,
" 'Tis now a quarter after three."

The Captain walks about, and searches
Through all the rooms, and courts, and arches;
Examines all the servants round,

In vain—no Doctor 's to be found.

My Lady could not choose but wonder:
"Captain, I fear you 've made some blunder:

"But pray, to-morrow go at ten,

"I 'll try his manners once again;

"If rudeness be the effect of knowledge,

"My son shall never see a college."

The Captain was a man of reading,
And much good sense, as well as breeding,
Who, loath to blame, or to incense,
Said little in his own defence.

Next day another message brought:

The Doctor, frighten'd at his fault,

Is dress'd, and stealing through the crowd,

Now pale as death, then blush'd and bow'd,

Panting

Panting—and faltering—hum’d and ha’d,
“ Her Ladyship was gone abroad;
“ The Captain too—he did not know
“ Whether he ought to stay or go;”
Begg’d she ’d forgive him. In conclusion,
My Lady, pitying his confusion,
Call’d her good-nature to relieve him;
Told him, she thought she might believe him;
And would not only grant his suit,
But visit him, and eat some fruit;
Provided, at a proper time,
He told the real truth in rhyme.
’Twas to no purpose to oppose,
She ’d hear of no excuse in prose.
The Doctor stood not to debate,
Glad to compound at any rate;
So, bowing, seemingly comply’d;
Though, if he durst, he had deny’d.
But first, resolv’d to show his taste,
Was too refin’d to give a feast:
He ’d treat with nothing that was rare,
But winding walks and purer air;
Would entertain without expence,
Or pride, or vain magnificence:
For well he knew, to such a guest
The plainest meals must be the best.
To stomachs clogg’d with costly fare
Simplicity alone is rare;
Whilst high, and nice, and curious meats,
Are really but vulgar treats.

Instead of spoils of Persian looms,
The costly boasts of regal rooms,
Thought it more courtly and discreet
To scatter roses at her feet;
Roses of richest dye, that shone
With native lustre, like her own :
Beauty that needs no aid of art
Through every sense to reach the heart.
The gracious dame, though well she knew
All this was much beneath her due,
Lik'd every thing—at least thought fit
To praise it *par maniere d'acquit*.
Yet she, though seeming pleas'd, can't bear
The scorching sun, or chilling air;
Disturb'd alike at both extremes,
Whether he shows or hides the beams :
Though seeming pleas'd at all she sees,
Starts at the rustling of the trees;
And scarce can speak for want of breath,
In half a walk fatigu'd to death.
The Doctor takes his hint from hence,
T' apologize his late offence :
“ Madam, the mighty power of use
“ Now strangely pleads in my excuse :
“ If you unus'd have scarcely strength
“ To gain this walk's untoward length ;
“ If, frighten'd at a scene so rude,
“ Through long disuse of solitude ;
“ If, long confin'd to fires and screens,
“ You dread the waving of these greens ;

“ If

- “ If you, who long have breath'd the fumes
“ Of city-fogs and crowded rooms,
“ Do now solicitously shun
“ The cooler air and dazzling sun;
“ If his majestic eye you flee,
“ Learn hence t' excuse and pity me.
“ Consider what it is to bear
“ The powder'd courtier's witty sneer;
“ To see th' important man of dress
“ Scoffing my college-awkwardness;
“ To be the strutting cornet's sport,
“ To run the gauntlet of the court,
“ Winning my way by slow approaches,
“ Through crowds of coxcombs and of coaches,
“ From the first fierce cockaded centry,
“ Quite through the tribe of waiting-gentry;
“ To pass so many crowded stages,
“ And stand the staring of your pages;
“ And, after all, to crown my spleen,
“ Be told—“ You are not to be seen:”
“ Or, if you are, be forc'd to bear
“ The awe of your majestic air.
“ And can I then be faulty found,
“ In dreading this vexatious round?
“ Can it be strange, if I eschew
“ A scene so glorious and so new?
“ Or is he criminal that flies
“ The living lustre of your eyes?”

THE DEAN'S MANNER OF LIVING.

ON rainy days alone I dine
 Upon a chick and pint of wine.
 On rainy days I dine alone,
 And pick my chicken to the bone:
 But this my servants much enrages,
 No scraps remain to save board-wages.
 In weather fine I nothing spend,
 But often sponge upon a friend:
 Yet, where he 's not so rich as I,
 I pay my club, and so good b' ye.

VERSES MADE FOR FRUIT-WOMEN, &c.

A P P L E S.

COME buy my fine wares,
 Plumbs, apples, and pears,
 A hundred a penny,
 In conscience too many:
 Come, will you have any?
 My children are seven,
 I wish them in Heaven;
 My husband a sot,
 With his pipe and his pot,
 Not a farthing will gain them,
 And I must maintain them.

ASPARAGUS

A S P A R A G U S.

RIPE 'sparagras,
 Fit for lad or lass,
 To make their water pass:
 Oh, 'tis pretty picking
 With a tender chicken!

O N I O N S.

COME, follow me by the smell,
 Here are delicate onions to sell;
 I promise to use you well.
 They make the blood warmer;
 You 'll feed like a farmer:
 For this is every cook's opinion,
 No savoury dish without an onion;
 But, lest your kissing should be spoil'd,
 Your onions must be thoroughly boil'd:
 Or else you may spare
 Your mistress a share,
 The secret will never be known;
 She cannot discover
 The breath of her lover,
 But think it as sweet as her own.

O Y S T E R S.

CHARMING oysters I cry:
 My masters, come buy.
 So plump and so fresh,
 So sweet is their flesh,

No Colchester oyſter
Is ſweeter and moiſter:
Your ſtomach they ſettle,
And rouse up your mettle;
They 'll make you a dad
Of a laſs or a lad;
And madam your wife
They 'll pleaſe to the life;
Be ſhe barren, be ſhe old,
Be ſhe ſlut, or be ſhe ſcold,
Eat my oyſters, and lie near her,
She 'll be fruitful, never fear her.

H E R R I N G S.

BE not ſparing,
Leave off ſwearing.
Buy my herring
Fresh from Malahide*,
Better never was try'd.
Come, eat them with pure fresh butter and muſtard;
Their bellies are ſoft, and as white as a cuſtard.
Come, ſix-pence a dozen to get me ſome bread,
Or, like my own herrings, I ſoon ſhall be dead.

O R A N G E S.

COME buy my fine oranges, ſauce for your veal,
And charming when ſqueez'd in a pot of brown ale;
Well roaſted, with ſugar and wine in a cup,
They 'll make a ſweet biſhop when gentle-folks ſup.

* Near Dublin.

ON

ON ROVER, A LADY'S SPANIEL,
INSTRUCTIONS TO A PAINTER.*

HAPPIEST of the spaniel-race,
Painter, with thy colours grace:
Draw his forehead large and high,
Draw his blue and humid eye;
Draw his neck so smooth and round,
Little neck with ribbons bound;
And the *muscly* swelling breast
Where the Loves and Graces rest;
And the spreading even back,
Soft, and sleek, and glossy black;
And the tail that gently twines,
Like the tendrils of the vines;
And the silky twisted hair,
Shadowing thick the *velvet* ear;
Velvet ears, which, hanging low,
O'er the *veiny* temples flow.

With a proper light and shade,
Let the winding hoop be laid;
And within that arching bower
(Secret circle, mystic power)
In a *downy* slumber place
Happiest of the Spaniel race;
While the soft perspiring Dame,
Glowing with the softest flame,

* In ridicule of Philips's poem on Miss Carteret, and written, it has been said, "to affront the lady of archbishop Boulter." N.

On the ravish'd favourite pours
Balmy dews, ambrosial showers !

With thy utmost skill exprefs
Nature in her richest drefs ;
Limpid *rivers* smoothly flowing,
Orchards by those *rivers* blowing ;
Curling *wood-bine*, *myrtle* shade,
And the gay enamel'd mead ;
Where the linnets sit and sing,
Little sportlings of the Spring ;
Where the breathing field and grove
Sooth the heart, and kindle love :
Here for me, and for the Muse,
Colours of resemblance chuse ;
Make of *lineaments* divine,
Daply female *spaniels* shine,
Pretty *fondlings* of the fair,
Gentle *damsels*, gentle *care* ;
But to one alone impart
All the flattery of thy art.
Crowd each feature, crowd each grace,
Which complete the desperate face ;
Let the spotted wanton Dame
Feel a new resistless flame ;
Let the happiest of his *race*
Win the fair to his *embrace*.
But in shade the rest conceal,
Nor to sight their joys reveal,
Lest the *pencil* and the Muse
Loose desires and thoughts infuse.

AY AND NO;

A TALE FROM DUBLIN. 1737.

AT Dublin's high feast sat Primate and Dean,
 Both dress'd like divines, with band and face clean.
 Quoth Hugh of Armagh*, "The mob is grown bold."
 "Ay, ay," quoth the Dean, "the cause is old gold."
 "No, no," quoth the Primate, "if causes we sift,
 "This mischief arises from witty Dean Swift."
 The smart-one replied, "There's no wit in the case;
 "And nothing of that ever troubled your Grace.
 "Though with your state-sieve your own notions you
 "split,
 "A Boulter by name is no *bolter* of wit.
 "It is matter of weight, and a mere money-jobb;
 "But the lower the coin, the higher the mob.
 "Go tell your friend Bob and the other great folk,
 "That sinking the coin is a dangerous joke.
 "The Irish dear-joys have enough common sense,
 "To treat gold reduced like Wood's copper pence.
 "It is pity a Prelate should die without law;
 "But if I say the word—take care of Armagh!"

Dr. SWIFT'S ANSWER TO A FRIEND'S QUESTION.

THE furniture that best doth please
 St. Patrick's Dean, good Sir, are these:
 The knife and fork with which I eat;
 And, next, the pot that boils the meat;

* Dr. Hugh Boulter.

The next to be preferr'd, I think,
 Is the glass in which I drink;
 The shelves on which my books I keep;
 And the bed on which I sleep;
 An antique elbow-chair between,
 Big enough to hold the Dean;
 And the store that gives delight
 In the cold bleak wintery night;
 To these we add a thing below,
 More for use reserv'd than show:
 These are what the Dean do please;
 All superfluous are but these.

APOLLO'S EDICT.*

IRELAND is now our royal care,
 We lately fix'd our Viceroy there;
 How near was she to be undone,
 Till pious love inspir'd her Son!
 What cannot our Vicegerent do,
 As Poet and as Patriot too?
 Let his success our subjects sway,
 Our inspirations to obey,
 And follow where He leads the way:
 Then study to correct your taste;
 Nor *beaten* paths be longer trac'd.

* This poem was originally written in 1720; the latter part of it was re-published in 1743, on the death of the Countess of Denegal. N.

No simile shall be begun,
 With *rising* or with setting sun;
 And let the *secret head of Nile*
 Be ever banish'd from your isle.

When wretched lovers live on air,
 I beg you 'll the Camelion spare;
 And, when you 'd make a hero grander,
 Forget he 's like a Salamander.

No son of mine shall dare to say,
Aurora usher'd-in the Day,
 Or ever name the *milky-way*.

You all agree, I make no doubt,
 Elijah's *mantle* is worn out.

The *bird of Jove* shall toil no more
 To teach the humble Wren to soar.
 Your Tragic Heroes shall not rant,
 Nor Shepherds use *poetic cant*.
 Simplicity alone can grace
 The manners of the rural race.
 Theocritus and Philips be
 Your guides to *true* simplicity.

When Damon's *soul* shall take its flight,
 Though Poets have the second-fight,
 They shall not see a *trail of light*.
 Nor shall the *vapours upward rise*,
 Nor a *new star* adorn the skies:
 For who can hope to place one there,
 As glorious as Belinda's *hair*?
 Yet, if his name you 'd eternize,
 And must exalt him to the skies;

Withou

Without a *star*, this may be done :
So Tickell mourn'd his Addifon.

If Anna's happy reign you praise,
Pray, not a word of *balcyon-days* ;
Nor let my votaries show their skill
In aping lines from Cooper's-Hill ;
For know, I cannot bear to hear
The mimickry of *deep, yet clear*.

Whene'er my Viceroy is address'd,
Against the Phœnix I protest.
When Poets soar in youthful strains,
No Phaëton to hold the reins.

When you describe a lovely girl,
No lips of *coral*, teeth of *pearl*.
Cupid shall ne'er mistake another,
However beauteous, for his mother :
Nor shall his darts at random fly
From magazine in Cælia's eye.
With women-compounds I am cloy'd,
Which only pleas'd in Biddy Floyd.
For foreign aid, what need they roam,
Whom Fate has amply blest at home ?

Unerring Heaven, with bounteous hand,
Has form'd a model for your land,
Whom Jove endow'd with every grace ;
The glory of the Granard race ;
Now destin'd by the powers divine
The blessing of another line.
Then, would you paint a matchless dame,
Whom you 'd consign to endless fame ?

Invoke not Cytherea's aid,
 Nor borrow from the blue-ey'd maid;
 Nor need you on the Graces call;—
 Take qualities from Donegal.

E P I G R A M *.

BEHOLD! a proof of Irish sense!
 Here Irish wit is seen!
 When nothing 's left, that 's worth defence,
 We build a magazine.

E P I G R A M S,

Occasioned by Dr. SWIFT's intended Hospital for
 IDEOTS and LUNATICKS.

I.

THE Dean must die—our Ideots to maintain.
 Perish, ye Ideots! and long live the Dean!

* The Dean, in his lunacy, had some intervals of sense; at which time his guardians, or physicians, took him out for the air. On one of these days, when they came to the Park, Swift remarked a new building, which he had never seen, and asked what it was designed for. To which Dr. Kingsbury answered, "That, Mr. Dean, is the magazine for arms and powder, for the security of the city." "Oh! oh!" says the Dean, pulling out his pocket-book, "let me take an *item* of that. This is worth remarking: my tablets, as Hamlet says, my tablets—memory, put down that!"—Which produced the above lines, said to be the last he ever wrote. N.

II. O GENIUS

II.

O GENIUS of Hibernia's state,
 Sublimely good, severely great!
 How doth this latest act excel
 All you have done or wrote so well!
 Satire may be the child of spite,
 And Fame might bid the Drapier write:
 But to relieve, and to endow,
 Creatures that know not whence or how,
 Argues a soul both good and wise,
 Resembling *Him* who rules the skies.
He to the thoughtful mind displays
 Immortal skill ten thousand ways;
 And, to complete his glorious task,
 Gives what we have not sense to ask!

III.

LO! Swift to Ideots bequeaths his store:
 Be wise, ye rich!—consider thus the poor!

On the DEAN of ST. PATRICK's Birth-day*,
 Nov. 30, ST. ANDREW'S-DAY.

BETWEEN the hours of twelve and one,
 When half the world to rest were gone,
 Intranç'd in softest sleep I lay,
 Forgetful of an anxious day;
 From every care and labour free,
 My soul as calm as it could be.

* See, in Parnell's Poems, an elegant compliment on the same occasion. N.

The Queen of Dreams, well pleas'd to find
 An undisturb'd and vacant mind,
 With magic pencil trac'd my brain,
 And there she drew St. Patrick's Dean.
 I strait beheld on either hand
 Two Saints, like Guardian Angels, stand,
 And either claim'd him for their son;
 And thus the high dispute begun.

St. Andrew first, with reason strong,
 Maintain'd to him he did belong:

" Swift is my own, by right divine,

" All born upon this day are mine."

St. Patrick said, " I own this true,

" So far he does belong to you:

" But in my church he 's born again,

" My son adopted, and my Dean.

" When first the *Christian-truth* I spread,

" The poor within this isle I fed,

" And darkest errors banish'd hence,

" Made knowledge in their place commence;

" Nay more, at my divine command,

" All *noxious creatures* fled the land.

" I made both Peace and Plenty smile.

" Hibernia was my favourite isle;

" Now *his*—for he succeeds to me,

" Two *angels* cannot more agree.

" His joy is, to relieve the poor;

" Behold them weekly at his door!

" His knowledge too, in brightest *rays*,

" He like the sun to all conveys;

" Shows

" Shows *wisdom* in a single page,
 " And in one hour instructs an age.
 " When ruin lately stood around
 " Th' inclosures of my *sacred ground*,
 " He gloriously did interpose,
 " And sav'd it from invading foes;
 " For this I claim immortal Swift,
 " As my own son, and Heaven's best gift."

The Caledonian Saint, enrag'd,
 Now closer in dispute engag'd,
 Effays to prove, by transmigration,
 The Dean is of the Scottish nation;
 And, to confirm the truth, he chose
 The loyal soul of great Montrose.

" Montrose and He are both the same,
 " They only differ in the name;
 " Both, heroes in a righteous cause,
 " Assert their liberties and laws:
 " He 's now the same, Montrose was then,
 " But that the *sword* is turn'd a *pen*;
 " A *pen* of so great power, each word
 " Defends beyond the hero's *sword*."

Now words grew high—we can't suppose
 Immortals ever come to blows;
 But, lest unruly passion should
 Degrade them into flesh and blood,
 An *angel* quick from Heaven descends,
 And he at once the contest ends:

" Ye reverend pair, from discord cease,
 " Ye both mistake the present case;

" One

" One *kingdom* cannot have pretence
 " To so much virtue! so much sense:
 " Search Heaven's record; and there you 'll find,
 " That He was born for all mankind."

EPISTLE. to ROBERT NUGENT, Esq.
 with a PICTURE of DEAN SWIFT.

BY DR. DUNKIN.*

TO gratify thy long desire
 (So Love and Piety require),
 From Bindon's† colours you may trace
 The Patriot's venerable face,
 The last, O Nugent! which his art
 Shall ever to the world impart;
 For know, the prime of mortal men,
 That matchless monarch of the pen
 (Whose labours, like the genial sun,
 Shall through revolving ages run,
 Yet never, like the sun, decline,
 But in their full meridian shine),
 That ever-honour'd, envied Sage,
 So long the wonder of his age,
 Who charm'd us with his golden strain,
 Is not the shadow of the Dean:

* This elegant tribute of gratitude, as it was written at a period when all suspicion of flattery must vanish, reflects the highest honour on the ingenious Writer, and cannot but be agreeable to the admirers of Dr. Swift. N.

† Samuel Bindon, esq. a celebrated painter. N.

He only breathes Bœotian air—
“ Oh! what a falling-off was there!”

Hibernia's Helicon is dry,
Invention, Wit, and Humour die;
And what remains against the storm
Of Malice, but an empty form?
The nodding ruins of a pile,
That stood the bulwark of this isle;
In which the sisterhood was fix'd
Of candid Honour, Truth unmix'd,
Impartial Reason, Thought profound,
And Charity, diffusing round,
In cheerful rivulets, the flow
Of Fortune to the sons of woe?

Such one, my Nugent, was thy Swift,
Endued with each exalted gift.
But, lo! the pure æthereal flame
Is darken'd by a misty steam:
The balm exhausted breathes no smell,
The rose is wither'd ere it fell.
That godlike supplement of law,
Which held the wicked world in awe,
And could the tide of faction stem,
Is but a shell without the gem.

Ye sons of genius, who would aim
To build an everlasting fame,
And, in the field of letter'd arts,
Display the trophies of your parts,
To yonder mansion turn aside,
And mortify your growing pride.

Behold

Behold the brightest of the race,
And Nature's honour, in disgrace:
With humble resignation own,
That all your talents are a loan;
By Providence advanc'd for use,
Which you should study to produce.
Reflect, the mental stock, alas!
However current now it pass,
May haply be recall'd from you
Before the Grave demands his due.
Then, while your morning-star proceeds,
Direct your course to worthy deeds,
In fuller day discharge your debts;
For, when your sun of reason sets,
The night succeeds; and all your schemes
Of glory vanish with your dreams.

Ah! where is now the supple train,
That danc'd attendance on the Dean?
Say, where are those facetious folks,
Who shook with laughter at his jokes,
And with attentive rapture hung
On wisdom dropping from his tongue;
Who look'd with high disdainful pride
On all the busy world beside,
And rated his productions more
Than treasures of Peruvian ore?

Good Christians! they with bended knees
Ingulph'd the wine, but loath the lees,
Averting (so the text commands),
With ardent eyes and up-cast hands,

The cup of sorrow from their lips,
 And fly, like rats from sinking ships.
 While some, who by his friendship rose
 To wealth, in concert with his foes,
 Run counter to their former track,
 Like old Actæon's horrid pack
 Of yelling mungrels, in requitals
 To riot on their master's vitals;
 And, where they cannot blast his laurels,
 Attempt to stigmatize his morals;
 Through Scandal's magnifying-glass
 His foibles view, but virtues pass,
 And on the ruins of his fame
 Erect an ignominious name.
 So vermin foul, of vile extraction,
 The spawn of dirt and putrefaction,
 The sounder members traverse o'er,
 But fix and fatten on a fore.
 Hence! peace, ye wretches, who revile
 His wit, his humour, and his style;
 Since all the monsters which he drew
 Were only meant to copy you;
 And, if the colours be not fainter,
 Arraign yourselves, and not the painter.

But, oh! that He, who gave him breath,
 Dread arbiter of life and death;
 That He, the moving soul of all,
 The sleeping spirit would recall,
 And crown him with triumphant meeds,
 For all his past heroic deeds,

In

In mansions of unbroken rest,
The bright republick of the blest'd!
Irradiate his benighted mind
With living light of light refin'd;
And these the blank of thought employ
With objects of immortal joy!

Yet, while he drags the sad remains
Of life, slow-creeping through his veins,
Above the views of private ends,
The tributary Muse attends,
To prop his feeble steps, or shed
The pious tear around his bed.

So Pilgrims, with devout complaints,
Frequent the graves of martyr'd Saints,
Inscribe their worth in artless lines,
And, in their stead, embrace their shrines.

INSCRIPTION intended for a MONUMENT. 1765.

SAY, to the Drapier's vast unbounded fame,
What added honours can the Sculptor give?
None.—'Tis a sanction from the Drapier's name
Must bid the Sculptor and his Marble live.

EPIGRAM occasioned by the above INSCRIPTION.

WHICH gave the Drapier *birth* two realms contend;
And each asserts her Poet, Patriot, Friend:
Her mitre jealous Britain may deny;
That loss Iernia's laurel shall supply:
Through life's low vale, she, grateful, gave him bread;
Her vocal stones shall vindicate him dead.

1766.

B. N.

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END OF SWIFT'S POEMS.

SWIFT 1-3-1918

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Made

THE
P O E M S
OF

DR. WILLIAM BROOME;

WITH
ADDITIONS and ALTERATIONS,

Made by the Author in 1743, but not copied
in the Edition of 1750.

“ ——— Nos otia vitæ
“ Solamur Cantu.”

STAT.

CH

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To the Right Honourable

CHARLES, Lord Viscount TOWNSHEND;

Late one of his Majesty's Principal Secretaries
of State, and Knight of the Most Noble
Order of the Garter, &c.

MY LORD,

I BEG leave to publish the following poems under your patronage: A present, I confess, unworthy of it, and of little value, excepting what gratitude gives it: But, I fear, it may be esteemed a boast rather than an acknowledgement, or at best, an ostentatious kind of gratitude, to tell the world that I have received the highest obligations from the Lord Townshend: It is an honour to be regarded by a person of so distinguished a character: I am proud of it, and, not being of a nature to be content with a silent gratitude, am not deterred from owning it, though it be liable to be miscalled vanity.

You have, my Lord, the happiness to enjoy what that great statesman Walsingham, who held the same office which you fill with so much honour, frequently wished,

but never obtained; a retirement from business in the declension of life, to enjoy age in peace and tranquillity: this last action speaks you truly great; for that person who, by a voluntary retreat, could industriously renounce all the grandeur of the world, must evidently have a soul above it.

Tully in his Tusculum was never more happy, than the Lord Townshend in his Rainham,

“ ——— Where majestically plain
 “ Pure Nature reigns, where varied views from views
 “ Diffusive prospects yield*: here shagg'd with woods,
 “ Here rich with harvest, and there white with flocks,
 “ And all the gay horizon smiles around
 “ Full of thy Genius! Lo! between yon groves
 “ The dome with easy grandeur, like the soul
 “ Of its great master, rising overlooks
 “ The subject regions, and commands the charms
 “ Of many a pleasing landskip, to the eye
 “ Delightful change! here groves of loftiest shade
 “ Wave their proud tops, and form of stateliest view
 “ A sylvan theatre! while Nature's hand
 “ Pours forth profuse, o'er hill, o'er vale, o'er lawn,
 “ Her choicest blessings: See! where yonder lake
 “ Spreads its wide liquid plain: now stands unmov'd,
 “ Pure as th' expanse of heaven, and heaven reflects
 “ From its broad-glittering mirrour; now with waves

* See Mr. Thomson's excellent poems.

“ Curl'd

" Curl'd gently by the breeze, salutes the flowers
 " That grace its banks! in state the snowy swans
 " Arch their proud necks, and fowls of various plume
 " Innumerable, native or exotic, cleave
 " The dancing wave! while o'er th' adjoining lawns
 " Obverted to the southern suns, the deer
 " Wide-spreading graze, or starting bound away
 " In crowds, then turning, silent stand, and gaze!
 " Such are thy beauties, Rainham, such the haunts
 " Of angels, in primæval guiltless days,
 " When man imparadis'd convers'd with God."

This, my Lord, is but a faint picture of the place
 of your retirement, which no one ever enjoyed more
 elegantly: no part of your life lies heavy upon you;
 there is no uneasy vacancy in it; it is all filled up with
 study, exercise, or polite amusement: here you shine in
 the most agreeable, though not most strong and dazzling
 light: In your public station you commanded admira-
 tion and honour; in your private, you attract love and
 esteem: The nobler parts of your life will be the sub-
 ject of the historian; and the actions of the great states-
 man and patriot will adorn many pages of our future
 annals: but the affectionate father, the indulgent mas-
 ter, the condescending and benevolent friend, patron,
 and companion, can only be described by those who
 have the pleasure and happiness to see you act in all
 those relations: I could with delight enlarge upon this
 amiable part of your character; but am sensible that no

portion of your time is so ill spent as in reading what I write. I will therefore only beg the honour to subscribe myself,

MY LORD,

Your Lordship's most obliged,

And most obedient servant,

Pulham in Norfolk,
1739.

WILLIAM BROOME.

P R E F A C E.

I AM very sensible that many hard circumstances attend all authors: if they write ill, they are sure to be used with contempt; if well, too often with envy. Some men, even while they improve themselves with the sentiments of others, rail at their benefactors, and while they gather the fruit, tear the tree that bore it. I must confess, that mere idleness induced me to write; and the hopes of entertaining a few idle men, to publish. I am not so vain as not to think there are many faults in the ensuing poems; all human works must fall short of perfection; and therefore to acknowledge it, is no humility: however, I am not like those authors, who, out of a false modesty, complain of the imperfections of their own works, yet would take it very ill if the world should believe them: I will not add hypocrisy to my other faults, or act so absurdly as to invite the reader to an entertainment, and then tell him that there is nothing worth his eating; I have furnished out the table according to my best abilities, if not with a splendid elegance, yet at least with an innocent variety.

But since this is the last time that I shall ever, perhaps, trouble the world in this kind, I will beg leave to speak something not as a poet, but a critic; that if my credit should fail as a poet, I may have recourse to my
 remarks

remarks upon Homer, and be pardoned for my industry as the annotator in part upon the Iliad, and entirely upon the Odyſſey.

I will therefore offer a few things upon criticism in general, a study very neceſſary, but fallen into contempt through the abuſe of it. At the reſtoration of learning, it was particularly neceſſary; authors had been long buried in obſcurity, and conſequently had contracted ſome ruſt through the ignorance and barbariſm of preceding ages: it was therefore very requiſite that they ſhould be poliſhed by a critical hand, and reſtored to their original purity: In this conſiſts the office of critics; but, inſtead of making copies agreeable to the manuſcripts, they have long inſerted their own conjectures; and from this licence ariſe moſt of the various readings, the burthens of modern editions: whereas books are like pictures, they may be new varniſhed, but not a feature is to be altered; and every ſtroke that is thus added, deſtroys in ſome degree the reſemblance; and the original is no longer an Homer or a Virgil, but a mere ideal perſon, the creature of the editor's fancy. Whoever deviates from this rule, does not correct, but corrupt his author: and therefore, ſince moſt books worth reading have now good impreſſions, it is a folly to devote too much time to this branch of criticism; it is ridiculous to make it the ſupreme buſineſs of life to repair the ruins of a decayed word, to trouble the world with vain niceties about a letter, or a ſyllable, or the tranſpoſition of a phraſe, when the preſent reading is ſufficiently intelligible. Theſe learned triflers are mere
weebers

weeders of an author; they collect the weeds for their own use, and permit others to gather the herbs and flowers: it would be of more advantage to mankind, when once an author is faithfully published, to turn our thoughts from the words to the sentiments, and make them more easy and intelligible. A skill in verbal criticism is in reality but a skill in guessing, and consequently he is the best critic who guesses best: a mighty attainment! And yet with what pomp is a trivial alteration ushered into the world! Such writers are like Caligula, who raised a mighty army, and alarmed the whole world, and then led it to gather cockle-shells. In short, the question is not what the author might have said, but what he has actually said; it is not whether a different word will agree with the sense, and turn of the period, but whether it was used by the author; if it was, it has a good title still to maintain its post, and the authority of the manuscript ought to be followed rather than the fancy of the editor: for can a modern be a better judge of the language of the purest of the antients, than those antients who wrote it in the greatest purity? or if he could, was ever any author so happy, as always to choose the most proper word? Experience shows the impossibility. Besides, of what use is verbal criticism when once we have a faithful edition? It embarrasses the reader instead of giving new light, and hinders his proficiency by engrossing his time, and calling off the attention from the author to the editor: it increases the expence of books, and makes us pay an high price for trifles, and often for absurdities. I will only add, with
Sir

Sir Henry Saville, that various lections are now grown so voluminous, that we begin to value the first editions of books as most correct, because least corrected.

There are other critics who think themselves obliged to see no imperfections in their author: from the moment they undertake his cause, they look upon him as a lover upon his mistress; he has no faults, or his very faults improve into beauties: this, indeed, is a well-natured error, but still blameable, because it misguides the judgement. Such critics act no less erroneously, than a judge who should resolve to acquit a person, whether innocent or guilty, who comes before him upon his trial. It is frequent for the partial critic to praise the work as he likes the author; he admires a book as an antiquary a medal, solely from the impression of the name, and not from the intrinsic value: the copper of a favourite writer shall be more esteemed than the finest gold of a less acceptable author: for this reason many persons have chosen to publish their works without a name, and by this method, like Apelles, who stood unseen behind his own Venus, have received a praise, which perhaps might have been denied if the author had been visible.

But there are other critics who act a contrary part, and condemn all as criminals whom they try: they dwell only on the faults of an author, and endeavour to raise a reputation by dispraising every thing that other men praise; they have an antipathy to a shining character, like some animals, that hate the sun only because of its bright-

*Of partial
Critics.*

*Of envious
and mali-
cious Cri-
tics.*

brightness: it is a crime with them to excel; they are a kind of Tartars in learning, who, seeing a person of distinguished qualifications, immediately endeavour to kill him, in hopes to attain just so much merit as they destroy in their adversary. I never look into one of these critics but he puts me in mind of a giant in romance: the glory of the giant consists in the number of the limbs of men whom he has destroyed; that of the critic in viewing

“ ——— Disjecti membra Poetæ.”

HOR.

If ever he accidentally deviates into praise, he does it that his ensuing blame may fall with the greater weight; he adorns an author with a few flowers, as the antients those victims which they were ready to sacrifice: he studies criticism as if it extended only to dispraise; a practice, which, when most successful, is least desirable. A painter might justly be thought to have a perverse imagination, who should delight only to draw the deformities and distortions of human nature, which, when executed by the most masterly hand, strike the beholder with most horror. It is usual with envious critics to attack the writings of others, because they are good; they constantly prey upon the fairest fruits, and hope to spread their own works by uniting them to those of their adversary. But this is like Mezentius in Virgil, to join a dead carcass to a living body; and the only effect of it, to fill every well-natured mind with detestation: their malice becomes impotent, and, contrary to their design, they give a testimony of their enemy's merit,

merit, and show him to be an hero by turning all their weapons against him: such critics are like dead coals; they may blacken, but cannot burn. These writers bring to my memory a passage in the Iliad, where all the inferior powers, the Plebs Superûm, or rabble of the sky, are fancied to unite their endeavours to pull Jupiter down to the earth: but by the attempt they only betray their own inability; Jupiter is still Jupiter, and by their unavailing efforts they manifest his superiority.

Modesty is essential to true criticism: no man has a title to be a dictator in knowledge, and the sense of our own infirmities ought to teach us to treat others with humanity. The envious critic ought to consider, that if the authors be dead whom he censures, it is inhumanity to trample upon their ashes with insolence; that it is cruelty to summon, implead, and condemn them with rigour and animosity, when they are not in a capacity to answer his unjust allegations: If the authors be alive, the common laws of society oblige us not to commit any outrage against another's reputation; we ought modestly to convince, not injuriously insult; and contend for truth, not victory: and yet the envious critic is like the tyrants of old, who thought it not enough to conquer, unless their enemies were made a public spectacle, and dragged in triumph at their chariot-wheels: but what is such a triumph but a barbarous insult over the calamities of their fellow-creatures? the noise of a day, purchased with the misery of nations? However, I would not be thought

to be pleading for an exemption from criticism; I would only have it circumscribed within the rules of candour and humanity: writers may be told of their errors, provided it be with the decency and tenderness of a friend, not the malice and passion of an enemy; boys may be whipped into sense, but men are to be guided with reason.

If we grant the malicious critic all that he claims, and allow him to have proved his adversary's dulness, and his own acuteness, yet, as long as there is virtue in the world, modest dulness will be preferable to learned arrogance: Dulness may be a misfortune, but arrogance is a crime; and where is the mighty advantage, if, while he discovers more learning, he is found to have less virtue than his adversary? and, though he be a better critic, yet proves himself to be a worse man? Besides, no one is to be envied the skill in finding such faults as others are so dull as to mistake for beauties. What advantage is such a quicksightedness even to the possessors of it? It makes them difficult to be pleased, and gives them pain, while others receive a pleasure: they resemble the second-sighted people in Scotland, who are fabled to see more than other persons; but all the benefit they reap from this privilege, is to discover objects of horror, ghosts and apparitions.

But it is time to end, though I have too much reason to enlarge the argument for candour in criticism, through a consciousness of my own deficiency: I have in reality been pleading my own cause, that if I appear too guilty to obtain a pardon, I may find so much
mercy

mercy from my judges, as to be condemned to suffer without inhumanity: But whatever be the fate of these works, they have proved of use to me, and been an agreeable amusement in a constant solitude. Providence has been pleased to lead me out of the great roads of life, into a private path; where, though we have leisure to choose the smoothest way, yet we are all sure to meet many obstacles in the journey: I have found poetry an innocent companion, and support from the fatigues of it; how long, or how short, the future stages of it are to be, as it is uncertain, so it is a folly to be over-sollicitous about it; he that lives the longest, has but the small privilege of creeping more leisurely than others to his grave; what we call living, is in reality but a longer time of dying: and if these verses prove as short-lived as their author, it is a loss not worth regretting; they only die, as they were born, in obscurity.

P O E M S

BY

DR. BROOME.

H A B B A K K U K,

CHAP. III. PARAPHRASED.

An ODE, written in 1710, as an Exercise.

WHEN, in a glorious terrible array,
From Paran's towering height th' Almighty took his
Borne on a cherub's wings he rode, [way;
Intolerable day proclaim'd the God;
No earthly cloud
Could his effulgent brightness shroud:
Glory, and majesty, and power,
March'd in a dreadful pomp before;
Behind, a grim and meagre train,
Pining sickness, frantic pain,
Stalk'd widely on! with all the dismal band,
Which heaven in anger sends to scourge a guilty land.

With terror cloath'd, he downward flew,
And wither'd half the nations with a view;
Through half the nations of th' astonish'd earth
He scatter'd war, and plagues, and dearth!

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And

And when he spoke,
 The everlasting hills from their foundations shook;
 The trembling mountains, by a lowly nod,
 With reverence struck, confess'd the God:
 On Sion's holy hill he took his stand,
 Grasping omnipotence in his right hand;
 Then mighty earthquakes rock'd the ground,
 And the sun darken'd as he frown'd:
 He dealt affliction from his van,
 And wild confusion from his rear;
 They through the tents of Cushan ran,
 The tents of Cushan quak'd with fear,
 And Midian trembled with despair.
 * I see! his sword wave naked in the air;
 It sheds around a baleful ray,
 The rains pour down, the lightnings play,
 And on their wings vindictive thunders bear.

When through the mighty flood
 He led the murmuring crowd,
 What ail'd the rivers that they backward fled?
 Why was the mighty flood afraid?
 March'd he against the rivers? or was he,
 Thou mighty flood! displeas'd at thee?

 VARIATION.

- I see his sword wave with redoubled ire.
 Ah! has it set the very clouds on fire?
 The clouds burst down in deluges of showers;
 Fierce lightning flames, vindictive thunder roars.

The

The flood beheld from far
 The deity in all his equipage of war;
 And lo! at once it bursts! in diverse falls
 On either hand! it swells in crystal walls!
 Th' eternal rocks disclose! the tossing waves
 Rush in loud thunder from a thousand caves!
 Why tremble ye, O faithless! to behold
 The opening deeps their gulphs unfold?
 Enter the dreadful chasms! 'tis God, who guides
 Your wondrous way! the God who rules the tides!
 And lo! they march amid the deafening roar
 Of tumbling seas! they mount the adverse shore!
 Advance, ye chosen tribes!—Arabia's sands
 Lonely, uncomfortable lands!
 Void of fountain, void of rain,
 Oppose their burning coasts in vain!
 See! the great prophet stand,
 Waving his wonder-working wand!
 He strikes the stubborn rock, and lo!
 The stubborn rock feels the Almighty blow!
 His stony entrails burst, and rushing torrents flow.

*Then did the sun his fiery couriers stay,
 And backward held the falling day;

VARIATION.

* Ah, what new scenes unfold, what voice I hear!
 Sun, stand thou still; thou moon, thy course forbear:
 Ah, . . . sun, thy wheels obedient stay,
 Doubling the splendors of the wondrous day.

The nimble-footed minutes ceas'd to run,
 And urge the lazy hours on.
 Time hung his unexpanded wings,
 And all the secret springs
 That carry on the year,
 Stopp'd in their full career:
 Then the astonish'd moon
 Forgot her going down;
 And paler grew,
 The dismal scene to view,
 How through the trembling Pagan nation,
 Th' Almighty ruin dealt, and ghastly desolation.

But why, ah! why, O Sion, reigns
 Wide wasting havock o'er thy plains?
 Ah, me! destruction is abroad!
 Vengeance is loose, and wrath from God!
 See! hosts of spoilers seize their prey!
 See! slaughter marks in blood his way!

The nimble-footed minutes cease to run
 And urge the lazy hours on.
 Time hangs his unexpanded wings,
 And all the secret springs
 That carry on the year
 Stop in their full career;
 At once th' astonish'd moon
 Forgets her going down,
 And paler grows,
 To view th' amazing train of woes;
 While through the trembling Pagan nation,
 Th' Almighty ruin deals, and ghastly desolation.

See!

See! how embattled Babylon
 Like an unruly deluge rushes on!
 Lo! the field with millions swarms!
 I hear their shouts! their clashing arms!
 Now the conflicting hosts engage,
 With more than mortal rage! ——
 Oh! heaven! I faint —— I die! ——

The yielding powers of Israel fly! ——
 Now banner'd hosts surround the walls
 Of Sion! now she sinks, she falls! ——
 Ah! Sion, how for thee I mourn!
 What pangs for thee I feel!

Ah! how art thou become the Pagans' scorn,
 Lovely, unhappy Israel!
 A shivering damp invades my heart,
 A trembling horror shoots through every part;
 My nodding frame can scarce sustain
 Th' oppressive load I undergo:
 Speechless I sigh! the envious woe
 Forbids the very pleasure to complain:
 Forbids my faltering tongue to tell
 What pangs for thee I feel,
 Lovely, unhappy Israel!

Yet though the fig-tree should no burthen bear,
 Though vines delude the promise of the year;
 Yet though the olive should not yield her oil,
 Nor the parch'd glebe reward the peasant's toil;
 Though the tir'd ox beneath his labours fall,
 And herds in millions perish from the stall;

Yet shall my grateful strings
For ever praise thy name,
For ever thee proclaim,
Thee everlasting God, the mighty King of kings.

T O B E L I N D A,
ON HER SICKNESS AND RECOVERY.

SURE never pain such beauty wore,
Or look'd so amiable before!
You graces give to a disease,
Adorn the pain, and make it please:
Thus burning incense sheds perfumes,
Still fragrant as it still consumes.

Nor can even sickness, which disarms
All other nymphs, destroy your charms;
A thousand beauties you can spare,
And still be fairest of the fair.

But see! the pain begins to fly;
Though Venus bled, she could not die:
See! the new Phoenix point her eyes,
And lovelier from her ashes rise:
Thus roses, when the storm is o'er,
Draw beauties from th' inclement shower.

Welcome, ye hours! which thus repay
What envious sickness stole away!
Welcome as those which kindly bring,
And usher in the joyous spring;

That

That to the smiling earth restore
The beauteous herb, and blooming flower,
And give her all the charms she lost
By wintry storms, and hoary frost!

And yet how well did she sustain,
And greatly triumph o'er her pain!
So flowers, when blasting winds invade,
Breathe sweet, and beautifully fade.

Now in her cheeks, and radiant eyes,
New blushes glow, new lightnings rise;
Behold a thousand charms succeed,
For which a thousand hearts must bleed!
Brighter from her disease she shines,
As fire the precious gold refines.

Thus when the silent grave becomes
Pregnant with life, as fruitful wombs;
When the wide seas, and spacious earth,
Resign us to our second birth;
Our moulder'd frame rebuilt assumes
New beauty, and for ever blooms;
And, crown'd with youth's immortal pride,
We angels rise, who mortals dy'd.

T O B E L I N D A,
ON HER APRON EMBROIDERED WITH ARMS
AND FLOWERS.

* **T**HE listening trees Amphion drew
To dance from hills, where once they grew:
But you express a power more great;
The flowers you draw not, but create.

Behold your own creation rise,
And smile beneath your radiant eyes!
'Tis beauteous all! and yet receives
From you more graces than it gives.

But say, amid the softer charms
Of blooming flowers, what mean these arms?
So round the fragrance of the rose,
The pointed thorn, to guard it, grows.

But cruel you, who thus employ
Both arms and beauty to destroy!
So Venus marches to the fray
In armour, formidably gay.

V A R I A T I O N .

* The lovely Flora paints the earth,
And calls the morning flowers to birth:
But you display a power more great;
She calls forth flowers, but you create.

It is a dreadful pleasing sight!
The flowers attract, the arms affright;
The flowers with lively beauty bloom,
The arms denounce an instant doom.

Thus, when the Britons in array
Their ensigns to the sun display,
In the same flag are lilies shown,
And angry lions sternly frown;
On high the glittering standard flies,
And conquers all things—like your eyes.

Part of the XXXVIIIth and XXXIXth Chapters of
J O B.

A PARAPHRASE.

NOW from the splendors of his bright abode
On wings of all the winds th' Almighty rode,
And the loud voice of thunder spoke the God. }
Cherubs, and seraphs from celestial bowers,
Ten thousand thousand! bright, ethereal powers!
Ministrant round, their radiant files unfold,
Arm'd in eternal adamant, and gold!
Whirlwinds and thundrous storms his chariot drew
'Tween worlds and worlds, triumphant as it flew:
He stretch'd his dark pavilion o'er the floods,
Bade hills subside, and rein'd th' obedient clouds;
Then from his awful gloom the godhead spoke,
And at his voice affrighted nature shook.

Vain

Vain man! who boldly with dim reason's ray
 Vies with his God, and rivals his full day!
 * But tell me now, say how this beauteous frame
 Of all things, from the womb of nothing came;
 When nature's Lord with one Almighty call
 From no-where rais'd the world's capacious ball?
 Say if thy hand directs the various rounds
 Of the vast earth, and circumscribes the bounds?
 How orbs oppos'd to orbs amid the sky,
 In concert move, and dance in harmony?
 What wondrous pillars their foundations bear
 When hung self-balanc'd in the fluid air?
 Why the vast tides sometimes with wanton play
 In shining mazes gently glide away;
 Anon, why swelling with impetuous stores
 Tumultuous tumbling, thunder to the shores?
 By thy command does fair Aurora rise,
 And gild with purple beams the blushing skies;
 The warbling lark salutes her chearful ray,
 And welcomes with his song the rising day;
 The rising day ambrosial dew distils,
 Th' ambrosial dew with balmy odour fills
 'The flowers, the flowers rejoice, and nature smiles.

VARIATION.

* But tell me, mortal, when th' Almighty said,
 Be made, ye worlds! how worlds at once were made;
 When hosts of angels wrapt in wonder sung
 His praise as order from disorder sprung?

Why

Why night, in sable rob'd, as day-light fades,
 O'er half the nations draws her awful shades?
 Now peaceful nature lies diffus'd in ease;
 A solemn stillness reigns o'er land and seas.
 * Sleep sheds o'er all his balm! to sleep resign'd,
 Birds, beasts lie hush'd, and busy human-kind.
 No air of breath disturbs the drowzy woods,
 No whispers murmur from the silent floods!
 The moon sheds down a silver-streaming light,
 And glads the melancholic face of night:
 Now clouds swift-skimming veil her sullied ray,
 † Now bright she blazes with a fuller day:
 The stars in order twinkle in the skies,
 And fall in silence, and in silence rise:
 Till, as a giant strong, a bridegroom gay,
 The sun springs dancing through the gates of day:
 He shakes his dewy locks, and hurls his beams
 O'er the proud hills, and down the glowing streams:
 His fiery couriers bound above the main,
 And whirl the car along th' ethereal plain:

V A R I A T I O N S.

* No more the monsters of the desert roar,
 Doubling the terrors of the midnight hour.
 The fowl, the fishes, to repose resign'd,
 All, all lie hush'd, and busy human-kind.
 The fainting murmur dies upon the floods,
 And sighing breezes lull the drowzy woods.
 † Now bright she blazes, and supplies the day.

The

The fiery courfers and the car display
A stream of glory, and a flood of day.
Did e'er thy eye descend into the deep,
Or hast thou seen where infant tempests sleep?
Was e'er the grave, or regions of the night,
Yet trod by thee, or open'd to thy sight?
Has death disclos'd to thee her gloomy state,
The ghastly forms, the various woes that wait
In terrible array before her awful gate?
Know'st thou where darkness bears eternal sway,
Or where the source of everlasting day?
Say, why the thriving hail with rushing sound
Pours from on high, and rattles on the ground?
Why hover snows, down-wavering by degrees,
Shine from the hills, or glitter from the trees?
Say, why, in lucid drops, the balmy rain
With sparkling gems impearls the spangled plain?
Or, gathering in the vale, a current flows,
And on each flower a sudden spring bestows?
Say, why with gentle sighs the evening breeze
Salutes the flowers, or murmurs through the trees?
Or why loud winds in storms of vengeance fly,
Howl o'er the main, and thunder in the sky?
Say, to what wondrous magazines repair
The viewless beings, when serene the air?
Till, from their dungeons loos'd, they roar aloud,
Upturn whole oceans, and toss cloud on cloud,
While waves encountering waves, in mountains driven,
Swell to the starry vault, and dash the heaven.

. Know'st

Know'st thou, why comets threaten in the air,
Heralds of woe, destruction, and despair,
The plague, the sword, and all the forms of war?
On ruddy wings why forky lightning flies,
And rolling thunder grumbles in the skies?
Say, can thy voice, when sultry Sirius reigns,
And suns intensely glowing cleave the plains,
Th' exhausted urns of thirsty springs supply,
And mitigate the fever of the sky?
Or, when the heavens are charg'd with gloomy clouds,
And half the skies precipitate in floods,
Chace the dark horror of the storm away,
Restrain the deluge, and restore the day?
By thee does summer deck herself with charms,
Or hoary winter lock his frozen arms?
Say, if thy hand instruct the rose to glow,
Or to the lily give un sullied snow?
Teach fruits to knit from blossoms by degrees,
Swell into orbs, and load the bending trees,
Whose various kinds a various hue unfold,
With crimson blush, or burnish into gold?
Say, why the sun arrays with shining dyes
The gaudy bow that gilds the gloomy skies?
He from his urn pours forth his golden streams,
And humid clouds imbibe the glittering beams;
Sweetly the varying colours fade or rise,
And the vast arch embraces half the skies.
Say, didst thou give the mighty seas their bars,
Fill air with fowl, or light up heaven with stars,

Whose

Whose thousand times ten thousand lamps display
 A friendly radiance, mingling ray with ray?
 Say, canst thou rule the coursers of the sun,
 Or lash the lazy sign, Boötes, on?
 Dost thou instruct the eagle how to fly,
 To mount the viewless winds, and tower the sky?
 On sounding pinions borne, he soars, and shrouds
 His proud aspiring head among the clouds;
 Strong-pounc'd, and fierce, he darts upon his prey,
 He sails in triumph through th' ethereal way,
 Bears on the sun, and basks in open day.
 Does the dread King, and terror of the wood,
 The lion, from thy hand expect his food?
 Stung with keen hunger from his den he comes,
 Ranges the plains, and o'er the forest roams:
 * He snuffs the track of beasts, he fiercely roars,
 Doubling the horrors of the midnight hours:
 With sullen majesty he stalks away,
 And the rocks tremble while he seeks his prey:
 Dreadful he grins, he rends the savage brood
 With unsheath'd paws, and churns the spouting blood.
 Dost thou with thunder arm the generous horse,
 Add nervous limbs, or swiftness for the course?
 Fleet as the wind, he shoots along the plain,
 And knows no check, nor hears the curbing rein;

 VARIATION.

- * He mocks the beating storms and wintery showers,
 Making night hideous, as he sternly roars.

His

His fiery eye-balls, formidably bright,
 Dart a fierce glory, and a dreadful light:
 Pleas'd with the clank of arms, and trumpets' sound,
 He bounds, and prancing paws the trembling ground;
 He snuffs the promis'd battle from afar,
 Neighs at the captains, shouts, and thunder of the war:
 Rouz'd with the noble din and martial fight,
 He pants with tumults of severe delight:
 His sprightly blood an even course disdains,
 Pours from his heart, and charges in his veins;
 He braves the spear, and mocks the twanging bow,
 Demands the fight, and rushes on the foe.

M E L A N C H O L Y:
 A N O D E.

Occasioned by the Death of a beloved Daughter. 1723.

A DIEU vain mirth, and noisy joys!
 Ye gay desires, deluding toys!
 Thou, thoughtful Melancholy, deign
 To hide me in thy pensive train!
 If by the fall of murmuring floods,
 Where awful shades embrown the woods,
 Or if, where winds in caverns groan,
 Thou wandereft silent and alone;
 Come, blifsful mourner, wisely sad,
 In sorrow's garb, in sable clad,
 Henceforth, thou Care, my hours employ!
 Sorrow, be thou henceforth my joy!

By

By tombs where fullen spirits stalk,
Familiar with the dead I walk;
While to my sighs and groans by turns,
From graves the midnight echo mourns.

Open thy marble jaws, O tomb,
Though earth conceal me in thy womb!
And you, ye worms, this frame confound,
Ye brother reptiles of the ground!

O life, frail offspring of a day!
'Tis puff'd with one short gasp away!
'Swift as the short-liv'd flower it flies,
It springs, it blooms, it fades, it dies.

With cries we usher in our birth,
With groans resign our transient breath:
While round, stern ministers of fate,
Pain, and disease, and sorrow wait.

While childhood reigns, the sportive boy
Learns only prettily to toy;
And, while he roves from play to play,
The wanton trifles life away.

When to the noon of life we rise,
The man grows elegant in vice;
To glorious guilt in courts he climbs,
Vilely judicious in his crimes.

When youth and strength in age are lost,
Man seems already half a ghost;
Wither'd, and wan, to earth he bows,
A walking hospital of woes.

Oh! happiness, thou empty name!
 Say, art thou bought by gold or fame?
 What art thou, gold, but shining earth?
 Thou, common fame, but common breath?

If virtue contradict the voice
 Of public fame, applause is noise;
 Ev'n victors are by conquest curst,
 The bravest warrior is the worst.

Look round on all that man below
 Idly calls great, and all is show!
 All, to the coffin from our birth,
 In this vast toy-shop of the earth.

Come then, O friend of virtuous woe,
 With solemn pace, demure, and slow:
 Lo! sad and serious, I pursue
 Thy steps—adieu, vain world, adieu!

DAPHNIS AND LYCIDAS:

A PASTORAL.

They sing the different Success and Absence of their
Loves.

To the Right Honourable the Lord Viscount
TOWNSHEND, of Rainham in Norfolk.

—"Sylvæ sunt Consule dignæ." VIRG.

DAPHNIS.

HOW calm the evening! see the falling day
Gilds every mountain with a ruddy ray!
In gentle sighs the softly whispering breeze
Salutes the flowers, and waves the trembling trees;
Hark! the night-warbler, from yon vocal boughs,
Glads every valley with melodious woes!
Swift through the air her rounds the swallow takes,
Or sportive skims the level of the lakes.
The timorous deer, swift-starting as they graze,
Bound off in crowds, then turn again, and gaze.
See! how yon swans, with snowy pride elate,
Arch their high necks, and sail along in state!
Thy frisking flocks safe-wandering crop the plain,
And the glad season claims a gladsome strain.
Begin——Ye echoes listen to the song,
And, with its sweetness pleas'd, each note prolong!

LYCIDAS.

LYCIDAS.

Sing, Muse—and oh! may Townshend deign to view
 What the Muse sings, to Townshend this is due!
 Who, carrying with him all the world admires,
 From all the world illustriously retires;
 And, calmly wandering in his Rainham, roves
 By lake, or spring, by thicket, lawn, or groves;
 Where verdant hills, or vales, where fountains stray,
 Charm every thought of idle pomp away;
 Unenvy'd views the splendid toils of state,
 In private happy, as in public great.

Thus godlike Scipio, on whose cares reclin'd
 The burthen and repose of half mankind,
 Left to the vain their pomp, and calmly stray'd,
 The world forgot, beneath the laurel shade;
 Nor longer would be great, but, void of strife,
 Clos'd in soft peace his eve of glorious life.

Feed round, my goats; ye sheep, in safety graze;
 Ye winds, breathe gently while I tune my lays.

The joyous spring draws nigh! ambrosial showers
 Unbind the earth, the earth unbinds the flowers,
 The flowers blow sweet, the daffodils unfold
 The spreading glories of their blooming gold.

DAPHNIS.

As the gay hours advance, the blossoms shoot,
 The knitting blossoms harden into fruit;
 And as the autumn by degrees ensues,
 The mellowing fruits display their streaky hues.

LYCIDAS.

When the winds whistle, and the tempest roars,
When foaming billows lash the founding shores,
The bloomy beauties of the pastures die,
And in gay heaps of fragrant ruin lie.

DAPHNIS.

Severe the storms! when shuddering winter binds
The earth! but winter yields to vernal winds.
Oh! Love, thy rigour my whole life deforms,
More cold than winter, more severe than storms!

LYCIDAS.

Sweet is the spring, and gay the summer hours,
When balmy odours breathe from painted flowers;
But neither sweet the spring, nor summer gay,
When she I love, my charmer, is away.

DAPHNIS.

To savage rocks, through bleak inclement skies,
Deaf as those rocks, from me my fair-one flies:
Oh! virgin, cease to fly! th' inclement air
May hurt thy charms!—but thou hast charms to spare!

LYCIDAS.

I love, and ever shall my love remain,
The fairest, kindest virgin of the plain;
With equal passion her soft bosom glows,
Feels the sweet pains, and shares the heavenly woes.

DAPHNIS.

DAPHNIS.

With a feign'd passion, she I love, beguiles,
 And gayly false the dear dissembler smiles;
 But let her still those blest deceits employ,
 Still may she feign, and cheat me into joy!

LYCIDAS.

On yonder bank the yielding nymph reclin'd,
 Gods! how transported I, and she how kind!
 There rise, ye flowers, and there your pride display,
 There shed your odours where the fair-one lay!

DAPHNIS.

Once, as my fair-one in the rosy bower
 In gentle slumbers pass'd the noon-tide hour,
 Soft I approach'd, and raptur'd with the bliss
 At leisure gaz'd, then stole a silent kiss:
 She wak'd; when conscious smiles, but ill repress'd,
 Spoke no disdain!—Was ever swain so blest?

LYCIDAS.

With fragrant apples from the bending bough
 In sport my charmer gave her swain a blow:
 The fair offender, of my wrath afraid,
 Fled, till I seiz'd and kiss'd the blooming maid:
 She smil'd, and vow'd if thus her crimes I pay,
 She would offend a thousand times a day!

DAPHNIS.

O'er the steep mountain, and the pathless mead,
 From my embrace the lovely scorner fled;

But stumbling in the flight, by chance she fell:
I saw—but what—her lover will not tell!

LYCIDAS.

From me my fair-one fled, dissembling play,
And in the dark conceal'd the wanton lay;
But laugh'd, and show'd by the directing sound
She only hid, in secret to be found.

DAPHNIS.

Far hence to happier climes Belinda strays,
But in my breast her lovely image stays;
Oh! to these plains again, bright nymph, repair,
Or from my breast far hence thy image bear!

LYCIDAS.

Come, Delia, come! till Delia blebs these seats,
Hide me, ye groves, within your dark retreats!
In hollow groans, ye winds, around me blow!
Ye bubbling fountains, murmur to my woe!

DAPHNIS.

Where'er Belinda roves, ye Zephyrs, play!
Where'er she treads, ye flowers, adorn the way!
From sultry suns, ye groves, my charmer keep!
Ye bubbling fountains, murmur to her sleep!

LYCIDAS.

If streams smooth-wandering, Delia, yield delight;
If the gay rose, or lily, please thy sight;

Smooth

DAPHNIS AND LYCIDAS. 167

Smooth streams here wander, here the roses glow,
Here the proud lilies rise to shade thy brow!

DAPHNIS.

Aid me, ye Muses, while I loud proclaim
What love inspires, and sing Belinda's name:
Waft it, ye breezes, to the hills around;
And sport, ye echoes, with the favourite sound.

LYCIDAS.

Thy name, my Delia, shall improve my song,
The pleasing labour of my ravish'd tongue:
Her name to heaven propitious Zephyrs bear,
And breathe it to her kindred angels there!

DAPHNIS.

But see! the night displays her starry train,
Soft silver dews impearl the glittering plain;
An awful horror fills the gloomy woods,
And bluish mists rise from the smoking floods:
* Haste, Daphnis, haste to fold thy woolly care,
The deepening shades imbrown th' unwholesome air.

VARIATION.

* Haste, Lycidas, to fold, &c.

THE FIRST ODE OF HORACE,
TRANSLATED.

MÆCENAS, whose high lineage springs
From a long race of ancient kings,
Patron and friend! thy honour'd name
At once is my defence and fame.

There are, who with fond transport praise
The chariot thundering in the race;
Where conquest won, and palms bestow'd,
Lift the proud mortal to a God.

The man who courts the people's voice,
And doats on offices and noise;
Or they who till the peaceful fields,
And reap what bounteous nature yields,
Unmov'd, the merchant's wealth behold,
Nor hazard happiness for gold;
Untempted by whole worlds of gain
To stem the billows of the main.

The merchant, when the storm invades,
Envies the quiet of the shades;
But soon relaunches from the shore,
Dreading the crime of being poor!

Some careless waste the mirthful day
With generous wines, and wanton play,
Indulgent of the genial hour,
By spring, or rill, or shade, or bower.

Some

Some hear with joy the clanging jar
Of trumpets, that alarm to war ;
While matrons tremble at the breath
That calls their fons to arms and death.

The sportsman, train'd in storms, defies
The chilling blast, and freezing skies :
Unmindful of his bride, in vain
Soft beauty pleads ! along the plain
The stag he chaces, or beguiles
The furious boar into his toils.

For * you the blooming ivy grows,
Proud to adorn your learned brows ;
Patron of letters you arise,
Grow to a God, and mount the skies.

Humbly in breezy shades I stray
Where Sylvans dance, and Satyrs play ;
Contented to advance my claim,
Only o'er men without a name ;
Transcribing what the Muses sing
Harmonious to the pipe or string.

But if indulgently you deign
To rank me with the Lyric train,
Aloft the towering Muse shall rise
On bolder wings, and gain the skies.

* Te Doctarum Hederæ, &c.

A N E P I S T L E

To my Friend Mr. ELIJAH FENTON, Author of
Mariamne, a Tragedy. 1726.

WHY art thou slow to strike th' harmonious shell,
 Averse to sing, who know'st to sing so well?
 If thy proud Muse the tragic buskin wears,
 Great Sophocles revives and re-appears;
 While, regularly bold, she nobly sings
 Strains worthy to detain the ears of kings:
 If by thy hand th' *Homer's lyre be strung,
 The lyre returns such sounds as Homer sung.
 The kind compulsion of a friend obey,
 And, though reluctant, swell the lofty lay;
 Then listening groves once more shall catch the sound,
 While Grecian Muses sing on British ground.

Thus calm and silent thy own †Proteus roves
 Through pearly mazes, and through coral groves;
 But when, emerging from the azure main,
 Coercive bands th' unwilling God constrain,
 Then heaves his bosom with prophetic fires,
 And his tongue speaks sublime, what heaven inspires.

Envy, 'tis true, with barbarous rage invades
 What ev'n fierce lightning spares, the laurel shades;

* Mr. Fenton translated four books of the *Odyssey*.

† See the story of Proteus, *Odyssey*, lib. 4. translated by
 Mr. Fenton.

EPISTLE TO MR. FENTON. 171

And critics, bias'd by mistaken rules,
Like Turkish zealots, reverence none but fools.
But praise from such injurious tongues is shame;
They rail the happy author into fame:
Thus Phœbus through the zodiac takes his way,
And rises amid monsters into day.
Oh vileness of mankind! when writing well
Becomes a crime, and danger to excel!
While noble scorn, my friend, such insult sees,
And flies from towns to wilds, from men to trees.

Free from the lust of wealth, and glittering snares,
That make th' unhappy Great in love with cares,
Me humble joys in calm retirement please,
A silent happiness, and learned ease.
Deny me grandeur, heaven, but goodness grant!
A king is less illustrious than a saint:
Hail, holy virtue! come, thou heavenly guest,
Come, fix thy pleasing empire in my breast!
*Thou know'st her influence, friend! thy chearful mien
Proclaims the innocence and peace within;
Such joys as none but sons of virtue know,
Shine in thy face, and in thy bosom glow.

So when the holy mount the prophet trod,
And talk'd familiar as a Friend with God,

VARIATION.

* Thou feel'st her power, my friend, &c.

Celestial

Celestial radiance every feature shed,
And ambient glories dawn'd around his head.

Sure what th' unthinking Great mistaken call
Their happiness, is folly, folly all!
Like lofty mountains in the clouds they hide
Their haughty heads, but swell with barren pride;
And while low vales in useful beauty lie,
Heave their proud naked summits to the sky.
In honour, as in place, ye great, transcend!
An angel fall'n, degenerates to a fiend:
Th' all-chearing sun is honour'd with his shrines;
Not that he moves aloft, but that he shines.
Why flames the star on Walpole's generous breast? }
Not that he 's highest, but because he 's best; }
Fond to oblige; in blessing others, blest.

How wondrous few, by avarice uncontrol'd,
Have virtue to subdue the thirst of gold!
The shining dirt the fordid wretch ensnares
To buy, with mighty treasures, mighty cares;
Blindly he courts, misguided by the will,
A specious good, and meets a real ill:
So when Ulysses plough'd the surgy main;
When now in view appear'd his native reign,
His wayward mates th' Æolian bag unbind,
Expecting treasures, but out rush'd a wind;
The sudden hurricane in thunder roars,
Buffets the bark, and whirls it from the shores.

O heaven! by what vain passions man is sway'd,
Proud of his reason, by his will betray'd!

Blindly

Blindly he wanders in pursuit of vice,
 And hates confinement, though in paradise;
 Doom'd, when enlarg'd, instead of Eden's bowers,
 To rove in wilds, and gather thorns for flowers;
 Between th' extremes, direct he sees the way,
 Yet wilful swerves, perversely fond to stray!

Whilst niggard souls indulge their craving thirst,
 Rich without bounty, with abundance curst;
 The Prodigal pursues expensive vice,
 And buys dishonour at a mighty price;
 On beds of state the splendid glutton sleeps,
 While starving Merit unregarded weeps:
 His ill-plac'd bounty, while scorn'd Virtue grieves,
 A dog, a fawning sycophant, receives;
 And cringing knaves, or haughty strumpets, share
 What would make Sorrow smile, and cheer Despair.

Then would'st thou steer where fortune spreads the
 fails?

Go, flatter vice! for seldom flattery fails:
 Soft through the ear the pleasing bane distills:
 Delicious poison! in perfumes it kills!
 Be all but virtuous: Oh! unwise to live
 Unfashionably good, and hope to thrive!
 Trees that aloft with proudest honours rise,
 Root hell-ward, and thence flourish to the skies.

O happier thou, my friend, with ease content,
 Blest with the conscience of a life well-spent!

Nor

Nor would't be great; but guide thy gather'd sails,
Safe by the shore, nor tempt the rougher gales;
For sure, of all that feel the wound of fate,
None are completely wretched but the great:
Superior woes, superior stations bring;
A peasant sleeps, while cares awake a king:
Who reigns, must suffer! crowns with gems inlaid
At once adorn and load the royal head:
Change but the scene, and kings in dust decay,
Swept from the earth the pageants of a day;
There no distinctions on the dead await,
But pompous graves, and rottenness in state.
Such now are all that shone on earth before;
Cæsar and mighty Marlborough are no more!
Unhallow'd feet o'er awful Tully tread,
And Hyde and Plato join the vulgar dead;
And all the glorious aims that can employ
The soul of mortals, must with Hanmer die:
O Compton, when this breath we once resign,
My dust shall be as eloquent as thine!

Till that last hour which calls me hence away
To pay that great arrear which all must pay;
Oh! may I tread the paths which saints have trod,
Who knew they walk'd before th' all-seeing God!
Studious from ways of wicked men to keep,
Who mock at vice, while grieving angels weep.
Come, taste, my friend! the joys retirement brings,
Look down on royal slaves, and pity kings.

More

EPISTLE TO MR. FENTON. 175

More happy! laid where trees with trees entwin'd
In bowery arches tremble to the wind,
With innocence and shade like Adam blest,
While a new Eden opens in the breast!
Such were the scenes descending angels trod
In guiltless days, when man convers'd with God.
Then shall my lyre to loftier sounds be strung,
Inspir'd by * Homer, or what thou hast sung:
My Muse from thine shall catch a warmer ray;
As clouds are brighten'd by the God of day.

So trees unapt to bear, by art refin'd,
With shoots ennobled of a generous kind,
High o'er the ground with fruits adopted rise,
And lift their spreading honours to the skies.

A D I A L O G U E

Between a LADY and her LOOKING-GLASS, while
she had the Green-Sickness.

THE gay Ophelia view'd her face
In the clear crystal of her glass;
The lightning from her eye was fled,
Her cheek was pale, the roses dead.

Then thus Ophelia, with a frown:—
Art thou, false thing, perfidious grown!
I never could have thought, I swear,
To find so great a slanderer there!

* Dr. Broome translated eight books of the Odyssey.

False thing! thy malice I defy!
Beaux vow I 'm fair—who never lye.
More brittle far than brittle thou,
Would every grace of woman grow,
If charms so great so soon decay,
The bright possession of a day!
But this I know, and this declare,
That thou art false, and I am fair.

The glass was vex'd to be bely'd,
And thus with angry tone reply'd:

No more to me of falsehood talk,
But leave your oatmeal and your chalk!
'Tis true, you 're meagre, pale, and wan;
The reason is, you 're sick for man.—

While yet it spoke, Ophelia frown'd,
And dash'd th' offender to the ground;
With fury from her arm it fled,
And round a glittering ruin spread;
When lo! the parts pale looks disclose,
Pale looks in every fragment rose;
Around the room instead of one,
An hundred pale Ophelias shone;
Away the frightened virgin flew,
And humbled, from herself withdrew.

THE MORAL.

Ye beaux, who tempt the fair and young,
With snuff, and nonsense, dance, and song;

Ye

Ye men of compliment and lace!
 Behold this image in the glafs:
 The wondrous force of flattery prove,
 To cheat fond virgins into love:
 Though pale the cheek, yet swear it glows
 With the vermilion of the rofe:
 Praise them—for praise is always true,
 Though with both eyes the cheat they view.
 From hateful truths the virgin flies;
 But the falfe sex is caught with lyes.

A P O E M

ON THE SEAT OF WAR IN FLANDERS,

Chiefly with relation to the Sieges:

With the Praise of PEACE and RETIREMENT.

Written in 1710.

"Seceſſus mei non deſidii nomen, ſed tranquillitatis accipiant."

PLIN.

HAPPY, thou Flandria, on whoſe fertile plains,
 In wanton pride luxurious plenty reigns;
 Happy! had heaven beſtow'd one bleſſing more,
 And plac'd thee diſtant from the Gallic power!
 But now in vain thy lawns attract the view,
 They but invite the victor to ſubdue:
 War, horrid war, the ſylvan ſcene invades,
 And angry trumpets pierce the woodland ſhades;
 Here ſhatter'd towers, proud works of many an age,
 Lie dreadful monuments of human rage;

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There

There palaces and hallow'd domes display
Majestic ruins, awful in decay!
Thy very dust, though undistinguish'd trod,
Compos'd, perhaps, some hero, great and good,
Who nobly for his country lost his blood!
Ev'n with the grave, the haughty spoilers war,
And death's dark mansions wide disclose to air:
O'er kings and faints insulting stalk, nor dread
To spurn the ashes of the glorious dead.

See! the Britannic lions wave in air!
See! mighty Marlborough breathing death and war!
From Albion's shores, at Anna's high commands,
The dauntless hero pours his martial bands.
As when in wrath stern Mars the thunderer sends
To scourge his foes; in pomp the God descends;
He mounts his iron car; with fury burns;
The car fierce-rattling thunders as it turns;
Gloomy he grasps his adamantine shield,
And scatters armies o'er th' ensanguin'd field:
With delegated wrath thus Marlborough glows,
In vengeance rushing on his country's foes.
See! round the hostile towers embattled stands
His banner'd host, embodied bands by bands!
Hark! the shrill trumpet sends a mortal sound,
And prancing horses shake the solid ground;
The furly drums beat terrible afar,
With all the dreadful music of the war;
From the drawn swords effulgent flames arise,
Flash o'er the plains, and lighten to the skies;

The heavens above, the fields and floods beneath,
 Glare formidably bright, and shine with death;
 In fiery storms descends a murderous shower,
 Thick flash the lightnings, fierce the thunders roar.
 As when in wrathful mood Almighty Jove
 Aims his dire bolts red-hissing from above;
 Through the sing'd air, with unresisted sway,
 The forky vengeance rends its flaming way,
 And, while the firmament with thunder roars,
 From their foundations hurls imperial towers;
 So rush the globes with many a fiery round,
 Tear up the rock, or rend the stedfast mound.
 Death shakes aloft her dart, and o'er her prey
 Stalks with dire joy, and marks in blood her way;
 Mountains of heroes slain deform the ground,
 The shape of man half bury'd in the wound:
 And lo! while in the shock of war they close,
 While swords meet swords, and foes encounter foes,
 The treacherous earth beneath their footsteps cleaves,
 Her entrails tremble, and her bosom heaves;
 Sudden in bursts of fire eruptions rise,
 And whirl the torn battalions to the skies.

Thus earthquakes, rumbling with a thundering sound,
 Shake the firm world, and rend the cleaving ground;
 Rocks, hills, and groves, are tost into the sky,
 And in one mighty ruin nations die.

See! through th' encumber'd air the ponderous bomb
 Bears magazines of death within its womb;

The glowing orb displays a blazing train,
 And darts bright horror through th' ethereal plain;
 * It mounts tempestuous, and with hideous sound
 Wheels down the heavens, and thunders o'er the ground:
 Th' imprison'd deaths rush dreadful in a blaze,
 And mow a thousand lives, a thousand ways;
 † Earth floats with blood, while spreading flames arise
 From palaces, and domes, and kindle half the skies.

Thus terribly in air the comets roll,
 And shoot malignant gleams from pole to pole;
 'Tween worlds and worlds they move, and from their hair
 Shake the blue plague, the pestilence, and war.

But who is he, who stern bestrides the plain,
 Who drives triumphant o'er huge hills of slain;
 Serene, while engines from the hostile tower
 Rain from their brazen mouths an iron shower;
 While turbid fiery smoke obscures the day,
 Hews through the deathful breach his desperate way?
 Sure Jove descending joins the martial toil;
 Or is it Marlborough, or the great Argyle?

VARIATIONS.

- * Ev'n the stern souls of heroes feel dismay;
 Proud temples nod, aspiring towers give way.
 Dreadful it mounts, tempestuous in its flight,
 It sinks, it falls, earth groans beneath its weight.
 Th' imprison'd deaths rush out in smoke and fire,
 The mighty bleed, heaps crush'd on heaps expire.
- † The barriers burst, wide-spreading flames arise.

Thus

Thus, when the Grecians, furious to destroy,
 Level'd the structures of imperial Troy;
 Here angry Neptune hurl'd his vengeful mace,
 There Jove o'erturn'd it from its inmost base:
 Though brave, yet vanquish'd, she confess'd the odds;
 Her sons were heroes, but they fought with Gods.

Ah! what new horrors rise? In deep array
 The squadrons form! aloft the standards play!
 The captains draw the sword! on every brow
 Determin'd valour lowers! the trumpets blow!
 See! the brave Briton delves the cavern'd ground
 Through the hard entrails of the stubborn mound!
 And, undismay'd by death, the foe invades
 Through dreadful horrors of infernal shades!
 In vain the wall's broad base deep-rooted lies,
 In vain an hundred turrets threat the skies!
 Lo! while at ease the bands immur'd repose,
 Nor careless dream of subterranean foes,
 Like the Cadmæan host, embattled swarms
 Start from the earth, and clash their sounding arms,
 And, pouring war and slaughter from beneath,
 Wrap towers, walls, men, in fire, in blood, in death.

So some fam'd torrent dives within the caves
 Of opening earth, ingulph'd with all his waves;
 High o'er the latent stream the shepherd feeds
 His wandering flock, and tunes the sprightly reed:
 Till from some rifted chasm the billows rise,
 And foaming burst tumultuous to the skies;

Then roaring dreadful o'er the delug'd plain,
Sweep herds and hinds in thunder to the main.

Bear me, ye friendly powers, to gentler scenes,
To shady bowers, and never-fading greens!
Where the shrill trumpet never sounds alarms,
Nor martial din is heard, nor clash of arms;
Hail, ye soft seats! ye limpid springs and floods!
Ye flowery meads, ye vales, and woods!
Ye limpid floods, that ever murmuring flow!
Ye verdant meads, where flowers eternal blow!
Ye shady vales, where zephyrs ever play!
Ye woods, where little warblers tune their lay!

Here grant me, heaven, to end my peaceful days,
And steal myself from life by slow decays;
Draw health from food the temperate garden yields,
From fruit, or herb, the bounty of the fields;
Nor let the loaded table groan beneath
Slain animals, the horrid feast of death:
With age unknown to pain or sorrow blest,
To the dark grave retiring as to rest;
While gently with one sigh this mortal frame
Dissolving turns to ashes, whence it came;
While my freed soul departs without a groan,
And, joyful, wings her flight to worlds unknown.

Ye gloomy grots! ye awful solemn cells,
Where holy thoughtful Contemplation dwells,
Guard me from splendid cares and tiresome state,
That pompous misery of being great!
Happy! if by the wise and learn'd lov'd;
But happiest above all, if self-approv'd!

Content with ease ; ambitious to despise
 Illustrious vanity, and glorious vice !
 Come, thou chaste maid, here ever let me stray,
 While the calm hours steal unperceiv'd away ;
 Here court the Muses, while the sun on high
 Flames in the vault of heaven, and fires the sky :
 Or while the night's dark wings this globe surround,
 And the pale moon begins her solemn round,
 Bid my free soul to starry orbs repair,
 Those radiant worlds that float in ambient air,
 And with a regular confusion stray
 Oblique, direct, along th' ærial way :
 Or when Aurora, from her golden bowers,
 Exhales the fragrance of the balmy flowers,
 Reclin'd in silence on a mossy bed,
 Consult the learned volumes of the dead ;
 Fall'n realms and empires in description view,
 Live o'er past times, and build whole worlds anew ;
 Or from the bursting tombs in fancy raise
 The sons of fame, who liv'd in ancient days :
 And lo ! with haughty stalk the warrior treads !
 Stern legislators frowning lift their heads !
 I see proud victors in triumphal cars,
 Chiefs, kings, and heroes, seam'd with glorious scars !
 Or listen till the raptur'd soul takes wings,
 While Plato reasons, or while Homer sings.

Charm me, ye sacred leaves,* with loftier themes,
 With opening heavens, and angels rob'd in flames :

* The Holy Scriptures.

Ye restless passions, while I read, be aw'd:
Hail, ye mysterious oracles of God!
Here I behold how infant time began,
How the dust mov'd and quicken'd into man;
Here through the flowery walks of Eden rove,
Court the soft breeze, or range the spicy grove;
'There tread on hallow'd ground where angels trod,
And reverend patriarchs talk'd as friends with God;
Or hear the voice to slumbering prophets given,
Or gaze on visions from the throne of heaven.

But nobler yet, far nobler scenes advance!
Why leap the mountains? why the forests dance?
Why flashes glory from the golden spheres?
Rejoice, O earth, a God, a God appears!
A God, a God, descending angels sing,
And mighty Seraphs shout, Behold your King!
Hail, virgin-born! Lift, lift, ye blind, your eyes!
Sing, oh! ye dumb! and oh! ye dead, arise!
Tremble, ye gates of hell! In noblest strains
'Tell it aloud, ye heavens! the Saviour reigns!

Thus lonely, thoughtful, may I run the race
Of transient life, in no unuseful ease!
Enjoy each hour, nor, as it fleets away,
Think life too short, and yet too long the day;
Of right observant, while the soul attends
Each duty, and makes heaven and angels friends.
And thou, fair Peace, from the wild floods of war
Come dove-like, and thy blooming olive bear;

Tell

Tell me, ye victors, what strange charms ye find
In conquest, that destruction of mankind!
Unenvy'd may your laurels ever grow,
That never flourish but in human woe,
If never earth the wreath triumphal bears,
Till drench'd in heroes' blood, or orphans' tears.

Let Ganges from afar to slaughter train
His sable warriors on th' embattled plain;
Let Volga's sons in iron squadrons rise,
And pour in millions from her frozen skies:
Thou, gentle Thames, flow thou in peaceful streams,
Bid thy bold sons restrain their martial flames.
In thy own laurel's shade, great Marlborough, stay,
There charm the thoughts of conquer'd worlds away:
Guardian of England! born to scourge her foes,
Speak, and thy word gives half the world repose;
Sink down, ye hills; eternal rocks, subside;
Vanish, ye forts; thou, ocean, drain thy tide:
We safety boast, defended by thy fame,
And armies—in the terror of thy name!
Now fix o'er Anna's throne thy victor blade.
War, be thou chain'd! ye streams of blood, be stay'd!
Though wild Ambition her just vengeance feels,
She wars to save, and where she strikes, she heals.

So Pallas with her javelin smote the the ground,
And peaceful olives flourish'd from the wound.

To

To the Right Honourable
 CHARLES LORD CORNWALLIS,
 Baron of Eyre, Warden, Chief Justice, and Justice in
 Eyre of all His Majesty's Forests, Chases, Parks, and
 Warrens, on the South Side of Trent.

————— δῶρόν τοι τῆτο δίδωμι

Μνημα —————

Odyssy, Lib. 15.

O THOU whose virtues sanctify thy state!
 O great, without the vices of the great!
 Form'd by a dignity of mind to please,
 To think, to act with elegance and ease! *
 Say, wilt thou listen while I tune the string,
 And sing to thee, who gav'st me ease to sing?
 Unskill'd in verse, I haunt the silent grove;
 Yet lowly shepherds sing to mighty Jove;
 And mighty Jove attends the shepherds' vows,
 And gracious what his suppliants ask bestows:
 So by thy favour may the Muse be crown'd,
 And plant her laurels in more fruitful ground;
 The grateful Muse shall in return bestow
 Her spreading laurels to adorn thy brow.

ADDITION.

* Firm to thy king, and to thy country brave;
 Loyal, yet free; a subject, not a slave;
 Say, &c.

Thus

Thus, guarded by the tree of Jove, a flower
Shoots from the earth, nor fears th' inclement shower;
And, when the fury of the storm is laid,
Repays with sweets the hospitable shade.

Severe their lot, who, when they long endure
The wounds of fortune, late receive a cure!
Like ships in storms o'er liquid mountains tost,
Ere they are fav'd must almost first be lost;
But you with speed forbid distress to grieve:
He gives by halves,* who hesitates to give.

Thus, when an angel views mankind distress'd,
He feels compassion pleading in his breast;
Instant the heavenly guardian cleaves the skies,
And, pleas'd to save, on wings of lightning flies.†

ADDITION.

† Few know to ask, or decently receive;
And fewer still with dignity to give:
If earn'd by flattery, gifts of highest price
Are not a bounty, but the pay of vice.
Some wildly lavish, yet no friend obtain;
Nor are they generous, but absurd and vain.
Some give with surly pride and boisterous hands,
As Jove pours rain in thunder o'er the lands.
When merit pleads, you meet it and embrace,
And give the favour lustre by the grace;
So Phæbus to his warmth a glory joins,
Blessing the world, and while he blesses shines.

* The Lord Cornwallis, in a most obliging manner, recommended the author to the rectory of Pulham.

Some

Some the vain promises of courts betray;
And gayly straying, they are pleas'd to stray;
The flattering nothing still deludes their eyes,
Seems ever near, yet ever distant flies :
As perspectives present the object nigh,
Though far remov'd from the mistaking eye ;
Against our reason fondly we believe,
Assist the fraud, and teach it to deceive :
As the faint traveller, when night invades,
Sees a false-light relieve the ambient shades,
Pleas'd he beholds the bright delusion play,
But the false guide shines only to betray :
Swift he pursues, yet still the path mistakes,
O'er dangerous marshes, or through thorny brakes;
Yet obstinate in wrong he toils to stray,
With many a weary stride, o'er many a painful way.
So man pursues the phantom of his brain,
And buys his disappointment with his pain:
At length when years invidiously destroy
The power to taste the long-expected joy,
Then fortune envious sheds her golden showers,
Malignly smiles, and curses him with stores.

Thus o'er the urns of friends departed weep
The mournful kindred, and fond vigils keep ;
Ambrosial ointments o'er their ashes shed,
And scatter useless roses on the dead ;
And when no more avail the world's delights,
The spicy odours, and the solemn rites,

With

With fruitless pomp they deck the senseless tombs,
And waste profusely floods of vain perfumes.

THE ROSE-BUD.

To the Right Honourable the Lady JANE
WHARTON.

QUEEN of fragrance, lovely Rose,
The beauties of thy leaves disclose!
The winter's past, the tempests fly,
Soft gales breathe gently through the sky;
The lark sweet warbling on the wing
Salutes the gay return of spring:
The silver dews, the vernal showers,
Call forth a bloomy waste of flowers;
The joyous fields, the shady woods,
Are cloath'd with green, or swell with buds:
Then haste thy beauties to disclose,
Queen of fragrance, lovely Rose!

Thou, beauteous flower, a welcome guest,
Shalt flourish on the fair-one's breast,
Shalt grace her hand, or deck her hair,
The flower most sweet, the nymph most fair.
Breathe soft, ye winds! be calm, ye skies!
Arise, ye flowery race, arise!

And

And haste thy beauties to disclose,
Queen of fragrance, lovely Rose!

But thou, fair nymph, thyself survey
In this sweet offspring of a day:
That miracle of face must fail;
Thy charms are sweet, but charms are frail:
Swift as the short-liv'd flower they fly,
At morn they bloom, at evening die:
Though sickness yet a while forbears,
Yet time destroys what sickness spares.
Now Helen lives alone in fame,
And Cleopatra's but a name.
Time must indent that heavenly brow,
And thou must be, what they are now.

This moral to the fair disclose,
Queen of fragrance, lovely Rose.

BELINDA AT THE BATH.

WHILE in these fountains bright Belinda laves,
She adds new virtues to the healing waves:
Thus in Bethesda's pool an angel stood,
Bad the soft waters heal, and blest the flood;
But from her eye such bright destruction flies,
In vain they flow! for her, the lover dies.

No more let Tagus boast, whose beds unfold
A shining treasure of all-conquering gold!

No more the * Po! whose wandering waters stray,
In mazy errors, through the starry way:
Henceforth these springs superior honours share;
There Venus laves, but my Belinda here.

T H E C O Y:
A N O D E.

L OVE is a noble rich repast,
But seldom should the lover taste;
When the kind fair no more restrains,
The glutton surfeits, and disdains.

To move the nymph, he tears bestows,
He vainly sighs, he falsely vows:
The tears deceive, the vows betray;
He conquers, and contemns the prey.

Thus Ammon's son with fierce delight
Smil'd at the terrors of the fight;
The thoughts of conquest charm'd his eyes,
He conquer'd, and he wept the prize.

Love, like a prospect, with delight
Sweetly deceives the distant sight,
Where the tir'd travellers survey,
O'er hanging rocks, a dangerous way.

* "——Eridanum cernes in parte locatum cœli."

Tull. in Arateis.

"Gurgite sidereo subterluit Oriona." Claud.

Ye fair that would victorious prove,
Seem but half kind, when most you love:
Damon pursues, if Cælia flies;
But when her love is born, his dies.

Had Danaë the young, the fair,
Been free and unconfin'd as air,
Free from the guards and brazen tower,
She 'd ne'er been worth a golden shower.

To the Honourable
MRS. ELIZABETH TOWNSHEND,
Afterwards Lady CORNWALLIS,
ON HER PICTURE, AT RAINHAM.

——— περίσσει γυναικῶν
Εἶδος τ' ἰδὲ φρένας.

Odyssæy, Lib. 18.

AH! cruel hand, that could such power employ
To teach the pictur'd beauty to destroy!
Singly she charm'd before; but by his skill
The living beauty and her likeness kill!
Thus when in parts the broken mirrors fall,
A face in all is seen, and charms in all!

Think then, O fairest of the fairer race,
What fatal beauties arm thy heavenly face,
Whose very shadow can such flames inspire;
We see 'tis paint, and yet we feel 'tis fire.

See!

See! with false life the lovely image glows,
 And every wondrous grace transplanted shows;
 Fatally fair the new creation reigns,
 Charms in her shape, and multiplies our pains:
 Hence the fond youth, that ease by absence found,
 Views the dear form, and bleeds at every wound;
 Thus the bright Venus, though to heaven she soar'd,
 Reign'd in her image, by the world ador'd.

Oh! wondrous power of mingled light and shades!
 Where beauty with dumb eloquence persuades,
 Where passions are beheld in picture wrought,
 And animated colours look a thought:
 Rare art! on whose command all nature waits!
 It copies all Omnipotence creates:
 Here crown'd with mountains earth expanded lies,
 There the proud seas with all their billows rise:
 If life be drawn, responsive to the thought
 The breathing figures live throughout the draught;
 The mimic bird in skies fictitious moves,
 Or fancy'd beasts in imitated groves:
 Ev'n heaven it climbs; and from the forming hands
 An angel here, and there a *Townshend stands.

Yet, painter, yet, though art with nature strive,
 Though ev'n the lovely phantom seem alive,
 Submit thy vanquish'd art! and own the draught,
 Though fair, defective, and a beauteous fault:

* Now Lady Cornwallis.

Charms, such as hers, inimitably great,
 He only can express, that can create.
 Couldst thou extract the whiteness of the snow,
 Or of its colours rob the heavenly bow,
 Yet would her beauty triumph o'er thy skill,
 Lovely in thee, herself more lovely still!

Thus in the limpid fountain we descry
 The faint resemblance of the glittering sky;
 Another sun displays his lessen'd beams,
 Another heaven adorns th' enlighten'd streams:
 But though the scene be fair, yet high above
 Th' exalted skies in nobler beauties move;
 There the true heaven's eternal lamps display
 A deluge of inimitable day.

T O M R. P O P E,

O N H I S W O R K S. 1726.

LET vulgar souls triumphal arches raise,
 And speaking marble, to record their praise;
 Or carve with fruitless toil, to fame unknown,
 The mimic feature on the breathing stone;
 Mere mortals, subject to death's total sway,
 Reptiles of earth, and beings of a day!
 'Tis thine, on every heart to grave thy praise,
 A monument which worth alone can raise;
 Sure to survive, when time shall overwhelm in dust
 The arch, the marble, and the mimic bust;
 Nor till the volumes of th' expanded sky
 Blaze in one flame, shalt Thou and Homer die;

When

When sink together in the world's last fires
What heaven created, and what heaven inspires.

If aught on earth, when once this breath is fled,
With human transport touch the mighty dead;
Shakespeare, rejoice! his hand thy page refines,
Now every scene with native brightness shines;
Just to thy fame, he gives thy genuine thought,
So Tully publish'd what Lucretius wrote;
Prun'd by his care, thy laurels loftier grow,
And bloom afresh on thy immortal brow.

Thus when thy draughts, O Raphael, time invades,
And the bold figure from the canvass fades;
A rival hand recalls from every part
Some latent grace, and equals art with art;
Transported we survey the dubious strife,
While the fair image starts again to life.

How long untun'd had Homer's sacred lyre
Larr'd grating discord, all extinct his fire!
This you beheld; and, taught by heaven to sing,
Call'd the loud music from the sounding string.
Now wak'd from slumbers of three thousand years,
Once more Achilles in dread pomp appears,
Towers o'er the field of death; as fierce he turns,
Keen flash his arms, and all the hero burns;
His plume nods horrible, his helm on high
With cheeks of iron glares against the sky;
With martial stalk, and more than mortal might,
He strides along, he meets the God in fight:

Then the pale Titans, chain'd on burning flores,
Start at the din that rends th' infernal shores;
Tremble the towers of heaven; earth rocks her coasts;
And gloomy Pluto shakes with all his ghosts.
To every theme responds thy various lay;
Here pours a torrent, there meanders play:
Sonorous as the storm thy numbers rise,
Toss the wild waves, and thunder in the skies;
Or softer than a yielding virgin's sigh,
The gentle breezes breathe away, and die.
How twangs the bow, when with a jarring spring
The whizzing arrows vanish from the string!
When giants strain, some rock's vast weight to shove,
The slow verse heaves, and the clogg'd words scarce move
But when from high it rolls, with many a bound,
Jumping it thundering whirls, and rushes to the ground
Swift flows the verse, when winged lightnings fly,
Dart from the dazzled view, and flash along the sky:
Thus, like the radiant God who sheds the day,
'The vale you paint, or gild the azure way;
And, while with every theme the verse complies,
Sink without groveling; without rashness, rise.

Proceed, great bard, awake th' harmonious string,
Be ours all Homer, still Ulysses sing!
Ev'n I, the meanest of the Muses' train,
Inflam'd by thee, attempt a nobler strain;
Adventrous waken the * Mæonian lyre,
Tun'd by your hand, and sing as you inspire:

* The author translated eight books of the *Odyssey*.

So, arm'd by great Achilles for the fight,
 Patroclus conquer'd in Achilles' might.
 Like theirs our friendship! and I boast my name
 To thine united, for thy friendship's fame.

How long Ulysses, by unskilful hands
 Stript of his robes, a beggar trod our lands,
 Such as he wander'd o'er his native coast,
 Shrunk by the *wand, and all the hero lost;
 O'er his smooth skin a bark of wrinkles spread,
 Old-age disgrac'd the honours of his head;
 Nor longer in his heavy eye-ball shin'd
 The glance divine forth-beaming from the mind:
 But you, like Pallas, every limb infold
 With royal robes, and bid him shine in gold;
 Touch'd by your hand, his manly frame improves
 With air divine, and like a God he moves.

This labour past, of heavenly subjects sing,
 While hovering angels listen on the wing;
 To hear from earth such heart-felt raptures rise,
 As, when they sing, suspended hold the skies:
 Or, nobly rising in fair virtue's cause,
 From thy own life transcribe th' unerring laws;
 Teach a bad world beneath her sway to bend,
 To verse like thine fierce savages attend,
 And men more fierce! When Orpheus tunes the lay,
 Ev'n fiends relenting hear their rage away.

* See the 16th Odysssey, ver. 186, and 476.

Part of the TENTH BOOK of the ILIADS of
HOMER.

In the Style of MILTON.

NOW high advanc'd the night, o'er all the host
Sleep shed his softest balm; restless alone
Atrides lay, and cares revolv'd on cares.

As when with rising vengeance gloomy Jove
Pours down a watery deluge, or in storms
Of hail or snow commands the goary jaws
Of war to roar; through all the kindling skies,
With flaming wings on lightnings lightnings play:
So while Atrides meditates the war,
Sighs after sighs burst from his manly breast,
And shake his inmost soul: round o'er the fields
To Troy he turns his eyes, and round beholds
A thousand fires blaze dreadful; through his ears
Passes the direful symphony of war,
Of fife, or pipe, and the loud hum of hosts
Strikes him dismay'd: Now o'er the Grecian tents
His eyes he rolls; now from his royal head
Rends the fair curl in sacrifice to Jove,
And his brave heart heaves with imperial woes.

Thus groans the thoughtful king; at length resolves
To seek the Pylian sage, in wise debate
To ripen high designs, and from the sword
Preserve his banded legions. Pale and sad
Uprose the monarch: instant o'er his breast
A robe he threw, and on his royal feet

Glitter'd

Glitter'd th' embroider'd sandals: o'er his back
 A dreadful ornament, a lion's spoils,
 With hideous grace down to his ankles hung;
 Fierce in his hand he grasp'd a glittering spear.

With equal care was Menelaus tofs'd:
 Sleep from his temples fled, his generous heart
 Felt all his people's woes, who in his cause
 Stem'd the proud main, and nobly stood in arms
 Confronting death: A leopard's spotted spoils
 Terrific clad his limbs, a brazen helm
 Beam'd on his head, and in his hand a spear.
 Forth from his tent the royal Spartan strode
 To wake the king of men; him wak'd he found
 Clasp'ing his polish'd arms; with rising joy
 The heroes meet, the Spartan thus begun:

Why thus in arms, my prince? Send'st thou some spy
 To view the Trojan host? Alas! I fear
 Lest the most dauntless sons of glorious war
 Shrink at the bold design! This task demands
 A soul resolv'd, to pass the gloom of night,
 And 'midst her legions search the powers of Troy.

O prince, he cries, in this disastrous hour
 Greece all our counsel claims, now, now demands
 Our deepest cares! the power omnipotent
 Frowns on our arms, but smiles with aspect mild
 On Hector's incense: Heavens! what son of fame,
 Renown'd in story, e'er such deeds atchiev'd
 In a whole life, as in one glorious day
 This favourite of the skies? and yet a man!

A mortal! born to die! but such his deeds
As future Grecians shall repeat with tears
To children yet unborn.—But haste, repair
To Ajax and Idomeneus: we wake
Ourselves the Pylian sage; to keep the guards
On duty, be his care; for o'er the guards
His son presides nocturnal, and in arms
His great compeer, Meriones the bold.

But say, rejoins the prince, these orders borne,
There shall I stay, or, measuring back the shores,
To thee return?——No more return, replies
The king of hosts, lest treading different ways
We meet no more; for through the camp the ways
Lie intricate and various: but aloud
Wake every Greek to martial fame and arms;
Teach them to emulate their godlike fires;
And thou awhile forget thy royal birth,
And share a soldier's cares: the proudest king
Is but exalted dust; and when great Jove
Call'd us to life, and gave us royal power,
He gave a sad preheminance of woes.

He spoke, and to the tent of Nestor turns
His step majestic: on his couch he found
The hoary warrior; all around him lay
His arms, the shield, the spears, the radiant helm,
And scarf of various dye: with these array'd,
The reverend father to the field of fame
Led his bold files; for, with a brave disdain,
Old as he was, he scorn'd the ease of age.

Sudden

Sudden the monarch starts, and half uprais'd,
 Thus to the king aloud; What art thou, say?
 Why in the camp alone? while others sleep,
 Why wandere'st thou obscure the midnight hours?
 Seek'st thou some centinel, or absent friend?
 Speak instant!—Silent to advance, is death!

O pride of Greece, the plaintive king returns,
 Here in thy tent thou Agamemnon view'st,
 A prince, the most unhappy of mankind;
 Woes I endure, which none but kings can feel,
 Which ne'er will cease until forgot in death:
 Pensive I wander through the damp of night,
 Through the cold damp of night; distress'd! alone!
 And sleep is grown a stranger to my eyes:
 The weight of all the war, the load of woes
 That presses every Greek, united falls
 On me——the cares of all the host are mine!
 Grief discomposes, and distracts my thoughts;
 My restless panting heart, as if it strove
 To force its prison, beats against my sides!
 My strength is fail'd, and even my feet refuse
 To bear so great a load of wretchedness!

But if thy wakeful cares (for o'er thy head
 Wakeful the hours glide on) have aught matur'd
 Useful, the thought unfold: but rise, my friend,
 Visit with me the watches of the night;
 Lest tir'd they sleep, while Troy with all her war
 Hangs o'er our tents, and now, perhaps ev'n now
 Arms her proud bands. Arise, my friend, arise!

To

To whom the Pylian: Think not, mighty king,
Jove ratifies vain Hector's haughty views;
A sudden, sad reverse of mighty woes
Waits that audacious victor, when in arms
Dreadful Achilles shines. But now thy steps
Nestor attends: Be it our care to wake
Sage Ithacus, and Diomed the brave,
Meges the bold, and in the race renown'd
Oilean Ajax: To the ships that guard
Outmost the camp, some other speed his way
To raise stern Ajax and the Cretan king.
But love, nor reverence to the mighty name
Of Menelaus, nor thy wrath, O king,
Shall stop my free rebuke: Sleep is a crime
When Agamemnon wakes; on him it lies
To share thy martial toils, to court the peers
To act the men: this hour claims all our cares.

Reserve, rejoins the king, for future hours
Thy generous anger: Seems the royal youth
Remiss? 'tis not through indolence of soul,
But deference to our power; for our commands
He waits, and follows when we lead the way.
This night disdaining rest, his steps he bent
To our pavilion: now th' illustrious peers,
Rais'd at his call, a chosen synod stand
Before the gates: haste, Nestor, haste away.

To whom the sage well pleas'd: In such brave hands
No Greek will envy power: with loyal joy
Subjects obey, when men of worth command.

He

He added not, but o'er his manly breast
 Flung a rich robe: beneath his royal feet
 The glittering sandals shone: a soft, large vest,
 Florid with purple wool, his aged limbs
 Graceful adorn'd: tipt with a star of brass
 A ponderous lance he grasp'd, and strode away
 To wake sage Ithacus. Aloud his voice
 He rais'd: his voice was heard, and from his tent
 Instant Ulysses sprung; and why, he cry'd,
 Why thus abroad in the chill hours of night?
 What new distress invades?—Forgive my cares,
 Reply'd the hoary sage; for Greece I wake,
 Greece and her dangers bring me to thy tent:
 But haste, our wakeful peers in council meet;
 This, this one night determines flight or war.

Swift at the word he seiz'd his ample shield,
 And strode along; and now they bend their way
 To wake the brave Tydides: him they found
 Stretch'd on the earth, array'd in shining arms,
 And round, his brave companions of the war:
 Their shields sustain'd their heads; erect their spears
 Shot through th' illumin'd air a streaming ray,
 Keen as Jove's lightning wing'd athwart the skies.
 Thus slept the chief: beneath him on the ground
 A savage bull's black hide was roll'd; his head
 A splendid carpet bore. The slumbering king
 The Pylian gently with these words awakes:

Rise, son of Tydeus! ill, a whole night's rest
 Suits with the brave! and sleep'st thou, while proud Troy
Hangs

Hangs o'er our tents, and from yon joining hill
Prepares her war? Awake, my friend, awake!

Sudden the chief awoke, and mildly gave
This soft reply: Oh! cruel to thy age,
Thou good old man! ne'er wilt thou, wilt thou cease
To burthen age with cares? Has Greece no youths
To wake the peers? unweary'd man, to bear
At once the double load of toils, and years!

'Tis true, he cry'd, my subjects and my sons
Might ease a fire, and King: but rest 's a crime
When on the edge of fate our country stands:
Ere yet a few hours more have run their course,
Important space! Greece triumphs, or Greece falls!
But, since an old man's care thy pity moves,
Haste, generous youth, with speed to council call
Meges the brave, and in the race renown'd
Oïlean Ajax.—Strait the chief obey'd,
Strait o'er his shoulders flung the shaggy spoils
Of a huge tawny lion; with dire grace
Down to his feet they hung: fierce in his hand
He grasp'd a glittering spear, and join'd the guards.
Wakeful in arms they fate, a faithful band,
As watchful dogs protect the fleecy train,
When the stern lion, furious for his prey,
Rushes through crashing woods, and on the fold
Springs from some mountain's brow, while mingled cries
Of men and hounds alarm; to every sound
Faithful they turn: so through the gloom of night
They cast their view, and caught each noise of Troy.

Now

Now met th' illustrious synod ; down they fate,
 Down on a spot of ground unstain'd with blood
 Where vengeful Hector from the slaughter stay'd
 His murderous arm, when the dark veil of night
 Sabled the pole : To whom thus Nestor spoke :

Lives there a son of fame so nobly brave,
 That Troy-ward dares to trace the dangerous way,
 To seize some straggling foe ? or learn what Troy
 Now meditates ? to pour the flood of war
 Fierce on our fleet, or back within her walls
 Lead her proud legions ? Oh ! what fame would crown
 The hero thus triumphant, prais'd o'er earth
 Above the sons of men ! And what rewards
 Should he receive ! From every grateful peer
 A fable ewe, and lamb, of highest worth
 Memorial ; to a brave, heroic heart
 The noblest prize ! and at the social feast
 Amongst the great, be his the seat of fame.

Abash'd they fate, and ev'n the brave knew fear,
 Not so Tydides : unappall'd he rose,
 And nobly spoke ! My soul ! Oh ! reverend sage,
 Fires at the bold design ; through yon black host
 Venturous I bend my way ; but, if his aid
 Some warrior lend, my courage might arise
 To nobler heights : the wise by mutual aid
 Instruct the wise, and brave men fire the brave.

Fierce at the word upstart'd frum the ground
 The stern Ajaces, fierce bold Merion rose,
 And Thrasymedes, sons of war : nor fate

The

The royal Spartan, nor great Nestor's heir,
Nor greater Ithacus; his manly heart
Swell'd at the view of fame.—Elate with joy
Atrides saw; and oh! thou best of friends,
Brave Diomed, he cries, of all the peers
Chuse thou the valiantest: when merit pleads,
Titles no deference claim; high birth and state
To valour yield, and worth is more than power.

Thus, fearing for his brother, spoke the king,
Not long! for Diomed dispels his fears.

Since free my choice, can I forget a friend,
The man, for wisdom's various arts renown'd;
The man, whose dauntless soul no toils dismay,
Ulysses, lov'd by Pallas? through his aid,
Though thousand fires oppose, a thousand fires
Oppose in vain; his wisdom points the way.

Nor praise, nor blame, the hero strait replies;
You speak to Greeks, and they Ulysses know:
But haste; swift roll the hours of night, the morn
Already hastens to display her beams,
And in the vault of heaven the stars decay.

Swift at the word they sheathe their manly limbs
Horrid in arms: a two-edg'd sword and shield
Nestor's bold son to stern Tydides gave;
A tough bull's hide his ample helmet form'd,
No cone adorn'd it, and no plummy crest
Wav'd in the air: a quiver and a bow,
And a huge faulchion, great Ulysses bears,

The

The gift of Merion: on his head an helm
 Of leather nodded, firm within, and bound
 With many a thong; without, in dreadful rows
 The snowy tusks of a huge savage boar
 Grinn'd horrible. Thus arm'd, away they stalk
 Undaunted: o'er their heads the martial maid
 Sends on the right an her'n; the ambient gloom
 Conceals him from the view, but loud in air
 They hear the clangor of his sounding wings.
 Joyful the prosperous sign Ulysses hail'd,
 And thus to Pallas: Offspring of dread Jove,
 Who hurls the burning bolts! O guardian power,
 Present in all my toils, who view'st my way
 Where'er I move, now thy coelestial aid,
 Now, goddess, lend! may deeds this night adorn,
 Deeds that all Troy may weep; may we return
 In safety by thy guidance, heavenly maid!

Tydides caught the word; and oh! he cries,
 Virgin armipotent, now grant thy aid,
 As to my fire! He by the gulphy flood
 Of deep Æsopus left th' embattled bands
 Of Greece in arms, and to imperial Thebes
 Bore terms of peace; but as from haughty Thebes
 Alone he journey'd, deeds, heroic deeds,
 His arm atchiev'd, for Tydeus was thy care:
 Thus guard his offspring, Oh! stern queen of arms;
 So shall an heifer on thy altars bleed,
 Young and untam'd; to thee her blood I pour,
 And point her lunar horns with burnish'd gold.

Thus

Thus pray the chiefs, and Pallas hears their prayer;
Then, like two lions through the shades of night,
Dauntless they stride along; and hold their way
Through blood, and mangled limbs, o'er arms and
death.

* Nor pass they far, e'er the sagacious eye
Of Ithacus discerns a distant foe
Coasting from Troy, and thus to Diomed:

See! o'er the plain some Trojan bends this way,
Perhaps to spoil the slain! or to our host
Comes he a spy? Beyond us o'er the field
'Tis best he pass, then sudden from behind
Rush we precipitant: but if in flight
His active feet prevail, thy spear employ
To force him on our lines, lest hid in shades,
Through the dusk air he re-escape to Troy.

Then couching to the ground, ambush'd they lay
Behind a hill of slain: onward the spy
Incessant mov'd: he pass'd, and now arose
The fierce pursuers. Dolon heard the sound
Of trampling feet, and panting, listening stood;
Now reach'd the chiefs within a javelin's throw,
Stern foes of Dolon! swift along the shores
He wing'd his flight, and swift along the shores
They still pursued: as when two skilful hounds,
Chace o'er the lawn the hare or bounding roe,
Still from the sheltering brake the game they turn,
Stretch every nerve, and bear upon the prey!

So ran the chiefs, and from the host of Troy
 Turn'd the swift foe: now nigh the fleet they flew,
 Now almost mingled with the guards; when lo!
 The martial goddesses breath'd heroic flames
 Fierce on Tydides' soul: the hero fear'd
 Left some bold Greek should interpose a wound,
 And ravish half the glories of the night:
 Furious he shook his lance, and, Stand, he cry'd,
 Stand, or thou dy'st: then sternly from his arm
 Launch'd the wild spear; wilful the javelin err'd,
 But, whizzing o'er his shoulder, deep in earth
 Stood quivering; and he quaking stopp'd aghast;
 His teeth all chatter'd, and his slack knees knock'd;
 He seem'd the bloodless image of pale fear.
 Panting the spy they seize; who thus with tears
 Abject intreats: Spare me, oh! spare, he cries;
 My hoary fire your mercy shall repay,
 Soon as he hears I draw the vital air,
 With ample wealth, with steel, with brags, with gold.

To whom Ulysses artfully: Be bold:
 Far hence the thought of death! but instant say
 Why thus alone in the still hours of night
 While every eye is clos'd? to spoil the slain
 Com'st thou rapacious? or some nightly spy
 By Hector sent? or has thy venturous mind
 Impell'd thee to explore our martial bands?

By Hector sent, and by rewards undone,
 Returns the spy, (still as he spoke he shook)

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P

I come

I come unwilling: the refulgent car
 He promis'd, and immortal steeds that bear
 To fight, the great Achilles: thus betray'd,
 Through the dun shades of night I bend my way
 Unprosperous, to explore the tented host
 Of adverse Greece, and learn if now they stand
 Wakeful on guard, or vanquish'd by our arms
 Precipitant desert the shores of Troy.

To whom with smiles of scorn the sage returns:
 Bold were thy aims, O youth! But those proud steeds,
 Restive, disdain the use of vulgar hands;
 Scarce ev'n the goddess-born, when the loud din
 Of battle roars, subdues them to the rein
 Reluctant: But this night where Hector sleeps
 Faithful disclose: Where stand the warrior's steeds?
 Where lie his arms and implements of war?
 What guards are kept nocturnal? Say, what Troy
 Now meditates? to pour the tide of fight
 Fierce on our fleet, or back within her walls
 Transfer the war?—To these demands, he cries,
 Faithful my tongue shall speak: The peers of Troy
 Hector in council meets: round Ilus' tomb
 Apart from noise they stand: no guards surround
 The spacious host: where through the gloom yon fire
 Blaze frequent, Trojans wake to guard their Troy;
 Secure th' auxiliars sleep, no tender cares
 Of wife or son disturb their calm repose,
 Safe sleep their wives and sons on foreign shores.

But

But say, apart encamp th' auxiliar bands,
Replies the sage, or join the powers of Troy?

Along the sea-beat shores, returns the spy,
The Leleges and Carians stretch their files;
Near these the Caucons, and Pelasgian train,
And Pæons, dreadful with the battle-bow,
Extended lie; on the Thymbrean plain
The Lycians and the Mysians in array
Spread their deep ranks: There the Mæonian bands,
And Phrygians, range the fiery steeds of war.
But why this nice enquiry? If your way
Venturous you bend to search the host of Troy,
There in yon outmost lines, a recent aid,
The Thracians lie, by Rhesus led, whose steeds
Outline the snow, outfly the winged winds.
With glittering silver plates, and radiant gold
His chariot flames; gold forms his dazzling arms,
Arms that may grace a God!—But to your tents
Unhappy me convey; or bound with chains,
Fast bound with cruel chains, sad on the shores
Here leave me captive, till you safe return,
And witness to the truth my tongue unfolds.

To whom stern-frowning Diomed replies:
Though every syllable be stamp'd with truth,
Dolon, thou dy'st: would'st thou once more return
Darkling a spy, or wage, a nobler foe,
New war on Greece? Traytor, thou dy'st; nor more
New war thou wagest, nor return'st a spy.

He spoke terrific: and as Dolon rais'd
 Suppliant his humble hands, the trenchant blade
 Sheer through his neck descends; the furious blow
 Cleaves the tough nerves in twain; down drops the
 head,

And mutters unintelligible sounds.

Strait they despoil the dead: the wolf's grey hide
 They seize, the helm, the spear, and battle-bow:
 These, as they dropp'd with gore, on high in air
 Ulysses rais'd, and to the Martial Maid
 Thus lowly consecrates: Stern power of war,
 Virgin armipotent, receive these arms,
 Propitious to my vows, thee, goddess, thee
 Chiefly I call: Direct our prosperous way
 To pierce the Thracian tents, to seize the steeds
 Of Rhesus, and the car that flames with gold.

Then fierce o'er broken arms, through streams of
 blood

They move along: now reach the Thracian bands
 All hush'd in sleep profound; their shining arms
 Rang'd in three ranks along the plain, around
 Illumin'd the dun air: Chariot and horse
 By every Thracian stood: Rhesus their king
 Slept in the center of the circling bands,
 And his proud steeds were rein'd behind his car.
 With joy Ulysses through the gloom descry'd
 The sleeping king; and lo! he cries, the steeds,
 Lo! Diomed, the chief of Thrace, this night
 Describ'd by Dolon: Now, oh! now, thy strength

Dauntless

Dauntless exert! loose thou the furious steeds;
 Or while the steeds I loose, with slaughtering hands
 Invade the soldiery: He spoke, and now
 The Queen of Arms inflam'd Tydides' soul
 With all her martial fires: his reeking blade
 On every side dealt fate; low, hollow groans
 Murmur'd around, blood o'er the crimson field
 Well'd from the slain: As in his nightly haunts
 The surly lion rushes on the fold
 Of sheep, or goat, and rends th' unguarded prey;
 So he the Thracian bands: Twelve by his sword
 Lay breathless on the ground: behind him stood
 Sage Ithacus, and, as the warrior slew,
 Swift he remov'd the slain, lest the fierce steeds,
 Not yet inur'd to blood, should trembling start,
 Impatient of the dead: Now o'er the king
 He whirls his wrathful blade, now furious gores
 His heaving chest: he wak'd not; but a dream
 By Pallas sent, rose in his anxious thoughts;
 A visionary warrior frowning stood
 Fast by his head, and his ærial sword
 Plung'd through his labouring breast: Mean while the
 steeds
 The sage unbinds, and instant with his bow
 Drives through the sleeping ranks: Then to his friend
 Gave signals of retreat; but nobler deeds
 He meditates, to drag the radiant car,
 Or lift it through the threefold ranks, up-born
 High on his shoulders, or with slaughter stain
 Th' ensanguin'd field; when, lo! the Martial Maid

Down rushes from the battlements of heaven,
 And sudden cries, Return, brave chief, return,
 Left from the skies some guardian power of Troy
 Wrathful descend, and rouse the hostile bands.

Thus speaks the Warrior Queen: the heavenly voice
 Tydides owns, and mounts the fiery steeds,
 Observant of the high command; the bow
 Sage Ithacus apply'd, and tow'rd the tents
 Scourg'd the proud steeds, the steeds flew o'er the plain.

A P A S T O R A L,

To a Young LADY, upon her leaving, and return to,
 the Country.

DAMON.

SAY, while each scene so beautiful appears,
 Why heaves thy bosom, and why flow thy tears?
 See! from the clouds the spring descends in showers,
 The painted vallies laugh with rising flowers:
 Smooth flow the floods, soft breathe the vernal airs;
 The spring, flowers, floods, conspire to charm our cares.

FLORUS.

But vain the pleasure which the season yields,
 The laughing vallies, or the painted fields.
 No more, ye floods, in silver mazes flow;
 Smile not, ye flowers; no more, soft breezes, blow:
 Far, Damon, far from these unhappy groves,
 The cruel, lovely Rosalinda roves.

DAMON.

DAMON.

Ah! now I know why late the opening buds
 Clos'd up their gems, and sicken'd in the woods;
 Why droop'd the lily in her snowy pride;
 And why the rose withdrew her sweets, and dy'd:
 For thee, fair Rosalind, the opening buds
 Clos'd up their gems, and sicken'd in the woods;
 For thee the lily shed her snowy pride;
 For thee the rose withdrew her sweets, and dy'd.

FLORUS.

See! where yon vine in soft embraces weaves
 Her wanton ringlets with the myrtle's leaves;
 There tun'd sweet Philomel her sprightly lay,
 Both to the rising and the falling day:
 But since fair Rosalind forsook the plains,
 Sweet Philomel no more renews her strains;
 With sorrow dumb, she disregards her lay,
 Nor greets the rising nor the falling day.

DAMON.

Say, O ye winds, that range the distant skies,
 Now swell'd to tempests by my rising sighs;
 Say, while my Rosalind deserts these shores,
 How Damon dies for whom his soul adores.

FLORUS.

Ye murmuring fountains, and ye wandering floods,
 That visit various lands through various roads;

Say, when ye find where Rosalind resides,
Say, how my tears increase your swelling tides.

D A M O N.

Tell me, I charge you, O ye sylvan swains!
Who range the mazy grove, or flowery plains,
Beside what fountain, in what breezy bower,
Reclines my charmer in the noon-tide hour!

F L O R U S.

Soft, I adjure you, by the skipping fawns,
By the fleet roes, that bound along the lawns;
Soft tread, ye virgin daughters of the grove,
Nor with your dances wake my sleeping love!

D A M O N.

Return, O virgin! and if proud disdain
Arm thy fierce soul, return, enjoy my pain;
If pleas'd thou view'st a faithful lover's cares,
Thick rise, ye sighs; in floods descend, ye tears!

F L O R U S.

Return, O virgin! while in verdant meads
By springs we sport, or dream on flowery beds;
She weary wanders through the desert way,
The food of wolves, or hungry lions' prey.

D A M O N.

Ah! shield her, heaven! your rage, ye beasts, forbear!
Those are not limbs for savages to tear!

Adieu,

Adieu, ye meads! with her through wilds I go
O'er burning sands, or everlasting snow;
With her I wander through the desert way,
The food of wolves, or hungry lions' prey.

F L O R U S.

Come, Rosalind, before the wintry clouds
Frown o'er th' ærial vault, and rush in floods;
Ere raging storms howl o'er the frozen plains;
Thy charms may suffer by the storms or rains.

D A M O N.

Come, Rosalind, O come; then infant flowers
Shall bloom and smile, and form their charms by yours:
By you, the lily shall her white compose;
Your blush shall add new blushes to the rose;
Each flowery mead, and every tree shall bud,
And fuller honours cloath the youthful wood.

F L O R U S.

Yet, ah! forbear to urge thy homeward way,
While sultry suns infest the glowing day:
The sultry suns thy beauties may impair!—
Yet haste away! for thou art now too fair.

D A M O N.

Hark! from yon bower what airs soft-warbled play!
My soul takes wing to meet th' enchanting lay:
Silence, ye nightingales! attend the voice!
While thus it warbles, all your songs are noise.

F L O R U S.

FLORUS.

See! from the bower a form majestic moves,
 And smoothly gliding shines along the groves;
 Say, comes a goddess from the golden spheres?
 A goddess comes, or Rosalind appears!

DAMON.

Shine forth, thou sun, bright ruler of the day;
 And where she treads, ye flowers, adorn the way!
 Rejoice, ye groves; my heart, dismiss thy cares!
 My Goddess comes, my Rosalind appears!

POVERTY AND POETRY.

'T WAS sung of old how one Amphion
 Could by his verses tame a lion,
 And, by his strange enchanting tunes,
 Make bears or wolves dance rigadoons:
 His songs could call the timber down,
 And form it into house or town;
 But it is plain that in these times
 No house is rais'd by poets' rhymes;
 They for themselves can only rear
 A few wild castles in the air;
 Poor are the brethren of the bays,
 Down from high strains, to ekes and ayes.
 The Muses too are virgins yet,
 And may be—till they portions get.

Yet

Yet still the doating rhymers dream,
 And fings of Helicon's bright streams;
 But Helicon, for all his clatter,
 Yields only uninspiring water;
 Yet ev'n athirst he sweetly fings
 Of Nectar, and Elysian springs.

What dire malignant planet sheds,
 Ye bards, his influence on your heads?
 Lawyers, by endless controversies,
 Consume unthinking clients' purses,
 As Pharoah's kine, which strange and odd is,
 Devour'd the plump and well-fed bodies.

The grave physician, who by physic,
 Like death, dispatches him that is sick,
 Pursues a sure and thriving trade;
 Though patient's die, the doctor 's paid:
 Licens'd to kill, he gains a palace,
 For what another mounts the gallows.

In shady groves the Muses stray,
 And love in flowery meads to play;
 An idle crew! whose only trade is
 To shine in trifles, like our ladies;
 In dressing, dancing, toying, singing,
 While wiser Pallas thrives by spinning:
 Thus they gain nothing to bequeath
 Their votaries, but a laurel wreath.

But love rewards the bard! the fair
 Attend his song, and ease his care:

Alas!

Alas! fond youth, your plea you urge ill
 Without a jointure, though a Virgil:
 Could you like Phœbus sing, in vain
 You nobly swell the lofty strain;
 Coy Daphne flies, and you will find as
 Hard hearts as hers in your Belindas.

But then some say you purchase fame,
 And gain that envy'd prize, a name;
 Great recompence! like his who sells
 A diamond, for beads and bells.
 Will fame be thought sufficient bail
 To keep the poet from the jail?

Thus the brave soldier, in the wars,
 Gets empty praise, and aking scars;
 Is paid with fame and wooden legs;
 And starv'd, the glorious vagrant begs.

TO A LADY
 PLAYING WITH A SNAKE.

IT is a pleasing, direful fight!
 At once you charm us, and affright!
 So heaven destroying angels arms
 With terror, dreadful in their charms!

Such, such was Cleopatra's air,
 Lovely, but formidably fair,
 When the griev'd world impoverish'd lost,
 By the dire asp, its noblest boast.

Aw'd

Aw'd by your guardian's dangerous power,
At distance trembling we adore;
At distance, once again behold
A serpent guard the blooming gold.

Well pleas'd, and harmless, lo! he lies,
Basks in the sunshine of your eyes;
Now twists his spires, and now unfurls
The gay confusion of his curls.

Oh! happy on your breast to lie,
As that bright * star that gilds the sky,
Who ceasing in the spheres to shine,
Would, for your breast, his heaven resign

Yet, oh! fair virgin, caution take,
Lest some bold cheat assume the snake.
When Jove compress'd the † Grecian dame,
Aloof he threw the lightning's flame;
On radiant spires the lover rode,
And in the snake conceal'd the God.

TO A L A D Y O F T H I R T Y.

N O more let youth its beauty boast,
S ——— n at Thirty reigns a toast,
And, like the sun as he declines,
More mildly, but more sweetly shines.

* The Scorpion.

† Olympias, mother of Alexander the Great.

The

The hand of Time alone disarms
Her face of its superfluous charms;
But adds, for every grace resign'd,
A thousand to adorn her mind.

Youth was her too inflaming time;
This, her more habitable clime:
How must she then each heart engage,
Who blooms like youth, is wise like age!

Thus the rich orange-trees produce
At once both ornament, and use:
Here opening blossoms we behold,
There fragrant orbs of ripen'd gold.

ON THE BIRTH-DAY
OF MR. ROBERT TREFUSIS,

BEING THREE YEARS OLD, MARCH 22, 1710-11.

AWAKE, sweet babe! the sun's emerging ray,
That gave you birth, renews the happy day!
Calmly serene, and glorious to the view,
He marches forth, and strives to look like you.

VARIATIONS.

WHY, lovely babe, does slumber seal your eyes?
See, fair Aurora blushes in the skies!
The sun, which gave you birth, in bright array
Begins his course, and ushers in the day.
Calmly serene, and glorious to the view,
He marches forth, and strives to look like you.

Fair

Fair beauty's bud! when time shall stretch thy span,
 Confirm thy charms, and ripen thee to man,
 What plenteous fruits thy blossoms shall produce,
 And yield not barren ornament, but use!
 Ev'n now thy spring a rich increase prepares
 To crown thy riper growth, and manly years.

Thus in the kernel's intricate disguise,
 In miniature a little orchard lies;
 The fibrous labyrinths by just degrees
 Stretch their swoln cells, replete with future trees;

Fair beauty's bud! when time shall stretch thy span,
 Confirm thy charms, and ripen thee to man,
 How shall each swain, each beauteous nymph complain,
 For love each nymph, for envy every swain!
 What matchless charms shall thy full noon adorn,
 When so admir'd, so glorious, is thy morn!
 So glorious is thy morn of life begun,
 That all to thee with admiration run,
 Turn Persians, and adore the rising Sun.
 So fair thou art, that if great Cupid be
 A child, as poets say; sure thou art he.
 Fair Venus would mistake thee for her own,
 Did not thy eyes proclaim thee not her son.
 There all the lightnings of thy mother's shine,
 Their radiant glory and their sweetness join,
 To shew their fatal power, and all their charms, in thine.
 If fond Narcissus in the crystal stood,
 A form like thine, O lovely infant, view'd,
 Well might the flame the pining youth destroy;
 Excess of beauty justified the boy.

By

By time evolv'd, the spreading branches rise,
Yield their rich fruits, and shoot into the skies.

O lovely babe, what lustre shall adorn
Thy noon of beauty, when so bright thy morn!
Shine forth advancing with a brighter ray,
And may no vice o'ercloud thy future day!
With nobler aims instruct thy soul to glow,
Than those gay trifles, titles, wealth, and show:
May valour, wisdom, learning, crown thy days!
Those fools admire—these heaven and angels praise!*

With riches blest, to heaven those riches lend,
The poor man's guardian, and the good man's friend:
Bid virtuous sorrow smile, scorn'd merit cheer,
And o'er affliction pour the generous tear.

ADDITION.

* To brace the mind to dignity of thought,
To emulate what godlike Tully wrote,
Be this thy early wish! The garden breeds,
If unimprov'd, at least but gaudy weeds:
And stubborn youth, by culture unsubdued,
Lies wildly barren, or but gayly rude.
Yet, as some Phidias gives the marble life,
While Art with Nature holds a dubious strife,
Adorns a rock with graces not its own,
And calls a Venus from the rugged stone;
So culture aids the human soul to rise,
To scorn the sordid earth, and mount the skies,
Till by degrees the noble guest refines,
Claims her high birthright, and divinely shines.

Some,

Some, wildly liberal, squander, not bestow,
 And give unprais'd, because they give for show:
 To sanctify thy wealth, on worth employ
 Thy gold, and to a blessing turn the toy:
 Thus offerings from th' unjust pollute the skies,
 The good, turn smoke into a sacrifice.

As when an artist plans a favourite draught,
 The structures rise responsive to the thought;
 A palace grows beneath his forming hands,
 Or worthy of a God a temple stands:
 Such is thy rising frame! by heaven design'd
 A temple, worthy of a godlike mind;
 Nobly adorn'd, and finish'd to display
 A fuller beam of heaven's ethereal ray.

May all thy charms increase, O lovely boy!
 Spare them, ye pains, and age alone destroy!
 So fair thou art, that if great Cupid be
 A child, the God might boast to look like thee!
 When young Iulus' form he deign'd to wear,
 Such were his smiles, and such his winning air:
 Ev'n Venus might mistake thee for her own,
 Did not thy eyes proclaim thee not her son;
 Thence all the lightning of thy mother's flies,
 A Cupid, grac'd with Cytheræa's eyes!

Yet ah! how short a date the powers decree
 To that bright frame of beauties, and to thee!
 As a few days, and all those beauties fly!
 As a few years, and thou, alas! shalt die!
 Then all thy kindred, all thy friends shall see
 With tears, what now thou art, and they must be;

A pale, cold, lifeless lump of earth deplore!
Such shalt thou be, and kings shall be no more!

But oh! when, ripe for death, fate calls thee hence,
Sure lot of every mortal excellence!
When, pregnant as the womb, the teeming earth
Requies thee quicken'd to thy second birth,
Rise, cloath'd with beauties that shall never die!
A faint on earth! an angel in the sky!

TO A GENTLEMAN OF SEVENTY,
WHO MARRIED A LADY OF SIXTEEN.

WHAT woes must such unequal union bring,
When hoary Winter weds the youthful Spring
You, like Mezentius,* in the nuptial bed,
Once more unite the living to the dead.

THE FORTY-THIRD CHAPTER OF
ECCLESIASTICUS.

A PARAPHRASE.

THE sun, that rolls his beamy orb on high,
Pride of the world, and glory of the sky,
Illustrious in his course, in bright array
Marches along the heavens, and scatters day
O'er earth, and o'er the main, and through th' ethereal way.

- * "The living and the dead, at his command,
"Were coupled face to face, and hand to hand."

DRYDEN'S Virgil, *Æn.* viii.

He in the morn renews his radiant round,
 And warms the fragrant bosom of the ground;
 But ere the noon of day, in fiery gleams
 He darts the glory of his blazing beams;
 Beneath the burnings of his sultry ray,
 Earth to her centre pierc'd admits the day;
 Huge vales expand, where rivers roll'd before,
 And lessen'd seas contract within their shore.

O! Power supreme! O! high above all height!
 Thou gav'st the sun to shine, and thou art light:
 Whether he falls or rises in the skies,
 He by thy voice is taught to fall or rise;
 Swiftly he moves, refulgent in his sphere,
 And measures out the day, the month, and year;
 He drives the hours along with slower pace,
 The minutes rush away impetuous in their race:
 He wakes the flowers that sleep within the earth,
 And calls the fragrant infants out to birth;
 The fragrant infants paint th' enamel'd vales,
 And native incense loads the balmy gales;
 The balmy gales the fragrancy convey
 To heaven, and to their God an offering pay.

By thy command the moon, as day-light fades,
 Lifts her broad circle in the deepening shades;
 Array'd in glory, and enthron'd in light,
 She breaks the solemn terrors of the night;
 Sweetly inconstant in her varying flame,
 She changes still, another, yet the same!

Q 2

Now

Now in decrease by slow degrees she shrouds
Her fading lustre in a veil of clouds;
Now at increase, her gathering beams display
A blaze of light, and give a paler day;
Ten thousand stars adorn her glittering train,
Fall when she falls, and rise with her again;
And o'er the deserts of the sky unfold
Their burning spangles of sidereal gold:
Through the wide heavens she moves serenely bright,
Queen of the gay attendants of the night;
Orb above orb in sweet confusion lies,
And with a bright disorder paints the skies.

The Lord of Nature fram'd the showery bow,
Turn'd its gay arch, and bade its colours glow:
Its radiant circle compasses the skies,
And sweetly the rich tinctures faint, and rise;
It bids the horrors of the storm to cease,
Adorns the clouds, and makes the tempest please.

He, when deep-rolling clouds blot out the day,
And thunderous storms a solemn gloom display,
Pours down a watery deluge from on high,
And opens all the sluices of the sky:
High o'er the shores the rushing surge prevails,
Bursts o'er the plain, and roars along the vales;
Dashing abruptly, dreadful down it comes,
Tumbling through rocks, and tosses, whirls and foams:
Mean time, from every region of the sky,
Red burning bolts in forked vengeance fly;

Dreadfully

Dreadfully bright o'er seas and earth they glare,
And bursts of thunder rend th' encumber'd air;
At once the thunders of th' Almighty sound,
Heaven lours, descend the floods, and rocks the ground.

He gives the furious whirlwind wings to fly,
To rend the earth, and wheel along the sky;
In circling eddies whirl'd, it roars aloud,
Drives wave on wave, and dashes cloud on cloud;
Where'er it moves, it lays whole forests low;
And at the blast, eternal mountains bow;
While, tearing up the sands, in drifts they rise,
And half the deserts mount the burthen'd skies.

He from aërial treasures downward pours
Sheets of unfully'd snow in lucid showers;
Flake after flake, through air thick-wavering flies,
Till one vast shining waste all nature lies:
Then the proud hills a virgin whiteness shed,
A dazzling brightness glitters from the mead;
The hoary trees reflect a silver show,
And groves beneath the lovely burden bow.

He from loose vapours with an icy chain
Binds the round hail, and moulds the harden'd rain:
The stony tempest, with a rushing sound,
Beats the firm glebe, resulting from the ground;
Swiftly it falls, and as it falls invades
The rising herb, or breaks the spreading blades:
While infant flowers that rais'd their bloomy heads,
Crush'd by its fury, sink into their beds.

Q3

When

When stormy Winter from the frozen North
Borne on his icy chariot issues forth,
The blasted groves their verdant pride resign,
And billows harden'd into crystal shine:
Sharp blows the rigour of the piercing winds,
And the proud floods as with a breast-plate binds:
Ev'n the proud seas forget in tides to roll
Beneath the freezings of the Northern pole;
There waves on waves in solid mountains rise,
And Alps of ice invade the wondering skies;
While gulphs below, and slippery vallies lie,
And with a dreadful brightness pain the eye:
But if warm winds a warmer air restore,
And softer breezes bring a genial shower,
The genial shower revives the cheerful plain,
And the huge hills flow down into the main.

When the seas rage, and loud the ocean roars,
When foaming billows lash the sounding shores;
If he in thunder bid the waves subside,
The waves obedient sink upon the tide,
A sudden peace controls the limpid deep,
And the still waters in soft silence sleep.
Then heaven lets down a golden-streaming ray,
And all the broad expansion flames with day:
In the clear glass the mariners descry
A sun inverted, and a downward sky.

They who adventurous plough the watery way,
The dreadful wonders of the deep survey;

Familiar

Familiar with the storms, their sails unbind,
Tempt the rough blast, and bound before the wind:
Now high they mount, now shoot into a vale,
Now smooth their course, and scud before the gale;
There rolling monsters, arm'd in scaly pride,
Flounce in the billows, and dash round the tide;
There huge Leviathan unwieldy moves,
And through the waves, a living island, roves;
In dreadful pastime terribly he sports,
And the vast ocean scarce his weight supports;
Where'er he turns, the hoary deeps divide;
He breathes a tempest, and he spouts a tide.

Thus, Lord, the wonders of earth, sea, and air,
Thy boundless wisdom and thy power declare;
Thou high in glory, and in might serene,
See'st and mov'st all, thyself unmov'd, unseen:
Should men and angels join in songs to raise
A grateful tribute equal to thy praise,
Yet far thy glory would their praise outshine,
Though men and angels in the song should join;
For though this earth with skill divine is wrought,
Above the guess of man, or angel's thought,
Yet in the spacious regions of the skies
New scenes unfold, and worlds on worlds arise;
There other orbs, round other suns advance,
Float on the air, and run their mystic dance;
And yet the power of thy Almighty hand
Can build another world from every sand:
And though vain man arraign thy high decree,
Still this is just! what is, that ought to be.

THE CONCLUSION OF AN EPILOGUE

To Mr. SOUTHERN's last Play, called *MONEY THE MISTRESS*,

THERE was a time, when in his younger years,
 Our author's scenes commanded smiles or tears;
 And though beneath the weight of days he bends,
 Yet, like the sun, he shines as he descends:
 Then with applause, in honour to his age,
 Dismiss your veteran soldier *off the stage;
 Crown his last exit with distinguish'd praise,
 And kindly hide his †baldness with the bays.

T H E P A R T I N G,
 A S O N G,

Set by Dr. TUDWAY, Professor of Music in Cambridge.

WHEN from the plains Belinda fled,
 The sad Amintor sigh'd;
 And thus, while streams of tears he shed,
 The mournful shepherd cry'd:

“ Move slow, ye hours! thou, time, delay!

“ Prolong the bright Belinda's stay:

“ But you, like her, my prayer deny,

“ And cruelly away ye fly.

* From the stage.

† Alluding to a vote of the Roman senate, by which they decreed Cæsar a crown of laurel to cover his baldness.

“ Yet

" Yet though she flies, she leaves behind
 " Her lovely image in my mind.
 " O! fair Belinda, with me stay,
 " Or take thy image too away!

 " See! how the fields are gay around,
 " How painted flowers adorn the ground!
 " As if the fields, as well as I,
 " Were proud to please my fair-one's eye.

 " But now, ye fields, no more be gay;
 " No more, ye flowers, your charms display!
 " 'Tis desert all, now you are fled,
 " And paradise is where you tread."

Unmov'd the virgin flies his cares,
 To shine at court and play:
 To lonely shades the youth repairs,
 To weep his life away.

O N A F L O W E R

WHICH BELINDA GAVE ME FROM HER BOSOM.

O! lovely offspring of the May,
 Whence flow thy balmy odours, say!
 Such odours—not the orient boasts!
 Though Paradise adorn'd the coasts!
 O! sweeter than each flower that blooms,
 This fragrance from thy bosom comes!
 Thence, thence such sweets are spread abroad,
 As might be incense for a God!

When

When Venus stood conceal'd from view,
 Her son, the latent *Goddeſs knew,
 Such ſweets breath'd round! and thus we know
 Our other Venus here below.

But ſee! my faireſt, ſee this flower,
 This ſhort-liv'd beauty of an hour!—
 Such are thy charms!—yet Zephyrs bring
 The flower to bloom again in ſpring:
 But beauty, when it once declines,
 No more to warm the lover ſhines:
 Alas! inceſſant ſpeeds the day,
 When thou ſhalt be but common clay!
 When I, who now adore, may ſee,
 And ev'n with horror ſtart from Thee!

But ere, ſweet gift, thy grace conſumes,
 Show thou my fair-one how ſhe blooms!
 Put forth thy charms:—and then declare
 Thyſelf leſs ſweet, thyſelf leſs fair!
 Then ſudden, by a ſwift decay,
 Let all thy beauties fade away;
 And let her in thy glaſs deſcry,
 How youth, and how frail beauty die.

Ah! turn, my charmer, turn thy eyes!
 See! how at once it fades, it dies!

* Ambroſiæque comæ divinum vertice odorem
 Spiravêre,

VIRG.

While

While thine—it gaily pleas'd the view,
 Unfaded, as before it grew!
 Now, from thy bosom doom'd to stray,
 'Tis only beauteous in decay:
 So the sweet-smelling Indian flowers,
 Griev'd when they leave those happier shores,
 Sicken, and die away in ours.
 So flowers, in Eden fond to blow,
 In Paradise would only grow.

}

Nor wonder, fairest, to survey
 The flower so suddenly decay!
 Too cold thy breast! *nor can it grow
 Between such little hills of snow.

I now, vain infidel, no more
 Deride th' Ægyptians, who adore
 The rising herb, and blooming flower;
 Now, now their convert I will be,
 O lovely flower! to worship thee.

}

But if thou 'rt one of their sad train
 Who dy'd for love, and cold disdain,
 Who, chang'd by some kind pitying power,
 A †lover once, art now a flower;
 O pity me, O weep my care,
 A thousand, thousand pains I bear,
 I love, I die through deep despair!

}

VARIATION.

* — how could it grow.

† See Ovid's *Metamorph.*

The

THE STORY OF TALUS,

From the Fourth Book of Apollonius Rhodius. V. 1629.

Ἦμος δ' ἥελις μινῆδον, ἀνὰ δ' ἤλυθεν ἀστὴρ
 Αὔλις, &c.

THE evening-star now lifts, as day-light fades,
 His golden circlet in the deepening shades;
 Stretch'd at his ease, the weary labourer shares
 A sweet forgetfulness of human cares;
 At once in silence sink the sleeping gales;
 The mast *they drop, and furl the flagging sails;
 All night, all day, they ply the bending oars
 Tow'rd Carpathus, and reach the rocky shores:
 Thence Crete they view, emerging from the main,
 The queen of isles; but Crete they view in vain;
 There Talus, whirling with resistless sway
 Rocks sheer uprent, repels them from the bay:
 A giant, sprung from giant-race, who took
 Their births from entrails of the stubborn oak;
 Fierce guard of Crete! by Jove assistant given
 To †legislators, styl'd the sons of heaven:
 To mercy deaf, he thrice each year explores
 The trembling isle, and strides from shores to shores:
 A form of living brass! one part beneath
 Alone he bears, a path to let in death,
 Where o'er the ankle swells the turgid vein,
 Soft to the stroke, and sensible of pain.

* Argonauts.

† Minos and Rhadamanthus.

And

And now her magic spells * Medea tries,
 Bids the red fiends, the dogs of Orcus rise,
 That, starting dreadful from th' infernal shade,
 Ride heaven in storms, and all that breathes, invade;
 Thrice she applies the power of magic prayer,
 Thrice, hellward bending, mutters charms in air;
 Then, turning tow'rd the foe, bids mischief fly,
 And looks destruction as she points her eye:
 Then spectres, rising from Tartarean bowers,
 Howl round in air, or grin along the shores;
 While, †tearing up whole hills, the giant throws,
 Outrageous, rocks on rocks, to crush the foes:
 But, frantic as he strides, a sudden wound
 Bursts the life-vein, and blood o'erspreads the ground:
 As from the furnace, in a burning flood,
 Pours molten lead, so pours in streams his blood;
 And now he staggers, as the spirit flies,
 He faints, he sinks, he tumbles, and he dies.
 As some huge cedar on a mountain's brow,
 Pierc'd by the steel, expects the final blow,
 A while it totters with alternate sway,
 Till freshening breezes through the branches play;
 Then, tumbling downward with a thundering sound,
 Falls headlong, and o'erspreads a breadth of ground:
 So, as the giant falls, the ocean roars;
 Out-stretch'd he lies, and covers half the shores.

* V. 1665.

† V. 1679.

From the ELEVENTH BOOK of the ILIADS of
HOMER.

In the Style of MILTON.

NOW gay Aurora from Tithonus' bed
Rose in the orient, to proclaim the day
To Gods and men: down to the Grecian tents
Saturnian Jove sends Discord, red with blood;
War in her hand she grasps, ensigns of war;
On brave Ulysses' ship she took her stand,
The centre of the host, that all might hear
Her dreadful voice: her dreadful voice she rais'd;
Jarring along the rattling shores it ran
To the fleet's wide extremes. Achilles heard,
And Ajax heard the sound: with martial fires
Now every bosom burns; arms, glorious arms,
Fierce they demand; the noble Orthian song
Swells every heart; no coward thoughts of flight
Rise in their souls, but blood they breathe and war.

Now by the * trench profound, the charioteers
Range their proud steeds; now car by car displays
A direful front; now o'er the trembling field
Rushes th' embattled foot; noise rends the skies,
Noise unextinguish'd: ere the beamy day
Flam'd in th' ærial vault, stretch'd in the van
Stood the bold infantry: the rushing cars
Form'd the deep rear in battailous array.

* V. 48.

Now

Now from his heavens Jove hurls his burning bolts;
 Hoarse muttering thunders grumble in the sky;
 While from the clouds, instead of morning-dews,
 Huge drops of blood distain the crimson ground;
 Fatal presage! that in that dreadful day
 The great should bleed, imperial heads lie low!

Mean time the bands of Troy in proud array
 Stand to their arms, and from a rising ground
 Breathe furious war: Here gathering hosts attend
 The towering Hector: there refulgent bands
 Surround Polydamas, Æneas there
 Marshals his dauntless files; nor unemploy'd
 Stand Polybus, Agenor great in arms,
 And Acamas, whose frame the Gods endow'd
 With more than mortal charms: fierce in the van
 Stern Hector shines, and shakes his blazing shield.
 As the fierce dog-star with malignant fires
 Flames in the front of heaven, then, lost in clouds,
 Veils his pernicious beams; from rank to rank
 So Hector strode; now dreadful in the van
 Advanc'd his sun-broad shield, now to the rear
 Swift rushing disappear'd: His radiant arms
 Blaz'd on his limbs, and bright as Jove's dire bolts
 Flash'd o'er the field, and lighten'd to the skies.

As toiling reapers in some spacious field,
 Rang'd in two bands, move adverse, rank on rank
 Where o'er the tilth the grain in ears of gold
 Waves nodding to the breeze; at once they bend,
 At once the copious harvest swells the ground:
 So rush to battle o'er the dreadful field

Host

Host against host; they meet, they close, and ranks
 Tumble on ranks; no thoughts appear of flight,
 None of dismay: dubious in even scales
 The battle hangs; not fiercer, ravenous wolves
 Dispute the prey; the deathful scene with joy
 Discord, dire parent of tremendous woes,
 Surveys exultant: of th' immortal train
 Discord alone descends, assists alone
 The horrors of the field; in peace the Gods
 High in Olympian bowers on radiant thrones
 Lament the works of man; but loud complaints
 From every God arose; Jove favour'd Troy,
 At partial Jove they murmur'd: he unmov'd
 All heaven in murmurs heard, apart he fate
 Enthron'd in glory: down to earth he turn'd
 His stedfast eye, and from his throne survey'd
 The rising towers of Troy, the tented shores,
 The blaze of arms, the slayer and the slain.

While, with his morning wheels, the God of day
 Climb'd up the steep of heaven, with equal rage
 In murderous storms the shafts from host to host
 Flew adverse, and in equal numbers fell
 Promiscuous Greek and Trojan, till the hour
 When the tir'd woodman in the shady vale
 Spreads his penurious meal, when high the sun
 Flames in the zenith, and his finewy arms
 Scarce wield the ponderous ax, while hunger keen
 Admonishes, and nature spent with toil
 Craves due repast—Then Greece the ranks of Troy
 With horrid inroad goar'd: fierce from the van

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Sprung the stern * king of men; and breathing death
 Where, in firm battle, Trojans band by band
 Embod'y'd stood, pursued his dreadful way:
 His host his step attends: now glows the war;
 Horse treads on horse; and man, encountering man,
 Swells the dire field with death: the plunging steeds
 Beat the firm glebes; thick dust in rising clouds
 Darkens the sky. Indignant o'er the plain
 Atrides stalks; death every step attends.
 As when, in some huge forest, sudden flames
 Rage dreadful, when rough winds assist the blaze,
 From tree to tree the fiery torrent rolls,
 And the vast forest sinks with all its groves
 Beneath the burning deluge; so whole hosts
 Yield to Atrides' arm: car against car
 Rush'd rattling o'er the field, and through the ranks
 Unguided broke; while breathless on the ground
 Lay the pale charioteers, in death deform'd;
 To their chaste brides sad spectacles of woe,
 Now only grateful to the fowls of air.

Mean time, the care of Jove, great Hector stood
 Secure in scenes of death, in storms of darts,
 In slaughter and alarms, in dust and blood.

Still Agamemnon rushing o'er the field
 Leads his bold bands: whole hosts before him fly;
 Now Ilus' tomb they pass, now urge their way
 Close by the fig-tree shade: with shouts the king

* Agamemnon, v. 148.

Pursues the foe incessant: dust and blood,
Blood mix'd with dust, distains his murderous hands.

As when a lion in the gloom of night
Invades an herd of beeves, o'er all the plains
Trembling they scatter; furious on the prey
The generous savage flies, and with fierce joy
Seizes the last; his hungry foaming jaws
Churn the black blood, and rend the panting prey:
Thus fled the foe; Atrides thus pursued,
And still the hindmost slew: they from their cars
Fell headlong; for his javelin, wild for blood,
Rag'd terribly: and now proud Troy had fall'n,
But the dread Sire of men and Gods descends
'Terrific from his heavens, his vengeful hand
'Ten thousand thunders grasps: on Ida's heights
He takes his stand; it shakes with all its groves
Beneath the God; the God suspends the war.

TO MRS. ELIZ. M——T,

ON HER PICTURE. 1716.

O! Wondrous art, that grace to shadows gives!
By whose command the lovely phantom lives!
Smiles with her smiles! the mimic eye instills
A real frame! the fancy'd lightning kills!
Thus mirrors catch the love-inspiring face,
And the new charmer grace returns for grace.

Hence

Hence shall thy beauties, when no more appears
 Their fair possessor, shine a thousand years;
 By age uninjur'd, future times adorn,
 And warm the hearts of millions yet unborn,
 Who, gazing on the portrait with a sigh,
 Shall grieve such perfect charms could ever die:
 How would they grieve, if to such beauties join'd
 The paint could show the wonders of thy mind!

O virgin! born th' admiring world to grace!
 Transmit thy excellence to latest days;
 Yield to thy lover's vows! and then shall rise
 A race of beauties conquering with thine eyes;
 Who, reigning in thy charms, from death shall save
 That lovely form, and triumph o'er the grave.

Thus, when through age the rose-tree's charms decay,
 When all her fading beauties die away;
 A blooming offspring fills the parent's place
 With equal fragrance, and with equal grace.

But ah! how short a date on earth is given
 To the most lovely workmanship of heaven!
 Too soon that cheek must every charm resign,
 And those love-darting eyes forget to shine!
 While thousands weeping round, with sighs survey
 What once was you——now only beauteous clay!
 Ev'n from the canvass shall thy image fade,
 And thou re-perish in thy perish'd shade:
 Then may this verse to future ages show
 One perfect beauty——such as thou art now!
 May it the graces of thy soul display,
 Till this world sinks, and suns themselves decay;

When with immortal beauty thou shalt rise,
To shine the loveliest angel in the skies.

P R O L O G U E

To Mr. FENTON's excellent Tragedy, MARIAMNE.

WHEN breathing statues mouldering waste away,
And tombs, unfaithful to their trust, decay;
The Muse rewards the suffering good with fame,
Or wakes the prosperous villain into shame;
To the stern tyrant gives fictitious power
To reign the restless monarch of an hour.

Obedient to her call, this night appears
Great Herod rising from a length of years;
A name! enlarg'd with titles not his own,
Servile to mount, and savage on a throne:
Yet oft a throne is dire misfortune's seat,
A pompous wretchedness, and woe in state!
But such the curse that from ambition springs,
For this he slaughter'd half a race of kings:
But now, reviving in the British scene,
He looks majestic with a milder mien,
His features soften'd with the deep distress
Of love, made greatly wretched by excess:
From lust of power to jealous fury tost,
We see the tyrant in the lover lost.

O! Love, thou source of mighty joy or woe!
Thou softest friend, or man's most dangerous foe!

Fantastic

Fantastic power! * what rage thy darts inspire,
 When too much beauty kindles too much fire!
 Those darts, to jealous rage stern Herod drove;
 It was a crime, but crime of too much love!
 Yet if condemn'd he falls—with pitying eyes
 Behold his injur'd Mariamne rise!

No fancy'd tale! our opening scenes disclose
 Historic truth, and swell with real woes.

Awful in virtuous grief the queen appears,
 And strong the eloquence of royal tears;

By woes ennobled, with majestic pace,
 She meets misfortune, glorious in disgrace!

Small is the praise of beauty, when it flies
 Fair honour's laws, at best but lovely vice.

Charms it like Venus with celestial air?

Ev'n Venus is but scandalously fair;

But when strict honour with fair features joins,
 Like heat and light, at once it warms and shines.

† Then let her fate your kind attention raise,
 Whose perfect charms were but her second praise:
 Beauty and virtue your protection claim;
 Give tears to beauty, give to virtue fame.

V A R I A T I O N S .

* What pangs, &c.

† Then let her fate your just attention raise,
 Whose perfect graces were but second praise.

TO MR. A. POPE,
WHO CORRECTED MY VERSES.

IF e'er my humble Muse melodious sings,
'Tis when you animate and tune her strings;
If e'er she mounts, 'tis when you prune her wings.
You, like the sun, your glorious beams display,
Deal to the darkest orb a friendly ray,
And cloath it with the lustre of the day.

Mean was the piece, unelegantly wrought,
'The colours faint, irregular the draught;
But your commanding touch, your nicer art,
Rais'd every stroke, and brighten'd every part.
So, when Luke drew the rudiments of man,
An angel finish'd what the faint began;
His wondrous pencil, dipt in heavenly dyes,
Gave beauty to the face, and lightning to the eyes.

Confus'd it lay, a rough unpolish'd mass;
You gave the royal stamp, and made it pass:
Hence ev'n deformity a beauty grew;
She pleas'd, she charm'd, but pleas'd and charm'd by
you;

Though like Prometheus I the image frame,
You give the life, and bring the heavenly flame.

Thus when the Nile diffus'd his watery train
In streams of plenty o'er the fruitful plain;
Unshapen forms, the refuse of the flood,
Issued imperfect from the teeming mud;

But the great source and parent of the day
Fashion'd the creature, and inform'd the clay.*

Weak of herself, my Muse forbears her flight,
Views her own lowness, and Parnassus' height;
But when you aid her song, and deign to nod,
She spreads a bolder wing, and feels the present God.

So the Cumæan prophets was dumb,
Blind to the knowledge of events to come;

ADDITION.

* To nobler themes thy Muse triumphant soars,
Mounts through the tracts of air, and heaven explores.
Say, has some seraph tun'd thy sacred lyre,
Or deign'd to touch thy hallow'd lips with fire?
For sure such sounds exalt th' immortal string,
As heaven approves, and raptur'd angels sing.
Ah! how I listen, while the mortal lay
Lifts me from earth above the solar way!
Ah! how I look with scorn on pompous crowns,
And pity monarchs on their splendid thrones,
While, thou my guide, I trace all nature's laws,
By just gradations, to the sovereign cause!
Pleas'd I survey how varying schemes unite,
Worlds with the atoms, angels with the mite,
And end in God, high thron'd above all height,
Who sees, as Lord of all, with equal eye,
Now a proud tyrant perish, then a fly.
Methinks I view the patriarch's ladder rise,
Its base on earth, its summit in the skies:
Each wondrous step by glorious angels trod,
And heaven unfolding to the throne of God,
Be this thy praise! I haunt the lovely bower,
Sport by the spring, or paint the blooming flower.
Nor dares the Muse attempt an arduous height, &c.

But when Apollo in her breast abode,
She heav'd, she swell'd, she felt the rushing God:
Then accents more than mortal from her broke;
And what the God inspir'd, the priestess spoke.

MONSIEUR MAYNARD IMITATED.

To the Right Honourable the Lord CORNWALLIS.

WHILE past its noon the lamp of life declines,
And age my vital flame invades;
Faint, and more faint, as it descends, it shines,
And hastes, alas! to set in shades.

Then some kind power shall guide my ghost to glades,
Where, seated by Elysian springs,
Fam'd Addison attunes to patriot shades
His lyre, and Albion's glory sings.

There round, majestic shades, and heroes' forms,
Will throng, to learn what pilot guides,
Watchful, Britannia's helm through factious storms,
And curbs the murmuring rebel tides.

I tell how Townshend treads the glorious path
That leads the great to deathless fame,
And dwell at large on spotless English faith,
While Walpole is the favourite theme.

How, nobly rising in their country's cause,
The steadfast arbiters of right
Exalt the just and good, to guard her laws,
And call forth merit into light.

A loud

A loud applause around the echoing coast
Of all the pleas'd Elysium flies.—

But, friend, what place had you, replies some ghost,
When merit was the way to rise?

What deanery, or prebend, thine, declare?

Good heavens! unable to reply,
How like a stupid ideot I should stare!
An answer, good my lord, supply.

ON A MISCHIEVOUS WOMAN.

FROM peace, and social joy, Medusa flies,
And loves to hear the storm of anger rise;
Thus hags and witches hate the smiles of day,
Sport in loud thunder, and in tempests play.

THE COQUETTE.

SILLIA, with uncontested sway,
Like Rome's fam'd tyrant reigns;
Beholds adoring crowds obey,
And heroes proud to wear her chains:
Yet stoops, like him, to every prize,
Busy to murder beaux and flies.

She aims at every trifling heart,
Attends each flatterer's vows;
And, like a picture drawn with art,
A look on all that gaze bestows.

O! may

O! may the power who lovers rules,
Grant rather scorn, than hope with fools!

Mistaken nymph! the crowds that gaze
Adore thee into shame;
Unguarded beauty is disgrace,
And coxcombs, when they praise, defame.
O! fly such brutes in human shapes,
Nor, like th' Ægyptians, worship apes.

THE WIDOW AND VIRGIN SISTERS,

Being a Letter to the WIDOW in LONDON.

WHILE Delia shines at Hurlothrumbo,
And darts her sprightly eye at some beau;
Then, close behind her fan retiring,
Sees through the sticks whole crowds admiring:
You sip your melancholy co-ffy
And at the name of man, cry, O phy!
Or, when the noisy rapper thunders,
Say coldly—Sure the fellow blunders!
Unseen! though peer on peer approaches:
James, I'm abroad!—but learn the coaches.
As some young pleader, when his purse is
Unfill'd, through want of controversies,
Attends, untill the chinks are fill'd all,
Th' assizes, Westminster, and Guildhall;
While graver lawyers keep their house, and
Collect the guineas by the thousand:

Or

Or as some tradesmen, through show-glasses,
 Expose their wares to each that passes;
 Toys of no use! high-priz'd commodities
 Bought to no end! estates in oddities!
 Others, with like advantage, drive at
 Their gain, from store-houses in private:
 Thus Delia shines in places general,
 Is never missing where the men are all;
 Goes ev'n to church with godly airs,
 To meet good company at prayers;
 Where she devoutly plays her fan,
 Looks up to heaven, but thinks on man.
 You sit at home; enjoy your *cousin,
 While hearts are offer'd by the dozen:
 Oh! born above your sex to rise,
 With youth, wealth, beauty, titles—wife!

O! Lady bright, did ne'er you mark yet,
 In country fair, or country market,
 A beau, whose eloquence might charm ye,
 Enlisting foldiers for the army?
 He flatters every well-built youth,
 And tells him every thing but—truth.
 He cries, Good friend, I'm glad I hap'd in
 Your company, you 'll make a captain!
 He lifts—but finds these gaudy shows
 Soon chang'd to surly looks, and blows:
 'Tis now, March, rascal! what, d' ye grumble?
 Thwack goes the cane! I 'll make you humble.

* Mrs. S——th.

Such

Such weddings are: and I resemble 'em,
 Almost in all points to this emblem.
 While courtship lasts, 'tis, Dear! 'tis, Madam!
 The sweetest creature sure since Adam!
 Had I the years of a Methusalem,
 How in my charmer's praise I 'd use all 'em!
 Oh! take me to thy arms, my beauty!
 I doat, adore the very shoe-tye!
 They wed—but, fancy grown less warming,
 Next morn, he thinks the bride less charming:
 He says, nay swears, My wife grows old in
 One single month; then falls to scolding,
 What, madam, gadding every day!
 Up to your room! there stich, or pray!
 Such proves the marriage-state! but for all
 These truths, you 'll wed, and scorn the moral.

ON THE DEATH OF MY DEAR FRIEND,
 MR. ELIJAH FENTON, 1730.

“ Calentem

“ Debitâ sparges lacrymâ favillam

“ Vatis amici.”

HOR.

AS when the King of Peace, and Lord of Love,
 Sends down some brighter angel from above,
 Pleas'd with the beauties of the heavenly Guest,
 Awhile we view him in full glory drest;
 But he, impatient from his heaven to stay,
 Soon disappears, and wings his airy way;

So did'st thou vanish, eager to appear,
And shine triumphant in thy native sphere.

Yet had'st thou all that virtue can bestow,
All, the good practise, and the learned know;
Such holy rapture, as not warms, but fires,
While the soul seems retiring, or retires;
Such transports as those saints in vision share,
Who know not whether they are rapt through air,
Or bring down heaven to meet them in a prayer.

}

Oh! early lost! yet steadfast to survey
Envy, disease, and death, without dismay;
Serene, the sting of * pain thy thoughts beguile,
And make afflictions, objects of a smile.
So the fam'd Patriarch, on his couch of stone,
Enjoy'd bright visions from th' eternal throne.

Thus wean'd from earth, where pleasure scarce can
please,

Thy woes but hasten'd thee to heaven and peace:
As angry winds, when loud the tempest roars,
More swiftly speed the vessel to the shores.

Oh! may these lays a lasting lustre shed
O'er thy dark urn, like lamps that grace the dead!
Strong were thy thoughts, yet reason bore the sway;
Humble, yet learn'd; though innocent, yet gay:
So pure of heart, that thou might'st safely show
Thy inmost bosom to thy basest foe:
Careless of wealth, thy bliss a calm retreat,
Far from the insults of the scornful great;

* The gout.

Thence looking with disdain on proudest things,
 Thou deemed'st mean the pageantry of kings;
 Who build their pride on trappings of a throne,
 A painted ribband, or a glittering stone,
 Uselessly bright! 'Twas thine the soul to raise
 To nobler objects, such as angels praise!
 To live, to mortals' empty fame, a foe;
 And pity human joy, and human woe!
 To view ev'n splendid vice with generous hate;
 In life unblemish'd, and in death sedate!
 Then conscience, shining with a lenient ray,
 Dawn'd o'er thy soul, and promis'd endless day.
 So from the setting orb of Phœbus fly
 Beams of calm light, and glitter to the sky.

Where now, oh! where shall I true friendship find
 Among the treacherous race of base mankind?
 Whom, whom consult in all th' uncertain ways
 Of various life, sincere to blame, or praise!
 O! friend! O! falling in thy strength of years,
 Warm from the melting soul receive these tears!
 O! woods! O! wilds! O! every bowery shade!
 So often vocal by his music made,
 Now other sounds—far other sounds return,
 And o'er his hearse with all your echoes mourn!—
 Yet dare we grieve that soon the paths he trod
 To heaven, and left vain man for Saints and God?

Thus in the theatre the scenes unfold
 A thousand wonders glorious to behold;
 And here, or there, as the machine extends,
 A hero rises, or a God descends:

But

But soon the momentary pleasure flies,
Swift vanishes the God, or hero dies.

Where were ye, Muses, by what fountain side,
What river sporting, when your favourite dy'd?
He knew by verse to chain the headlong floods,
Silence loud winds, or charm attentive woods;
Nor deign'd but to high * themes to tune the string,
To such as heaven might hear, and angels sing;
Unlike those bards, who, uninform'd to play,
Grate on their jarring pipes a flashy lay:
Each line display'd united strength and ease,
Form'd like his manners to instruct and please.

So herbs of balmy excellence produce
A blooming flower and salutary juice:
And while each plant a smiling grace reveals,
Usefully gay! at once it charms, and heals.

Transcend ev'n after death, ye great, in show;
Lend pomp to ashes, and be vain in woe;
Hire substitutes to mourn with formal cries,
And bribe unwilling drops from venal eyes;
While here sincerity of grief appears,
Silence that speaks, and eloquence in tears!
While, tir'd of life, we but consent to live
To show the world how really we grieve!
As some fond fire, whose only son lies dead,
All lost to comfort makes the dust his bed,
Hangs o'er his urn, with frantic grief deplores,
And bathes his clay-cold cheek with copious showers;

* Mr. Fenton intended to write upon moral subjects.

Such heart-felt pangs on thy sad bier attend;
Companion! brother! all in one—my friend!
Unless the soul a wound eternal bears,
Sighs are but air; but common water, tears:
The proud, relentless, weep in state, and show
Not sorrow, but magnificence of woe.

Thus in the fountain, from the sculptor's hands,
With imitated life, an image stands;
From rocky entrails, through his stony eyes,
The mimic tears in streams incessant rise:
Unconscious! while aloft the waters flow,
The gazers' wonder, and a public show.

Ye hallow'd domes, his frequent visits tell;
Thou court, where God himself delights to dwell;
Thou mystic table, and thou holy feast,
How often have ye seen the sacred guest!
How oft his soul with heavenly manna fed!
His faith enliven'd, while his sin lay dead!
While listening angels heard such raptures rise,
As, when they hymn th' Almighty, charm the skies!
But where, now where, without the body's aid,
New to the heavens, subsists thy gentle shade?
Glides it beyond our gross imperfect sky,
Pleas'd high o'er stars, from world to world, to fly!
And fearless marks the comet's dreadful blaze,
While monarchs quake, and trembling nations gaze?
Or holds deep converse with the mighty dead,
Champions of virtue, who for virtue bled?
Or joins in concert with angelic choirs,
Where hymning seraphs sound their golden lyres,

Where

Where raptur'd saints unfading crowns inwreath,
 Triumphant o'er the world, o'er sin, and death?
 O! may the thought his friend's devotion raise!
 O! may he imitate, as well as praise!
 Awake, my heavy soul! and upward fly,
 Speak to the faint, and meet him in the sky,
 And ask the certain way to rise as high.

TO THOMAS MARRIOT, ESQ.

I Prefix your name to the following poem, as a monument of the long and sincere friendship I have borne you: I am sensible you are too good a judge of poetry to approve it; however, it will be a testimony of my respect: You conferred obligations upon me very early in life, almost as soon as I was capable of receiving them: May these verses on Death long survive my own! and remain a memorial of our friendship, and my gratitude, when I am no more.

WILLIAM BROOME.

A POEM ON DEATH.

Τὸς οἰδεν εἰ τὸ ζῆν μὲν ἴσθι καθαρεῖν,

Τὸ καθαρεῖν δὲ ζῆν;

EURIP.

O H! for Elijah's car, to wing my way
 O'er the dark gulph of death to endless day!

A thousand ways, alas! frail mortals lead
 To her dire den, and dreadful all to tread!

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S

See!

See! in the horrors of yon house of woes,
Troops of all maladies the fiend enclose!
High on a trophy rais'd of human bones,
Swords, spears, and arrows, and sepulchral stones,
In horrid state she reigns! attendant ills
Besiege her throne, and when she frowns, she kills:
Through the thick gloom the torch red-gleaming burns
O'er shrouds, and sable palls, and mouldering urns;
While flowing stoles, black plumes, and scutcheons spread
An idle pomp around the silent dead:
Unaw'd by power, in common heap she flings
The scrips of beggars, and the crowns of kings:
Here gales of sighs, instead of breezes, blow,
And streams of tears for ever murmuring flow:
The mournful yew with solemn horror waves
His baleful branches, saddening even the graves:
Around all birds obscene loud-screaming fly,
Clang their black wings, and shriek along the sky:
The ground perverse, though bare and barren, breeds
All poisons, foes to life, and noxious weeds;
But, blasted frequent by th' unwholesome sky,
Dead fall the birds, the very poisons die.

Full in the entrance of the dreadful doors,
Old-age, half vanish'd to a ghost, deploras:
Propp'd on his crutch, he drags with many a groan
The load of life, yet dreads to lay it down.

There, downward driving an unnumber'd band,
Intemperance and Disease walk hand in hand:
These, Torment, whirling with remorseless sway
A scourge of iron, lashes on the way.

There

There frantic Anger, prone to wild extremes,
 Grasps an ensanguin'd sword, and heaven blasphemes.
 There heart-sick Agony distorted stands,
 Writhes his convulsive limbs, and wrings his hands.
 There Sorrow droops his ever-pensive head,
 And Care still tosses on his iron bed :
 Or, musing, fastens on the ground his eye,
 With folded arms; with every breath, a sigh.
 Hydrops unwieldy wallows in a flood ;
 And Murth'r rages, red with human blood,
 With Fever, Famine, and afflictive Pain,
 Plague, Pestilence, and War, a dismal train !
 These, and a thousand more, the fiend surround,
 Shrieks pierce the air, and groans to groans resound.
 O ! heavens ! is this the passage to the skies
 That man must tread, when man your favourite dies ?
 Oh ! for Elijah's car to wing my way
 O'er the dark gulph of death to endless day !
 Confounded at the sight, my spirits fled,
 My eyes rain'd tears, my very heart was dead !
 I wail'd the lot of man, that all would shun,
 And all must bear that breathe beneath the sun.
 When, lo ! an heavenly form, divinely fair,
 Shoots from the starry vault through fields of air ;
 And, swifter than on wings of lightning driven,
 At once seems here and there, in earth and heaven !
 A dazzling brightness in refulgent streams
 Flows from his locks inwreath'd with sunny beams :
 His roseate cheeks the bloom of heaven display,
 And from his eyes dart glories, more than day :

A robe, of light condens'd, around him shone,
And his loins glitter'd with a starry zone :
And while the listening winds lay hush'd to hear,
Thus spoke the vision, amiably severe !

Vain man ! wouldst thou escape the common lot,
To live, to suffer, die, and be forgot ?
Look back on ancient times, primæval years,
All, all are past ! a mighty void appears !
Heroes, and kings, those gods of earth, whose fame
Aw'd half the nations, now are but a name !
The great in arts or arms, the wise, the just,
Mix with the meanest in congenial dust !
Ev'n Saints and Prophets the same paths have trod,
Ambassadors of heaven, and friends of God !
And thou, wouldst thou the general sentence fly ?
Moses is dead ! thy Saviour deign'd to die !
Mortal, in all thy acts regard thy end ;
Live well, the time thou liv'st, and death 's thy friend :
Then curb each rebel thought against the sky,
And die resign'd, O ! Man ordain'd to die !

He added not, but spread his wings in flight,
And vanish'd instant in a blaze of light.

Abash'd, ashamed, I cry, Eternal Power,
I yield ! I wait resign'd th' appointed hour !
Man, foolish man, no more thy soul deceive !
To die, is but the surest way to live :
When age we ask, we ask it in our wrong,
And pray our time of suffering may be long ;
The nauseous draught, and dregs of life to drain,
And feel infirmity, and length of pain !

What

What art thou, life, that we should court thy stay?
 A breath, one single gasp must puff away!
 A short-liv'd flower, that with the day must fade!
 A fleeting vapour, and an empty shade!
 A stream, that silently but swiftly glides
 To meet eternity's immeasur'd tides!
 A being, lost alike by pain or joy!
 A fly can kill it, or a worm destroy!
 Impair'd by labour, and by ease undone,
 Commenc'd in tears, and ended in a groan!
 Ev'n while I write, the transient now is past,
 And death more near, this sentence than the last!
 As some weak isthmus seas from seas divides,
 Beat by rude waves, and sapp'd by rushing tides,
 Torn from its base, no more their fury bears,
 At once they close, at once it disappears:
 Such, such is life! the mark of misery plac'd
 Between two worlds, the future and the past;
 To time, to sickness, and to death, a prey,
 It sinks, the frail possession of a day!

As some fond boy, in sport, along the shore
 Builds from the sands a fabric of an hour;
 Proud of his spacious walls, and stately rooms,
 He styles the mimic cells imperial domes;
 The little monarch swells with fancy'd sway,
 Till some wind rising puffs the dome away:
 So the poor reptile, man! an heir of woe,
 The lord of earth and ocean, swells in show;
 He plants, he builds, aloft the walls arise!
 The noble plan he finishes, and——dies.

Swept from the earth, he shares the common fate;
His sole distinction now, to rot in state!
Thus busy to no end till out of breath,
Tir'd we lie down, and close up all in death.

Then blest the man whom gracious heaven has led
Through life's blind mazes to th' immortal dead!
Who, safely landed on the blissful shore,
Nor human folly feels nor frailty more!
O! Death, thou cure of all our idle strife!
End of the gay, or serious farce of life!
Wish of the just, and refuge of th' oppress'd!
Where poverty, and where ev'n kings find rest!
Safe from the frowns of power! calm, thoughtful
hate!

And the rude insults of the scornful great!
The grave is sacred! wrath and malice dread
To violate its peace, and wrong the dead:
But, life, thy name is woe! to death we fly
To grow immortal!——into life we die!
Then wisely heaven in silence has confin'd
The happier dead, lest none should stay behind.
What though the path be dark that must be trod,
Though man be blotted from the works of God,
Though the four winds his scatter'd atoms bear
To earth's extremes through all th' expanse of air;
Yet, bursting glorious from the silent clay,
He mounts triumphant to eternal day.

So, when the sun rolls down th' ethereal plain,
Extinct his splendors in the whelming main,

A transient

A transient night earth, air, and heaven invades,
Eclips'd in horrors of surrounding shades;
But soon, emerging with a fresher ray,
He starts exultant, and renews the day.

C O U R A G E I N L O V E.

MY eyes with floods of tears o'erflow,
My bosom heaves with constant woe;
Those eyes, which thy unkindness swells;
That bosom, where thy image dwells!

How could I hope so weak a flame
Could ever warm that matchless dame,
When none Elysium must behold,
Without a radiant bough of gold?
'Tis hers, in spheres to shine;
At distance to admire, is mine:
Doom'd, like th' enamour'd * youth, to groan
For a new goddess form'd of stone.

While thus I spoke, Love's gentle power
Descended from th' ethereal bower;
A quiver at his shoulder hung,
A shaft he grasp'd, and bow unstrung.
All nature own'd the genial God,
And the spring flourish'd where he trod:
My heart, no stranger to the guest,
Flutter'd, and labour'd in my breast;

* Polydorus, who pined to death for the love of a beautiful statue.

When, with a smile that kindles joy
Ev'n in the Gods, began the boy:
How vain these tears! is man decreed,
By being abject, to succeed?
Hop'st thou by meagre looks to move?
Are women frighten'd into love?
He most prevails, who nobly dares;
In love an hero, as in wars:
Ev'n Venus may be known to yield,
But 'tis when Mars disputes the field:
Sent from a daring hand my dart
Strikes deep into the fair-one's heart:
To winds and waves thy cares bequeath,
A sigh is but a waste of breath.
What though gay youth, and every grace
That beauty boasts, adorn her face;
Yet Goddeses have deign'd to wed,
And take a mortal to their bed:
And heaven, when gifts of incense rise,
Accepts it, though it cloud their skies.
Mark! how this marygold conceals
Her beauty, and her bosom veils;
How from the dull embrace she flies
Of Phœbus, when his beams arise:
But when his glory he displays,
And darts around his fiercer rays,
Her charms she opens, and receives
The vigorous God into her leaves.

THE

THE COMPLAINT.

CÆLIA TO DAMON.

I WHO was once the glory of the plain,
 The fairest virgin of the virgin train,
 Am now (by thee, O! faithless man, betray'd!)
 A fall'n, a lost, a miserable maid.
 Ye winds, that witness to my deep despair,
 Receive my sighs, and waft them through the air,
 And gently breathe them to my Damon's ear!
 Curst, ever curst be that unlucky day,
 When trembling, sighing, at my feet he lay,
 I trembled, sigh'd, and look'd my heart away!
 Why was he form'd, ye powers, his sex's pride,
 Too false to love, too fair to be deny'd?
 Ye heedless virgins, gaze not on his eyes;
 Lovely they are, but she that gazes dies!
 Oh! fly his voice, be deaf to all he says;
 Charms has his voice, but charming it betrays!
 At every word, each motion of his eye,
 A thousand loves are born, a thousand lovers die.
 Say, gentle youths, ye blest Arcadian swains,
 Inhabitants of these delightful plains,
 Say, by what fountain, in what rosy bower,
 Reclines my charmer in the noon-tide hour!
 To you, dear fugitive, where'er you stray,
 Wild with despair, impatient of delay,

Swift

Swift on the wings of eager love I fly,
Or send my soul still swifter in a sigh!
I'd then inform you of your Cælia's cares,
And try the eloquence of female tears;
Fearless I'd pass where desolation reigns,
Tread the wild waste, or burning Libyan plains:
Or where the North his furious pinions tries,
And howling hurricanes embroil the skies!
Should all the monsters in Getulia bred
Oppose the passage of a tender maid;
Dauntless, if Damon calls, his Cælia speeds
Through all the monsters that Getulia breeds!
Bold was Bonduca, and her arrows flew
Swift and unerring from the twanging yew:
By love inspir'd, I'll teach the shaft to fly;
For thee I'd conquer, or at least would die!
If o'er the dreary Caucasus you go,
Or mountains crown'd with everlasting snow,
Where through the freezing skies in storms it pours,
And brightens the dull air with shining showers,
Ev'n there with you I could securely rest,
And dare all cold, but in my Damon's breast;
Or should you dwell beneath the sultry ray,
Where rising Phœbus ushers-in the day,
There, there I dwell! Thou sun, exert thy fires;
Love, mighty love, a fiercer flame inspires:
Or if, a pilgrim, you would pay your vows
Where Jordan's streams in soft mæanders flows;
I'll be a pilgrim, and my vows I'll pay
Where Jordan's streams in soft mæanders play.

Joy

Joy of my soul! my every wish in one!
 Why must I love, when loving I 'm undone?
 Sweet are the whispers of the waving trees,
 And murmuring waters, curling to the breeze;
 Sweet are soft slumbers in the shady bowers
 When glowing suns infest the sultry hours:
 But not the whispers of the waving trees,
 Nor murmuring waters, curling to the breeze;
 Not sweet soft slumbers in the shady bowers,
 When thou art absent whom my soul adores!
 Come, let us seek some flowery, fragrant bed!
 Come, on thy bosom rest my love-sick head!
 Come, drive thy flocks beneath the shady hills,
 Or softly slumber by the murmuring rills!
 Ah no! he flies! that dear enchanting he!
 Whose beauty steals my very self from me!

Yet wert thou wont the garland to prepare,
 To crown with fragrant wreaths thy Cælia's hair:
 When to the lyre she tun'd the vocal lays,
 Thy tongue would flatter, and thine eyes speak praise:
 And when smooth-gliding in the dance she mov'd,
 Ask thy false bosom if it never lov'd?
 And still her eye some little lustre bears,
 If swains speak truth!—though dim'd for thee with tears!
 But fade each grace! since he no longer sees
 Those charms, for whom alone I wish to please!
 But whence these sudden, sad presaging fears,
 These rising sighs, and whence these flowing tears?

Ah! lest the trumpet's terrible alarms
 Have drawn the lover from his Cælia's charms,
 To try the doubtful field, and shine in azure arms!

Ah!

Ah! canst thou bear the labours of the war,
 Bend the tough bow, or dart the pointed spear?
 Desist, fond youth! let others glory gain,
 Seek empty honour o'er the surgy main,
 Or sheath'd in horrid arms rush dreadful to the plain!
 Thee, shepherd, thee the pleasurable woods,
 The painted meadows, and the crystal floods,
 Claim and invite to bless their sweet abodes.
 There shady bowers and sylvan scenes arise,
 There fountains murmur, and the spring supplies
 Flowers to delight the smell, or charm the eyes:
 But mourn, ye sylvan scenes and shady bowers;
 Weep, all ye fountains; languish, all ye flowers!
 If in a desert Damon but appear,
 To Cælia's eyes a desert is more fair
 Than all your charms, when Damon is not there!
 Gods! what soft words, what sweet delusive wiles
 He boasts! and, oh! those dear undoing smiles!
 Pleas'd with our ruin, to his arms we run:
 To be undone by him, who would not be undone?
 Alas! I rave! ye swelling torrents, roll
 Your watery tribute o'er my love-sick soul!
 To cool my heart, your waves, ye oceans, bear!
 Oh! vain are all your waves, for Love is there!

But ah! what sudden thought to frenzy moves
 My tortur'd soul?—perhaps, my Damon loves!
 Some fatal beauty, yielding all her charms,
 Detains the lovely traitor from my arms!
 Blast her, ye skies! let instant vengeance seize
 Those guilty charms, whose crime it is to please!

Damon

Damon is mine!—fond maid, thy fears subdue!
Am I not jealous? and my charmer true?
O! heaven! from jealousy my bosom save!
Cruel as death, insatiate as the grave!

Ye powers! of all the ills that ever curst
Our sex, sure man, dissembling man, is worst!
Like forward boys, awhile in wanton play,
He sports with hearts, then throws the toys away:
With specious wiles weak woman he assails;
He swears, weeps, smiles, he flatters, and prevails:
Then, in the moment when the maid believes,
The perjur'd traitor triumphs, scorns, and leaves.
How oft my Damon swore, th' all-seeing sun
Should change his course, and rivers backward run,
Ere his fond heart should range, or faithless prove
To the bright object of his stedfast love!

O! instant change thy course, all-seeing sun!
Damon is false! ye rivers, backward run!

But die, O! wretched Cælia, die! in vain
Thus to the fields and floods you breathe your pain!
The tear is fruitless, and the tender sigh,
And life a load!—forsaken Cælia, die!
Fly swifter, time! O! speed the joyful hour!
Receive me, grave!—then I shall love no more!
Ah! wretched maid, so sad a cure to prove!
Ah! wretched maid, to fly to death from love!
Yet oh! when this poor frame no more shall live,
Be happy, Damon! may not Damon grieve!
Ah me! I 'm vain! my death can not appear
Worth the vast price of but a single tear.

Forlorn,

Forlorn, abandon'd, to the rocks I go;
But they have learn'd new cruelties of you!
Alone, relenting Echo with me mourns,
And faint with grief she scarce my sighs returns!
Then, sighs, adieu! ye nobler passions, rise!
Be wise, fond maid!—but who in love is wise?
I rage, I rail, th' extremes of anger prove,
Nay, almost hate!—then love thee beyond love!
Pity, kind heaven, and right an injur'd maid!
Yet, oh! yet, spare the dear deceiver's head!
If from the sultry suns at noon-tide hours
He seeks the covert of the breezy bowers,
Awake, O South, and where my charmer lies,
Bid roses bloom, and beds of fragrance rise!
Gently, O gently round in whispers fly,
Sigh to his sighs, and fan the glowing sky!
If o'er the waves he cuts the liquid way,
Be still, ye waves, or round his vessel play!
And you, ye winds, confine each ruder breath,
Lie hush'd in silence, and be calm as death!
But if he stay detain'd by adverse gales,
My sighs shall drive the ship, and fill the flagging sails.

T R A N S L A T I O N S

F R O M

H E S I O D

A N D

A P O L L O N I U S R H O D I U S .

“ — Vos exemplaria Græca

“ Nocturnâ versate manu, versate diurnâ.” HOR.

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THE BATTLE OF THE GODS AND TITANS.

From the Theogony of HESIOD; with a Description
of Tartarus, &c.

— μάχην δ' ἀμέγαρον ἔγχεαν

Πάντες, &c.

Θεογ. 666.

NOW sounds the vault of heaven with loud alarms,
And Gods by Gods embattling rush to arms:
Here stalk the Titans of portentous size,
Burst from their dungeons, and assault the skies;
And there, unchain'd from Erebus and Night,
Auxiliar * giants aid the Gods in fight:
An hundred arms each tower-like warrior rears,
And stares from fifty heads amid the stars;
The dreadful brotherhood stern-frowning stands,
And hurls an hundred rocks from hundred hands:
The Titans rush'd with fury uncontrol'd;
Gods sunk on Gods, o'er giant giant roll'd;
Then roar'd the ocean with a dreadful sound,
Heaven shook with all its thrones, and groan'd the ground,
Trembled th' eternal poles at every stroke,
And frighted hell from its foundations shook:
Noise, horrid noise, th' ærial region fills,
Rocks dash on rocks, and hills encounter hills;

* Ægeon, Cottus, Gyges.

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T

Through

Through earth, air, heaven, tumultuous clamours rise,
And shouts of battle thunder in the skies.
'Then Jove omnipotent display'd the God,
And all Olympus trembled as he trod:
He grasps ten thousand thunders in his hand,
Bares his red arm, and wields the forky brand;
'Then aims the bolts, and bids his lightnings play;
They flash, and rend through heaven their flaming way:
Redoubling blow on blow, in wrath he moves;
The sing'd earth groans, and burns with all her groves;
The floods, the billows, boiling hiss with fires,
And bickering flame, and smouldering smoke aspires:
A night of clouds blots out the golden day;
Full in their eyes the writen lightnings play:
Ev'n chaos burns: again earth groans, heaven roars,
As tumbling downward with its shining towers;
Or burst this earth, torn from her central place,
With dire disruption from her deepest base:
Nor slept the wind: the wind new horror forms,
Clouds dash on clouds before th' outrageous storms,
While, tearing up the sands, in drifts they rise,
And half the deserts mount th' encumber'd skies:
At once the tempest bellows, lightnings fly,
The thunders roar, and clouds involve the sky:
Stupendous were the deeds of heavenly might;
What less, when Gods conflicting cope in fight?
Now heaven its foes with horrid inroad gores,
And slow and four recede the giant powers:
Here stalks Ægeon, here fierce Gyges moves,
There Cottus rends up hills with all their groves;

These

These hurl'd at once against the Titan bands
 Three hundred mountains from three hundred hands:
 And overshadowing, overwhelming bound
 With chains infrangible beneath the ground;
 Below this earth, far as earth's confines lie,
 Through space unmeasur'd, from the starry sky;
 Nine days an anvil of enormous weight,
 Down rushing headlong from th' ærial height,
 Scarce reaches earth; thence tost in giddy rounds
 Scarce reaches in nine days th' infernal bounds:
 A wall of iron of stupendous height
 Guards the dire dungeons black with threefold night:
 High o'er the horrors of th' eternal shade
 The stedfast base of earth and seas is laid;
 There in coercive durance Jove detains
 The groaning Titans in afflictive chains.
 A seat of woe! remote from chearful day,
 Through gulphs impassable, a boundless way.

Above these realms, a brazen structure stands
 With brazen portals, fram'd by Neptune's hands;
 Through chaos to the ocean's base it swells;
 There stern Ægeon with his giants dwells;
 Fierce guards of Jove! from hence the fountains rise
 That wash the earth, or wander through the skies;
 That groaning murmur through the realm of woes,
 Or feed the channels where the ocean flows;
 Collected horrors throng the dire abodes,
 Horrid and fell! detested ev'n by Gods!
 Enormous gulph! immense the bounds appear,
 Wasteful and void, the journey of a year:

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 Enormous gulph! immense the bounds appear,
 Wasteful and void, the journey of a year:

Where beating storms, as in wild whirls they fight,
Toss the pale wanderer, and retoss through night:
The powers immortal with affright survey
The hideous chasm, and seal it up from day.

Hence through the vault of heaven huge Atlas rears
His giant limbs, and props the golden spheres:
Here fable Night, and here the beamy Day,
Lodge and dislodge, alternate in their sway.
A brazen port the varying powers divides:
When Day forth issues, here the Night resides;
And when Night veils the skies, obsequious Day,
Re-entering, plunges from the starry way.
She from her lamp, with beaming radiance bright,
Pours o'er th' expanded earth a flood of light:
But Night, by Sleep attended, rides in shades,
Brother of Death, and all that breathes invades:
From * her foul womb they sprung, resistless powers,
Nurs'd in the horrors of Tartarean bowers,
Remote from Day, when with her flaming wheels
She mounts the skies, or paints the western hills:
With downy footsteps Sleep in silence glides
O'er the wide earth, and o'er the spacious tides;
'The friend of life! Death unrelenting bears
An iron heart, and laughs at human cares;
She makes the mouldering race of man her prey,
And ev'n th' immortal powers detest her sway.

Thus fell the † Titans from the realms above,
Beneath the thunders of Almighty Jove;

* Of night.

† 820.

Then earth impregnate felt maternal woes,
 And shook through all her frame with teeming throes :
 Hence rose Typhoeus, a gigantic birth,
 A monster sprung from Tartarus and Earth,
 A match for Gods in might! on high he spreads
 From his huge trunk an hundred dragons heads,
 And from an hundred mouths in vengeance flings
 Envenom'd foam, and darts an hundred stings ;
 Horror, terrific, frowns from every brow,
 And like a furnace his red eye-balls glow ;
 Fires dart from every crest; and, as he turns,
 Keen splendors flash, and all the giant burns :
 Whene'er he speaks, in echoing thunders rise
 An hundred voices, and affright the skies,
 Unutterably fierce! the bright abodes
 Frequent they shake, and terrify the Gods :
 Now bellowing like a savage bull, they roar,
 Or angry lions in the midnight hour ;
 Now yell like furious whelps, or hiss like snakes ;
 The rocks rebound, and every mountain shakes :
 He hurl'd defiance 'gainst th' immortal powers,
 And heaven had seiz'd with all its shining towers,
 But, at the voice of Jove, from pole to pole
 Red lightnings flash, and raging thunders roll,
 Rattling o'er all th' expansion of the skies,
 Bolt after bolt o'er earth and ocean flies.
 Stern frowns the God amidst the lightnings blaze,
 Olympus shakes from his eternal base ;
 Trembles the earth: fierce flame involves the poles,
 Devours the ground, and o'er the billows rolls :

Fires from Typhoeus flash : with dreadful sound
Storms rattle, thunder rolls, and groans the ground;
Above, below, the conflagration roars,
Ev'n the seas kindled burn through all their shores,
Deluge of fire ! Earth rocks her tottering coasts,
And gloomy Pluto shakes with all his ghosts ;
Ev'n the pale Titans, chain'd on burning floors,
Start at the din that rends th' infernal shores :
Then, in full wrath, Jove all the God applies,
And all his thunders burst at once the skies ;
And rushing gloomy from th' Olympian brow,
He blasts the giant with th' almighty blow ;
The giant tumbling sinks beneath the wound,
And with enormous ruin rocks the ground :
Nor yet the lightnings of th' Almighty stay,
Through the sing'd earth they burst their burning way ;
Earth kindling inward, melts in all her caves,
And hissing floats with fierce metallic waves :
As iron fusile from the furnace flows,
Or molten ore with keen effulgence glows,
When the dire bolts of Jove stern Vulcan frames,
In burning channels roll the liquid flames ;
Thus melted earth, and Jove, from realms on high,
Plung'd the huge giant to the nether sky.

Then from Typhoeus sprung the winds that bear
Storms on their wings, and thunder in the air :
But from the Gods descend of milder kind,
The East, the West, the South, and Boreal wind ;
These in soft whispers breathe a friendly breeze,
Play through the groves, or sport upon the seas ;

They

They fan the sultry air with cooling gales,
 And waft from realm to realm the flying sails:
 The rest in storms of sounding whirlwinds fly,
 Toss the wild waves, and battle in the sky;
 Fatal to man! at once all ocean roars,
 And scatter'd navies bulge on distant shores.
 Then thundering o'er the earth they rend their way,
 Grass, herb, and flower, beneath their rage decay;
 While towers, and domes, vain boasts of human trust,
 Torn from their inmost base, are whelm'd in dust.

Thus heaven asserted its eternal reign
 O'er the proud giants, and Titanic train;
 And now in peace the Gods their Jove obey,
 And all the thrones of heaven adore his sway.

THE LOVE OF JASON AND MEDEA.

From the Third Book, Verse 743, of Apollonius
Rhodius.

Νὺ μὲν ἔπειτ' ἐπὶ γαῖαν ἄγειν κλέφας, &c.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE translator has taken the liberty, in the following version from the Argonautics of Apollonius, as well as in the story of Talus, to omit whatever has not an immediate relation to the subject; yet hopes that a due connection is not wanting; and that the reader will not be displeased with these short sketches from a Poet who is affirmed to be every where sublime, by no less a critic than Longinus; and from whom many verses are borrowed by so great a Poet as Virgil.

NOW rising shades a solemn gloom display,
O'er the wide earth, and o'er th' ethereal way:
All night the sailor marks the northern team,
And golden circlet of Orion's beam:
A deep repose the weary wanderer shares,
And the faint watchman sleeps away his cares;
Ev'n the fond mother, while all breathless lies
Her child of love, in slumber seals her eyes;

No sound of village-dog, no noise invades
The death-like silence of the midnight shades :
Alone Medea wakes : To love a prey,
Restless she rolls, and groans the night away :
Now the fire-breathing bulls command her cares ;
She thinks on Jason, and for Jason fears :
In sad review, on horrors horrors rise ;
Quick beats her heart, from thought to thought she flies :
As from replenish'd urns, with dubious ray,
The sun-beams dancing from the surface play,
Now here, now there, the trembling radiance falls
Alternate flashing round th' illumin'd walls ;
Thus fluttering bounds the trembling virgin's blood,
And from her shining eyes descends a flood :
Now raving with resistless flames she glows,
Now sick with love she melts with softer woes :
The tyrant God, of every thought possessor,
Beats in each pulse, and stings and racks her breast :
Now she resolves the magic to betray
To tame the bulls, now yield him up a prey :
Again, the drugs disdaining to supply,
She loaths the light, and meditates to die :
Anon, repelling with a brave disdain
The coward thought, she nourishes the pain :
Thus tost, retost with furious storms of cares,
On the cold ground she rolls, and thus with tears :
 Ah me ! where'er I turn, before my eyes
A dreadful view, on sorrows sorrows rise !
Tost in a giddy whirl of strong desire,
I glow, I burn, yet bless the pleasing fire.

O had

O had this spirit from its prison fled,
By Dian sent to wander with the dead,
Ere the proud Grecians view'd the Colchian skies;
Ere Jason, lovely Jason, met these eyes!
Hell gave the shining mischief to our coast,
Medea saw him, and Medea's lost——
But why these sorrows? if the powers on high
His death decree, die, wretched Jason, die!
Shall I elude my fire? my art betray?
Ah me! what words shall purge the guilt away!
But could I yield——O whither must I run
To find the man——whom virtue bids me shun?
Shall I, all lost to shame, to Jason fly?
And yet I must—If Jason bleeds, I die!
Then, shame, farewell! Adieu for ever, fame!
Hail, black disgrace! be fam'd for guilt my name!
Live! Jason, live! enjoy the vital air!
Live through my aid! and fly where winds can bear!
But when he flies, ye poisons, lend your powers,
That day, Medea treads th' infernal shores!
Then, wretched maid, thy lot is endless shame,
Then the proud dames of Colchos blast thy name:
I hear them cry—' The false Medea's dead,
' Through guilty passion for a stranger's bed;
' Medea, careless of her virgin fame,
' Preferr'd a stranger to a father's name!
O may I rather yield this vital breath,
Than bear that base dishonour, worse than death!
Thus wail'd the fair, and seiz'd with horrid joy
Drugs foes to life, and potent to destroy;

A maga-

A magazine of death! again she pours
From her swollen eye-balls tears in shining showers;
With grief insatiate, and with trembling hands,
All comfortless the cask of death expands:
A sudden fear her labouring soul invades,
Struck with the horrors of th' infernal shades:
She stands deep-musing with a faded brow,
Absorpt in thought, a monument of woe!
While all the comforts that on life attend,
The cheerful converse, and the faithful friend,
By thought deep-imag'd in her bosom play,
Endearing life, and charm despair away:
Th' all-cheering suns with sweeter light arise,
And every object brightens to her eyes:
Then from her hand the baneful drugs she throws,
Consents to live, recover'd from her woes;
Resolv'd the magic virtue to betray,
She waits the dawn, and calls the lazy day:
Time seems to stand, or backward drive his wheels:
The hours she chides, and eyes the eastern hills:
At length the dawn with orient beams appears,
The shades disperse, and man awakes to cares.
Studious to please, her graceful length of hair
With art she binds, that wanton'd with the air;
From her soft cheek she wipes the tear away,
And bids keen lightnings from her eyes to play;
From limb to limb refreshing unguents pours,
Unguents, that breathe of heaven, in copious showers:
Her robe she next assumes; bright clasps of gold
Close to the lessening waist the robe infold;

Down

Down from her swelling loins, the rest unbound
 Floats in rich waves redundant o'er the ground:
 Last, with a shining veil her cheeks she shades,
 'Then swimming smooth along magnificently treads.'

Thus forward moves the fairest of her kind,
 Blind to the future, to the present blind:
 Twelve maids, attendants on her virgin bower,
 Alike unconscious of the bridal hour,
 Join to the car the mules: dire rites to pay,
 To Hecate's black fane she bends her way;
 A juice she bears, whose magic virtue tames
 (Through fell Persephone) the rage of flames;
 It gives the hero, strong in matchless might,
 To stand secure of harms in mortal fight;
 It mocks the sword: the sword without a wound,
 Leaps as from marble, shiver'd to the ground:
 She mounts the car;* nor rode the nymph alone;
 On either side two lovely damsels shone:
 Her hand with skill th' embroider'd rein controls;
 Back fly the streets, as swift the chariot rolls.
 Along the wheel-worn road they hold their way,
 The domes retreat, the sinking towers decay:
 Bare to the knee succinct a damsel train
 Behind attends, and glitters tow'rd the plain.
 As when her limbs divine, Diana laves
 In fair Parthenius, or th' Amnesian waves,
 Sublime in royal state the bounding roes
 Whirl her bright car along the mountain brows;
 Swift to her fane in pomp the goddess moves;
 The nymphs attend that haunt the shady groves,

Th' Amnesian fount, or silver-streaming rills;
Nymphs of the vales, or Oreads of the hills!
The fawning beasts before the goddess play,
Or, trembling, savage adoration pay:
Thus on her car sublime the nymph appears,
The crowd falls back, and as she moves reveres;
Swift to the fane aloft her course she bends;
The fane she reaches, and to earth descends:
Then to her train—Ah me! I fear we stray,
Mistled by folly to this lonely way!
Alas! should Jason with his Greeks appear,
Where should we fly? I fear, alas, I fear!
No more the Colchian youths, and virgin train,
Haunt the cool shade, or tread in dance the plain:
But since alone;—with sports beguile the hours,
Come chaunt the song, or pluck the blooming flowers;
Pluck every sweet, to deck your virgin bowers! }
Then warbling soft,* she lifts her heavenly voice;
But sick with mighty love, the song is noise;
She hears from every note a discord rise,
Till, pausing, on her tongue the music dies;
She hates each object, every face offends;
In every wish, her soul to Jason sends;
With sharpen'd eyes the distant lawn explores,
To find the object whom her soul adores:
At every whisper of the passing air,
She starts, she turns, and hopes her Jason there:
Again she fondly looks, nor looks in vain;
He comes, her Jason shines along the plain.

As when, emerging from the watery way,
 Refulgent Sirius lifts his golden ray,
 He shines terrific! for his burning breath
 Taints the red air with fevers, plagues, and death;
 Such to the nymph approaching Jason shows,
 Bright author of unutterable woes;
 Before her eyes a swimming darkness spread,
 Her flush'd cheek glow'd, her very heart was dead;
 No more her knees their wonted office knew,
 Fix'd, without motion, as to earth she grew:
 Her train recedes; the meeting lovers gaze
 In silent wonder, and in still amaze:
 As two fair cedars on the mountain's brow,
 Pride of the groves! with roots adjoining grow;
 Erect and motionless the stately trees
 Awhile remain, while sleeps each fanning breeze,
 Till from th' Æolian caves a blast unbound
 Bends their proud tops, and bids their boughs resound;
 Thus gazing they, till by the breath of love
 Strongly at length inspir'd, they speak, they move:
 With smiles the love-sick virgin he survey'd,
 And fondly thus address the blooming maid:
 Dismiss, my fair, my love, thy virgin fear;
 'Tis Jason speaks, no enemy is here!
 Man, haughty man, is of obdurate kind;
 But Jason bears no proud, inhuman mind,
 By gentlest manners, softest arts refin'd.
 Whom wouldst thou fly? Stay, lovely virgin, stay!
 Speak every thought! far hence be fears away!

Speak!

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Speak! and be truth in every accent found!
Dread to deceive! we tread on *hallow'd ground.
By the stern power who guards this sacred place,
By the illustrious authors of thy race;
By Jove, to whom the stranger's cause belongs,
To whom the suppliant, and who feels their wrongs;
O guard me, save me, in the needful hour!
Without thy aid, thy Jason is no more;
To thee a suppliant, in distress I bend,
To thee a stranger, and who wants a friend!
Then, when between us seas and mountains rise,
Medea's name shall sound in distant skies;
All Greece to thee shall owe her heroes fates,
And bless Medea through her hundred states.
The mother and the wife, who now in vain
Roll their sad eyes fast-streaming o'er the main,
Shall stay their tears; the mother, and the wife,
Shall bless thee for a son's or husband's life!
Fair Ariadne, sprung from Minos' bed,
Sav'd the brave Theseus, and with Theseus fled,
Forsook her father, and her native plain,
And stemm'd the tumults of the surging main;
Yet the stern fire relented, and forgave
The maid, whose only crime it was to save:
Ev'n the just Gods forgave: and now on high
A star she shines, and beautifies the sky:
What blessings then shall righteous heaven decree
For all our heroes sav'd, and sav'd by thee!
Heaven gave thee not, to kill, so soft an air,
And cruelty sure never look'd so fair!

* Temple of Hecate.

He

He ceas'd; but left so charming on her ear
 His voice, that listening still she seem'd to hear:
 Her eye to earth she bends with modest grace,
 And heaven in smiles is open'd in her face.
 A glance she steals; but rosy blushes spread
 O'er her fair cheek, and then she drops her head:
 A thousand words at once to speak she tries;
 In vain—but speaks a thousand with her eyes:
 Trembling, the shining casket she expands,
 Then gives the magic virtue to his hands;
 And had the power been granted to convey
 Her heart—had given her very heart away.

EPISTOLA AD AMICUM RUSTICANTEM,

Scripta Vere ineunte Cantab. 1709.

ECQUID absenti tibi cura Grantæ?
 Ecquid antiqui memor es sodalis!
 Chare permultis, mihi præter omnes

Chare, Georgi.

Cernis! ut mulcet levis aura campos!
 Ut rosâ dulci, violisque terram
 Flora depingit, Zephyrusque blandis

Ventilat alis!

Tarde, quid cessas? Age Rozinantis
 Terga conscendas eques * ingementis,
 Tenè ruralis Galatæa duris

Detinet Ulnis?

* Obeso fuit corpore.

Digne

Digne succendi meliore flammâ!—

Sive * Clarissam, Juvenumvè curam

Philliden mavis, placeatvè, quondam

Pulchra, Lycoris.

Tarde, quid cessas? tibi multa virgo

Splendidos lædit lacrymis ocellos,

Et tibi frustrà ad speculum comarum

Circinat orbes!

Te frequens votis revocat sophistes,

Dum Johannensi madidus lyæo,

De tubis haurit, revomitque dulcem

Undique nubem.

Quin velis scribam quid habet novorum

Granta? Marlburus spoliis onustus,

Gallicas fudit propè † Scaldis undam

Strage Phalangas.

O! triumphalem gladium recondas!

Ite vos laurus fanie rubentes!

Sis memor pacis, viridique cingas

Tempora Myrto!

Huc ades divûm atque hominum voluptas

Mollè subridens, Venus! huc sorores

Gratiæ! longùm vale, O! Minerva,

Aspera Virgo!

* Tres elegantes apud Cantabrigiam Puellæ.

† Juxtà Aldenardum.

Barbaro tandèm satiata ludo,
Ægidem ponas, gladiumque; castam
Virginem dirus gladius, feroxque

Dedecet Ægis.

Flagitas nostræ quid agunt camœnæ?
Uror infelix! mihi me Belinda
Surripit! Collum O! niveum, O! Puellæ

Suave labellum!

Ah! ut obliquo aspiciens oculo
Torrui pectus!—neque tu furoris
Inscius blandi! tibi fœvit imis

Flamma medullis!

Tu tamen felix! cohibere tristes
Tu potes curas! * Cerealis haustus
Est tibi, præsens relevare diro

Pectora luctu.

Corticem astrictum pice cum reducis,
Audin' ingenti tonat ut boatu
Fumidus! summo ruit ut lagenæ

Spumeus ore!

Cernis! ut vitro nitet invidendo
Aureum nectar! comes it facetus
Cui jocus, quocum Venus & Cupido

Spicula tingunt.

Jam memor charæ, cyathum coronas,
Virginis:—plenum video!—ah! caveto
Dextra nè quasset malè, dum laborat

Pondere dulci!

* Anglicè *bottled ale*.

Euge! ficcâsti benè, fortiterque!—

Hinc adest curæ medicina! suaves

Hinc tibi fomni, & tibi suaviora

Somnia fomnis!

Hos bibens succos, nihil invidebis

Italîs, quamvis cyathi Falerno

Dulcè nigrescant, neque Gallicanæ

Laudibus uvæ!

Hic Johannensi latitans suili

Grunnio, scribens fitiente labro,

Aut graves haustus, inimica Musis

Pocula, duco.

S I X T E E N O D E S *

OF

A N A C R E O N.

O D E X V. H A P P Y L I F E.

THE wealth of Gyges I despise;
 Gems are useless glittering toys.
 Gold I leave, and such vain things,
 To the low aim and pride of kings.

Let my hair with unguents flow,
 With rosy garlands crown my brow!
 The present moment I enjoy,
 Doom'd in the next, perhaps, to die!

Then, while the hour serenely shines,
 Toss the gay die, and quaff thy wines:
 But ever, in the genial hour,
 To Bacchus the libation pour,
 Lest death in wrath approach, and cry,
 Man—taste no more the cup of joy.

* First published in the Gentleman's Magazine; and afterwards inserted in the translations of Anacreon, published by Mr. Fawkes.

ODE XVI. The Power of BEAUTY.

SOME sing of Thebes, and some destroy
In lofty numbers haughty Troy.
I mourn, alas! in plaintive strains,
My own captivity and chains!

No navy, rang'd in proud array,
No foot, no horseman, arm'd to slay,
My peace alarm! Far other foes,
Far other hosts, create my woes:
Strange, dangerous hosts, that ambush'd lie
In every bright love-darting eye!
Such as destroy, when beauty arms
To conquer, dreadful in its charms!

ODE XX. To his MISTRESS.

THE Gods o'er mortals prove their sway,
And steal them from themselves away:
Transform'd by their almighty hands,
Sad Niobe an image stands;
And Philomel, up-born on wings
Through air, her mournful story sings.

Would heaven, indulgent to my vow,
The happy change I wish, allow;
The envy'd mirror I would be,
That thou might'st always gaze on me;
And could my naked heart appear,
Thou 'dst see thyself—for thou art there!

U 3

O! were

O! were I made thy folding vest,
 That thou mightst clasp me to thy breast!
 Or turn'd into a fount, to lave
 Thy naked beauties in my wave!
 Thy bosom-cincture I would grow,
 To warm those little hills of snow;
 Thy ointment, in rich fragrant streams
 To wander o'er thy beauteous limbs;
 Thy chain of shining pearl—to deck,
 And close embrace thy graceful neck:
 A very scandal I would be
 To tread on—if trod on by thee!

ODE XXIV. IMITATED.

ALAS! alas! I see each day
 Steals me from myself away;
 And every step of life I tread,
 I speed to mingle with the dead.
 How many years are past, my friends,
 I know, and there my knowledge ends.
 How many years are still in store,
 I neither can, nor would explore.
 Then, since the hours incessant fly,
 They all shall find me crown'd with joy.
 To those, my cares I here bequeath,
 Who meanly die for fear of death,
 And daily with assiduous strife
 Contrive to live, accurs'd with life.
 Then, Care, begone! I 'd dance and play;
 Hence, with thy serious face away!

I'll

I 'll laugh ; and whilst gay wine inflames,
 I 'll court the laughter-loving dames ;
 And study to resign my breath
 In extasy, and smile in death.

ODE XXV. IMITATED.

BRING me, O bring th' enlivening draught,
 Lenient of grief, and anxious thought.
 Then Care retires, ashamed to show
 His downcast eye, and faded brow.
 I banish business to the great,
 To all that curse, yet covet state.

Death hastes again : then who would run
 To meet what most he strives to shun ?
 Or antedate the dreadful day
 By cares, and aid the fiend to slay ?
 If tears could bribe his dreadful powers,
 I 'd weep, and bless the precious showers ;
 But let our lot be joy or woe,
 Alike he speeds to strike the blow.

Then crown the bowl !—ye sorrows, fly
 To kill some wretch who wants to die.

ODE XXXI. The pleasing FRENZY.

NOW bring, by all the powers divine,
 Bring me a bowl of rosy wine ;
 A mighty bowl of wine I crave :
 When wine inspires, 'tis sweet to rave.

In frantic rage Alcmaëon drew
 His falchion, and his *mother slew:
 Orestes in a furious mood
 Raving shed his † mother's blood.
 Dreadful, sober madmen, they!—
 None, harmless drunkard, none I flay:
 The blood of grapes I only crave;
 I quaff it, and 'tis sweet to rave.

Alcides, frantic, grasp'd his bow;
 His quiver rattled, stor'd with woe:
 Stern Ajax shook his glittering blade,
 And broad his sevenfold shield display'd:
 Dangerous madman! how he drew
 His sword, and hosts in fancy flew!

I, peaceful I, no falchion wield;
 I bend no bow, I poise no shield.
 The flowery garland crowns my hairs,
 My hand the powerful goblet bears;
 The powerful goblet, nobly brave,
 I drain, and then 'tis sweet to rave.

ODE XXXVI.

TALK not to me of pedant rules;
 I leave debates to learned fools,
 Who solemnly in form advise;
 At best, impertinently wise!

To me more pleasing precepts give,
 And teach the science how to live;

* Eryphile.

† Clytæmnestra.

To

To bury in the friendly draught
Sorrows that spring from too much thought ;
To learn soft lessons from the fair,
How life may glide exempt from care.

Alas ! I 'm old ! I see my head
With hoary locks by time o'erspread :
Then instant be the goblet brought,
To make me young—at least in thought.
Alas ! incessant speeds the day
When I must mix with common clay ;
When I must tread the dismal shore,
And dream of love and wine no more.

ODE XXXVII. The SPRING.

SEE, Winter 's past ! the seasons bring
Soft breezes with returning Spring ;
At whose approach the Graces wear
Fresh honours in their flowing hair :
The raging seas forget to roar,
And, smiling, gently kiss the shore :
The sportive duck, in wanton play,
Now dives, now rises into day ;
The cranes from freezing skies repair,
And sailing float to warmer air :
Th' enlivening suns in glory rise,
And gaily dance along the skies.

The clouds disperse ; or if in showers
They fall, it is to wake the flowers :

See,

See, verdure cloaths the teeming earth!
 The olive struggles into birth:
 The swelling grapes adorn the vine,
 And kindly promise future wine:
 Blest juice! already I in thought
 Quaff an imaginary draught.

ODE XLVIII. GAY LIFE.

GIVE me Homer's tuneful lyre,
 Let the sound my breast inspire!
 But with no troublesome delight
 Of arms, and heroes slain in fight:
 Let it play no conquests here,
 Or conquests only o'er the fair!
 Boy, reach that volume—book divine;
 The statutes of the God of Wine!
 He, legislator, statutes draws;
 And I, his judge, inforce his laws;
 And, faithful to the weighty trust,
 Compel his vot'ries to be just:
 Thus, round the bowl impartial flies,
 Till to the sprightly dance we rise;
 We frisk it with a lively bound,
 Charm'd with the lyre's harmonious sound;
 Then pour forth, with an heat divine,
 Rapturous songs that breathe of wine.

ODE

ODE L. The happy Effects of WINE.

SEE! see the jolly god appears;
His hand a mighty goblet bears:
With sparkling Wine full-charg'd it flows,
The sovereign cure of human woes.

Wine gives a kind release from care,
And courage to subdue the fair;
Instructs the cheerful to advance
Harmonious in the sprightly dance:
Hail, goblet! rich with generous wines!
See! round the verge a vine-branch twines.
See! how the mimic clusters roll,
As ready to re-fill the bowl!

Wine keeps its happy patients free
From every painful malady;
Our best physician all the year.
Thus guarded, no disease we fear,
No troublesome disease of mind,
Until another year grows kind,
And loads again the fruitful vine,
And brings again our health——new wine.

ODE LII. GRAPES; or the VINTAGE.

IO! the vintage now is done!
And black'ned with th' autumnal sun
The grapes gay youths and virgins bear,
The sweetest product of the year!

In

In vats the heavenly load they lay,
And swift the damsels trip away :
The youths alone the wine-press tread,
For wine 's by skilful drunkards made :
Mean time the mirthful song they raise,
Io! Bacchus, to thy praise!
And, eying the blest juice, in thought
Quaff an imaginary draught.

Gaily, through wine, the old advance,
And doubly tremble in the dance :
In fancy'd youth they chant and play,
Forgetful that their locks are grey.

Through wine, the youth completes his loves;
He haunts the silence of the groves:
Where, stretch'd beneath th' embowering shade,
He spies some love-inspiring maid:
On beds of rosy sweets she lies,
Inviting sleep to close her eyes:
Fast by her side his limbs he throws,
Her hand he presses—breathes his vows;
And cries, My love, my soul, comply
This instant, or, alas! I die.

In vain the youth persuasion tries!
In vain!—her tongue at least denies:
Then scorning death through dull despair,
He storms th' unwilling willing fair;
Blessing the grapes that could dispense
The happy, happy impudence.

ODE LIII. The Rose.

COME, lyrist, tune thy harp, and play
Responsive to my vocal lay:

Gently touch it, while I sing
The Rose, the glory of the spring.

To heaven the Rose in fragrance flies,
The sweetest incense of the skies.
Thee, joy of earth, when vernal hours
Pour forth a blooming waste of flowers,
The gaily-smiling Graces wear
A trophy in their flowing hair.
Thee Venus queen of beauty loves,
And, crown'd with thee, more graceful moves.

In fabled song, and tuneful lays,
Their favourite Rose the Muses praise:
To pluck the Rose, the virgin-train
With blood their pretty fingers stain,
Nor dread the pointed terrors round,
That threaten, and inflict a wound:
See! how they wave the charming toy,
Now kifs, now snuff the fragrant joy!

The Rose the poets strive to praise,
And for it would exchange their bays;
O! ever to the sprightly feast
Admitted, welcome, pleasing guest!
But chiefly when the goblet flows,
And Rosy wreaths adorn our brows!

Lovely smiling Rose, how sweet
The object where thy beauties meet!

Aurora

Aurora with a blushing ray,
And Rosy fingers, spreads the day :
The Graces more enchanting show
When Rosy blushes paint their snow ;
And every pleas'd beholder seeks
The Rose in Cytheræa's cheeks.

When pain afflicts, or sickness grieves,
Its juice the drooping heart relieves ;
And, after death, its odours shed
A pleasing fragrance o'er the dead ;
And when its withering charms decay,
And sinking, fading, die away,
Triumphant o'er the rage of time,
It keeps the fragrance of its prime.

Come, lyrist, join to sing the birth
Of this sweet offspring of the earth !

When Venus from the ocean's bed
Rais'd o'er the waves her lovely head ;
When warlike Pallas sprung from Jove,
Tremendous to the powers above ;
To grace the world, the teeming earth
Gave the fragrant infant birth,
And ' This,' she cry'd, ' I this ordain
' My favourite, queen of flowers to reign !'

But first th' assembled gods debate
The future wonder to create :
Agreed at length, from heaven they threw
A drop of rich, nectareous dew ;
A bramble-stem the drop receives,
And strait the Rose adorns the leaves.

The

The gods to Bacchus gave the flower,
To grace him in the genial hour.

ODE LIV. Grown YOUNG.

WHEN sprightly youths my eyes survey,
I too am young, and I am gay;
In dance my active body swims,
And sudden pinions lift my limbs.

Haste, crown, Cybæba, crown my brows
With garlands of the fragrant rose!
Hence, hoary age!—I now am strong,
And dance, a youth among the young.

Come then, my friends, the goblet drain!
Blest juice!—I feel thee in each vein!
See! how with active bounds I spring!
How strong, and yet how sweet, I sing!

How blest am I! who thus excell
In pleasing arts of trifling well!

ODE LV. The MARK.

THE stately steed expressive bears
A mark imprinted on his hairs:
The turban that adorns the brows
Of Asia's sons, the Parthian shows:
And marks betray the lover's heart,
Deeply engrav'd by Cupid's dart:
I plainly read them in his eyes,
That look too foolish, or too wise.

ODE

ODE LVI.

ALAS! the powers of life decay!
 My hairs are fall'n, or chang'd to grey!
 The smiling bloom, and youthful grace,
 Is banish'd from my faded face!
 Thus man beholds, with weeping eyes,
 Himself half-dead before he dies.

For this, and for the grave, I fear,
 And pour the never-ceasing tear!
 A dreadful prospect strikes my eye;
 I soon must sicken, soon must die.

For this the mournful groan I shed;
 I dread—alas! the hour I dread!
 What eye can stedfastly survey
 Death, and its dark tremendous way?
 For soon as fate has clos'd our eyes,
 Man dies—for ever, ever dies!
 All pale, all senseless in the urn!
 Never, ah! never to return.

ODE LXIV. To APOLLO.

ONCE more, not uninspir'd, the string
 I waken, and spontaneous sing:
 No Pythic laurel-wreath I claim,
 That lifts ambition into fame:
 My voice unbidden tunes the lay:
 Some god impells, and I obey.

Listen

Listen, ye groves!—The Muse prepares
A sacred song in Phrygian airs;
Such as the swan expiring sings,
Melodious by Cäyster's springs,
While listening winds in silence hear,
And to the gods the music bear.

Celestial Muse! attend, and bring
Thy aid, while I thy Phœbus sing:
To Phœbus and the Muse belong
The laurel, lyre, and Delphic song.

Begin, begin the lofty strain!
How Phœbus lov'd, but lov'd in vain;
How Daphne fled his guilty flame,
And scorn'd a god that offer'd shame.
With glorious pride his vows she hears;
And heaven, indulgent to her prayers,
To laurel chang'd the nymph, and gave
Her foliage to reward the brave.

Ah! how, on wings of love convey'd,
He flew to clasp the panting maid!
Now, now o'ertakes!—but heaven deceives
His hope—he seizes only leaves.

Why fires my raptur'd breast? ah! why,
Ah! whither strives my soul to fly?
I feel the pleasing frenzy strong,
Impulsive to some nobler song:
Let, let the wanton fancy play;
But guide it, lest it devious stray.

But oh! in vain, my Muse denies
Her aid, a slave to lovely eyes.

Suffice it to rehearse the pains
Of bleeding nymphs, and dying swains;
Nor dare to wield the shafts of Love,
That wound the gods, and conquer Jove.

I yield! adieu the lofty strain!

I am Anacreon once again:

Again the melting song I play,

Attemper'd to the vocal lay:

See! see! how with attentive ears

The youths imbibe the nectar'd airs!

And quaff, in lowery shades reclin'd,

My precepts, to regale the mind.

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